



VOL. XII

REPOSITORY
OF CHRISTIANITY
FASHIONS &
GENT'S SERIES



DIEU ET MON DROIT

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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. XII.

JULY 1, 1821.

N^o. LXVII.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit, on or before the 15th of the month, announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

A Notice on Painted Glass Windows, now exhibiting at Mr. Collins's, in our next.

We thank Mr. Wiggins for his translations from Boccaccio. He must pardon us, if we now and then substitute a word, for the sake of more propriety than his author thought it necessary to observe.

The Two Lovers is a very amusing and well told story, in a difficult stanza. It shall find a place without fail in our next.

We shall be obliged to divide The Green Mantle of Venice into several portions. As it is a true narrative, we hope that our readers will not have their apprehensions too vividly excited.

We have to apologize for the unavoidable abridgment of the articles on Fine Arts this month.

We owe great amends to our friend Mr. Carnegie, some of whose verses shall appear next month.

The communication of J. B. Tavistock-place, is rather too much like an advertisement. We shall be happy to insert a notice of the work among our Literary Intelligence.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

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HINTS ON ORNAMENTAL GARDENING.

(Continued from page 315, vol. XI.)

PLATE I. — GARDEN-RAILING.

IN a former Number of this work, several designs have been given for fences made of ash, hazel, and other coppice woods, applicable to temporary protections in garden embellishments; but for a more permanent intention, the present plate introduces designs for fences in metal, light and fanciful in style, and easy of execution: they may be painted in any suitable colours, or bronzed, and partially gilded. It may be imagined that a frequent use of small railings has so multiplied the patterns of them, that further designs would be needless; but it is a fact, that in this inexhaustible

theme, the existing varieties are very limited, and perhaps no designs are so commonplace and devoid of taste as those which are exhibited in the pattern-books of the several manufacturers.

The rod iron fences, when made sufficiently strong, are excellent for the separating divisions between the pastures and the plantations of an estate; and similar hurdle fences for occasional subdivisions are equally good: but for decorative purposes in the immediate vicinity of the dwelling, designs more ornamental are desirable.

MISCELLANIES.

JOURNAL OF AN AUTHORESS.

Monday. GOT up early, after having passed a sleepless night, reflecting upon the difficulties of my situation. My guardian observed at breakfast that my eyes were heavy, and told me I must soon put on my best looks to welcome Mortimer, for he believed we should see him in a few days. I tried once more all my powers of persuasion to induce my guardian to get the contract between this odious Mortimer and myself annulled, even at the loss of half my fortune; but he was inflexible. "I am sorry," said he, "that it was ever entered into, but as it has been, you shall at least see the husband your father destined for you: if after you have seen him, you can find any rational reason for rejecting him, why then your fortune must be sacrificed; but as to throwing it away in a mere spirit of romance, I am determined you shall not add that to the other follies which your ridiculous education has rendered you guilty of." And with these words he quitted the room, leaving me the image of despair.

After ruminating for two hours how to avoid the sight of Mortimer, I have at last thought of a most delightful plan. 'I am sure I have as many sonnets, odes, and elegies now by me in MS. as would, if they were collected and arranged, make a volume, and if I can but put my guardian on a false scent, I may easily escape to London, where I can sell them for a handsome sum, and live upon it in elegant retirement till I am of age.

Eleven at night. All is arranged for my flight: I have written a letter, by which my guardian will be persuaded that I have sought refuge with my aunt in Northumberland. Now, if I can but steal out and get safely down the green lane, at the bottom of which the stage-coach passes, my persecution will be at an end.

Tuesday. Arrived safely in London, and have at last, thank Heaven! succeeded in getting a lodging: but what a vile world is this? How much insult and vexation have I experienced within a few hours? Well, it is fortunate, however, that I have at last met with a good humane woman, who is not prone to distrust strangers.

Sat down, after I had taken some tea, and began to arrange my poems. I am afraid that they will make a very small volume; but at all events, I shall be of age in two years; and at the rate poetry sells now, there can be no doubt that the money they will fetch will be more than sufficient for my maintenance till then, in Wales, or perhaps I may prefer Switzerland. What a triumph will it be to me to be indebted to what my guardian used to call my abominable trick of rhyming, for the means of avoiding this detested marriage!

Tuesday evening. Good Heavens! how vexatious? I went to give my landlady some money, and found that I had lost my purse. For some minutes, this unexpected misfortune quite overcame my fortitude; but upon recollection, I began to

be thankful that the loss was comparatively so small, for the purse contained only a few guineas. What should I have done if it had been my precious MS. ! let me comfort myself with the recollection that that still remains.

Wednesday morning. Borrowed some silver from my landlady, and took a coach to the house of Messrs. —; saw one of the partners, who just glanced his eye over the first page, and said he was sorry to tell me that poetry now was a mere drug. Came away very much affronted, and tried several other booksellers; but, strange to say, none of them looked at more than the first sonnet, nor would they even keep the MS. to read. Surely I have not been too sanguine: but no, it is impossible; my friends would never have eulogized my talents in such a flattering manner, if the poems had not great merit. I must make a fresh trial to-morrow.

Wednesday night. My hostess came in under pretence of inquiring what I chose for supper. I don't know how to account for it, but I don't like her so well as I did. There is something coarse in her manner, and I thought she seemed inclined to laugh when I spoke to her of my ill success with the booksellers.

Thursday. My hopes are over, and Heaven knows what I shall do! I believe I have tried all the booksellers in town without receiving even a single offer for my work. What, what shall I do?

Thursday evening. See how mistaken we sometimes are. My landlady, whom I had been inclined to think ill-natured, finding I re-

fused to dine, came up herself to inquire whether I was ill. I could not refrain from telling her the cause of my want of appetite: the good woman was quite shocked at my disappointment; but she thinks my being an unknown author is perhaps the reason of it. She pressed me so warmly to let her shew the poems to a gentleman, who had formerly been her lodger, and who is, it seems, a literary character, that I could not refuse; and the good-natured creature was so anxious to get me some comfort, that she insisted upon going to him directly.

Eight in the evening. She is returned, and has succeeded beyond her expectations. The gentleman is enchanted with the poems, and has no doubt of being able to dispose of them for a large sum. There is one thing, however, which I would rather have avoided: it seems he insists upon seeing me, and is to come to-morrow to inform me what he has done with my MS. My landlady is as delighted as I am myself. Kind, feeling creature! I am determined to purchase something handsome as a present for her, the moment I receive the money.

Friday. This has been a day indeed. I went down stairs in the morning to speak to my landlady, but hearing strange voices in the parlour, I stepped into the adjoining room, in order to ring the bell for the servant to take a message to her mistress; but the beginning of a dialogue which I overheard in the next room, struck me with such horror and surprise, that I remained motionless. "What," said a masculine voice, "is it possible,

Claremont, that you will take advantage of this foolish girl's inexperience and romance to ruin her?"—"And pray, why not?" replied another male voice; "if she chooses to leave her home, and run vagabondizing about the world upon this scheme of literary quixotism, does she not deserve to suffer for her folly? Besides, after all, how do I know whether, instead of the simple innocent she represents herself to be, she is not some artful adventuress?"—"For shame, George!" cried the first: "it is evident enough that the girl is innocent; were she not, she must have seen at once through the real character of this old harpy who wants to sell her to you."

I heard no more; I fainted, and my fall, as I suppose, alarmed the speakers, for when I came to myself I found I was supported by a gentleman, and another stood near me: I looked round with terror, but the vile woman whom I dreaded to see was not present. At first I had no distinct consciousness of what had occasioned my illness, but in a few moments the truth flashed upon me, and I burst into tears. "Be composed, madam," said the gentleman who supported me; "be assured you have nothing to apprehend." I recognised the voice of the kind-hearted being who had remonstrated with my betrayer, and I exclaimed, "Oh! sir, for the love of Heaven take me from this house!"—"Willingly, madam," replied he; "I will see you safely from it the moment you are a little composed." The other gentleman now advanced, and began something in the way of apology; but the one whom I must call

my champion, interrupted him by saying he saw I was not able to bear the subject; and to my great joy, the odious man left us.

"And now, madam," said my defender, "as the coach is at the door, will you allow me the honour of attending you home?" Ah! good Heaven, what a pang did these words give me! How did I at that moment repent of my imprudence, my madness rather let me call it, in quitting my home! Yet how to return to it I knew not, destitute as I was of the means to pay for a conveyance. The stranger saw my emotion. "Perhaps, madam," cried he, "circumstances may render it inconvenient for you to return at this moment to your friends: if such be the case, deign to place confidence in me, and be assured I will not abuse it. I have an aunt, under whose respectable roof I think I can venture to promise you a safe and comfortable asylum till you can accommodate those differences which may have obliged you to quit your natural home."

This generosity gave me courage, though with much confusion, to acknowledge the truth: I could not, however, receive the supply of cash which he constantly offered, till I knew to whom I should be indebted; but, good Heaven! what were my feelings when, in presenting me his card, I saw that it was Mortimer, the very man from whom I fled, that had rescued me from ruin! The discovery nearly made me betray myself: I contrived, however, to conceal my emotion, and I evaded, though with much difficulty, his entreaties to be permitted to attend me. I reach-

ed home safely in the evening: my guardian has behaved better than I expected or deserved; but I foresee a terrible storm to-morrow, for how can I, after the knowledge that Mortimer has of my folly, ever consent to receive him as a lover?

Twelve at night. I burned my poems, and made a resolution never to compose another line as long as I live. Now that the veil is withdrawn from my eyes, I cannot conceive how I could have adopted such a mad plan. Ah! Mortimer might well call me foolish and romantic.

Saturday morning. It has turned out as I thought: my guardian's anger passes all bounds; I have been obliged to quit him, and come up to my own apartment. Hark! that is his step.

I need not have been alarmed at the idea of Mortimer's pretensions; it seems he has just written to my guardian a formal renunciation of them. How singular that the latter, who appeared to have set his heart upon the match, actually seems to enjoy this intelligence!

Saturday evening. It is very strange, I cannot analyze my feelings; I ought to be glad of this news; I certainly could not, after what had passed, see Mortimer; it would be too humiliating for me: and yet to be rejected unseen, unknown! My guardian has just been telling me that I do not seem half glad enough of my escape; that he expected to have seen me singing and dancing all day, instead of sitting moping and sighing like a poor lovelorn damsel. I a lovelorn damsel! The idea is too absurd. I am certainly grateful to Mortimer; but as to love,

that is a passion which I am sure I shall never feel.

Ten at night. This foolish flight of mine has made me uncommonly nervous: my guardian has just told me quite suddenly, that Mortimer is to be married in a few days. I started, and coloured like a fool. What is his marriage to me?

Sunday. I was sitting with my guardian, when the drawing-room door was thrown open, and a servant announced Mr. Mortimer. He entered before I could make my escape, and at sight of me started in astonishment, and advanced to take my hand. "Hold, sir," cried my guardian; "remember, you have rejected that lady. Hear what he says, Louisa;" and taking out a letter, he read, "As in spite both of reason and prudence, my heart is become the captive of a lady whom I saw only for a moment, and whom I know not whether I shall ever see again, I must decline an interview with your accomplished ward; since I feel that, however beautiful she may be, her charms cannot efface the impression which the unknown fair-one has made."

"Ah! sir," eagerly interrupted Mortimer, "can you for a moment doubt who that unknown fair-one is?"—"No, to be sure I don't; and it was for that reason that I sent an express to inform you, that your presence here was absolutely necessary, that we might annul the contract directly. Hey, Louisa, what say you? have you any thing more at heart than to get rid of that odious contract?"

I could not reply, and Mortimer took advantage of my silence to plead his cause with a fervour

which I knew not how to resist. I began to speak of the folly I had been guilty of; Mortimer interrupted me by an attempt to excuse it, but my guardian stopped him. "Hold, hold!" cried he; "in point of prudence, I confess I think you are both upon a par: you, Louisa, fled from home, merely through an unfounded dislike to a man whom you never saw, and whom, from all you had heard of him, you had no reasonable cause to suppose a disengaged woman could be averse to; and you, Mortimer, rejected a

fine young woman, with an immense fortune, for the sake of a girl whom you never saw but once, and whom, if you had had a particle of prudence, you would never wish to have seen again. But comfort yourselves, my children: they must be wise indeed that never make a false step, and luckily for you both, this of yours is easily relieved; so, as the most effectual means to cool your heads, and render you quite rational people for the future, I advise you to be married immediately."

THE CRANE WITH ONE LEG.

(From the *Italian of Boccaccio, Day. VI. Nov. iv.*)

In Florence there liv'd a brave knight,
And often much pleasure he took
In hawks and in hounds, and such kinds
of delight,
And he had a comical cook.

Currado the knight had for name,
And Chichi the cook's was express;
And one afternoon when from hunting he
came,
He brought home a crane to be drest.

Some guests were invited, I ween,
To sup on the bird he had ta'en,
And Chichi determined his skill should
be seen
In dressing this excellent crane.

But, alas! when 'twas truss'd on the spit,
And brown was beginning to grow,
Brunetta stepp'd in, and requested a bit:
His sweetheart she was, you must know.

How could he refuse her request,
When she ask'd for it but as a favour?
Of all birds that flew, 'twas the one she
lik'd best,
And sweet in her nose was the savour.

"Ah! why did you come in my kitchen
To ask for a piece of the meat?"

I cannot refuse thy allurements bewitching;

Sit down, and I'll give you a treat."

He took a large knife in his hand,
To give what his mistress did beg;
He ask'd what she wish'd for, and at her
command,
Cut off from the bird a whole leg.

When the crane to the table was brought,
His master began—but deterr'd,
Look'd round in the dish, but in vain,
for he sought
For the leg that was gone of the bird.

"How is this?" then he cried to his cook;
"With the other leg what have you
done?"

And Chichi replied, "Good sir, you
mistook;
A crane never has more than one.

"In my time I have dress'd many score;
And let this your anger appease,
That I never yet saw a crane that had
more,

"And I'll prove it whenever you please."

"That, sirrah, you shall," the knight said;
To me you shall prove it to-morrow:

THE WONDERFUL NAIL.

If you fail, be assured I will break your
knave's head,
And will punish your theft to your
sorrow."

His anger continued next morning,
And to put what he threaten'd in force,
To Chichi his cook in his passion gave
warning,
And compell'd him to mount on a
horse.

To the side of a lake they proceed,
Where cranes were most frequently
found,
And there by good luck Chichi spied a
whole breed
That stood with one leg on the ground.

"There! there!" he cried out to his
master,
"Now you see what I stated is true.
If my knave's head you break, I shall
soon get a plaister,
For cranes have one leg, and not two."

"You, scoundrel, this trick shall not
serve;
I quickly will shew they have two;

This artifice shall not your knave's head
preserve."

Then loudly he shouted, "Shoo! shoo!"

The cranes put their legs down, and ran
A very few paces, then flew:
The knight turning round, fiercely looked
at his man,
Who seem'd not to know what to do.

"I perceive, sir," he said, "you are
right;
They have two legs, I own to my
shame:
If you had cried 'Shoo!' I am certain
last night
That crane would have done just the
same.

"But still I am glad, on my word,
That to do so your worship omitted:
If you had cried "Shoo!" you had lost
a fine bird;
'Twould have galloped away, although
spitted."

PETER WIGGINS.

THE WONDERFUL NAIL:

AN ORIENTAL STORY.

WHEN I was at Rome, I was not
long in discovering that my hair-
dresser, Ambrose, was a sensible,
communicative, and well-behaved
person. His physiognomy was re-
markably intelligent; he handled
his comb, curling-irons, and razor
with inexpressible dexterity, and
seasoned his discourse with flashes
of wit and philosophical reflec-
tions. What! wit and philosophy
from a hair-dresser? Indeed, I was
for some time incredulous myself,
and could scarcely trust the evi-
dence of my own senses. How-
ever, the novelty shortly grew fa-
miliar to me, and the more I saw

of him, the more I was convinced
that he was an extraordinary cha-
racter, and had been engaged in
more important occupations than
cutting off beards and manufac-
turing periwigs.

By degrees I insinuated myself
into his confidence, and one day,
in compliance with my entreaties,
or perhaps from his natural loqua-
city, he related to me his eventful
history in the following terms:

My real name is Achmet Selim
Daher. I am the son of Bedfed-
din Abdallah, who, from the hum-
ble condition of a blacksmith at
Bagdad, had the good luck to at-

tain the high dignity of bashaw of Rhodes. Three long and beautiful horse-tails, suspended to a pole, waved in his presence; immense were his riches; most exquisitely stocked was his harem. All Rhodes bowed submissively to the bashaw, and to the three tails suspended to the pole.

But fleeting was this splendid prosperity; for, in the course of two years, fortune turned her back on Bedreddin Abdallah. Two sturdy mutes honoured him with a ceremonious visit from Constantinople, who respectfully fastened a magnificent silken rope round my father's neck, and pulling it with all their might, and begging pardon (by signs) for the liberty which they took, in a few minutes Bedreddin Abdallah gave up the ghost: all his riches were confiscated, his beautiful women were transferred to other masters, and the three tails fluttered in the presence of another bashaw.

Such catastrophes are by no means unfrequent in the Ottoman empire. I was then sixteen years old, and was banished from the Grand Signior's dominions, because I was the son of a strangled bashaw, which, as you may readily believe, is an unpardonable crime.

With the aid of a little money, which I fortunately had in my pocket, I travelled to Ispahan, the capital of Persia, where my cash failing, and my hunger increasing, I wandered about the streets with a craving stomach and disconsolate spirits, when, passing by a blacksmith's shop, I recollected that in my early youth I had assisted my father at the forge before he was a bashaw of three tails. I

immediately tendered my services to the blacksmith, who, before, he would accept them, put my skill to the proof. Being naturally active and dexterous, though I had been long out of practice, I performed my task to his satisfaction. "Young man," said he, clapping me on the shoulder, "I do not believe that in all Ispahan there is an imp who knows better than you how to blow the bellows, or handle a hammer. Your fortune is made: from this moment I retain you in my service; and in the mean time let us go to dinner.—Great prophet Ali," continued he, "I thank thee, since by thy means I have procured so excellent a journeyman."—"Great prophet Mahomet," exclaimed I in my turn, "I thank thee, since by thy means I have procured something to eat."

I had lived about a year in this degrading capacity, when one evening, on which my master had charged me to finish a piece of work of great consequence by the next morning, I resolved not to go to bed before I had obeyed his injunctions. When it was considerably advanced, I was obliged to pause for want of a large nail. I searched every corner of the shop without finding one to suit me, when happening to cast up my eyes, I spied one fit for the purpose driven into the wall near the head of the forge. At the first tug with the pincers it remained in my hand, but at the same time—oh, horror! oh, prodigy!—the floor tottered, a clap like thunder burst from the roof, the forge echoed with the sound, and from the hollow that the nail had left, issued a thick and sulphureous smoke. The

vapour gradually condensed; its summit assumed the form of an inverted cone, from which arose the resemblance of a head; two small adjoining globes lengthened into arms; a circle below fashioned itself into a petticoat, sufficiently short to discover two pretty little feet, that would have gained a tribe of lovers in the city of Pekin.

A profound silence ensued; the obscurity was dissipated by a thousand resplendent gas-lamps, that suddenly illuminated the shop, and I beheld a woman—heavenly powers, such a woman!

Struck with her majestic figure, I should have taken her for a haughty Circassian, if it had not been combined with Grecian grace and proportion, which Phidias would have chosen as a model for his celebrated statue of the goddess of beauty.

Her large and brilliant black eyes, announcing a warm and voluptuous heart, would have made me conjecture she was a native of Madrid, if their vivacity had not been tempered by the delicate complexion and mantling blushes that so particularly distinguish the timid damsels of Albion.

The sweet motion of her lips, the enchantment of her smile, and the elegance of her movements, surpassed the fascinations of a Parisian beauty, and her flexible manners and furtive glances indicated the most artful refinement of Italian coquetry.

At her unexpected appearance, I remained astonished, stupified, immoveable; when the beautiful apparition opened her coral lips, and thus addressed me: "Achmet Selim Daher, son of Bedreddin Ab-

dallah, bashaw of three tails, accept my grateful thanks for having liberated me from the uncomfortable prison in which the perfidious genius Monizan had so long confined me, from motives of jealousy and revenge. From no effort of my own could I have effected my escape, as the seal of the great prophet Solomon was impressed on the head of the nail. When you seized it with your pincers the seal broke, and the charm was dissolved.

"I am the fairy Ophira, and my happiness consists in promoting the happiness of the sons of Adam. If then I can recompense the important service which you have rendered me, ask what you please, and as long as this nail shall remain in your possession, I promise you that all—yes, all your wishes shall be immediately fulfilled."

At these words I prostrated myself at her feet, and exclaimed, "Celestial and puissant Ophira! undoubtedly those beautiful lips can never be the vehicle of deceit; but that all my wishes should be fulfilled—indeed it is somewhat incredible, especially as I am rather infected with the malady of wishing."—"Well, be it so," replied the fairy, "you shall never wish in vain: but make no rash nor hasty determination, for, though it shall be instantaneously gratified, you will not be allowed to change, or even to modify it for the space of a month. Whenever you desire to see me, you have only to rub the point of the nail, and I will cheerfully attend your summons."

Having said this, the incomparable Ophira vanished quicker than thought, and I remained contemplating the rusty nail that I held

in my hand, and being impatient to put its virtues to the test, I wished that the job I was about should be immediately finished. On a sudden I heard the sound of hammers and the blowing of bellows, and in the twinkling of an eye my task was completed.

How can I describe the joy that bounded in my breast? In the moment of exultation I did not envy the state of the immortals. I was nevertheless chagrined to be obliged to wait a month before I could form a new wish. What a long, what an eternal month! However, it terminated, and I wished to have a superb palace, with fifty white and fifty black slaves at my beck.

Magnificent beyond description was this palace: the roof was splendidly gilded; the columns that supported it were incrustated with precious stones; the innumerable apartments were extensive, sumptuous, and elegant; and the costliness of the furniture corresponded with the grandeur of the man-

sion. My hundred slaves watched my looks, and anticipated my commands. For some days I was the happiest of mortals; but in the course of a fortnight my palace and my slaves became a tiresome incumbrance. Of what service to me are halls and bedchambers of such astonishing dimensions? Do I occupy more room than I did in the blacksmith's shop? Was I not there equally protected from the inclemency of the weather? And what occasion have I for these hundred slaves? One alone would be sufficient to wait on me, to take my letters to the post-office, and fill my pipe with tobacco. The other ninety-nine, what are they but so many plagues, and troublesome spies upon all my actions. Indeed, I was an egregious blockhead to covet a palace and a hundred slaves; but when the next month comes, I am determined to form a more reasonable wish.

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

Mr. ADVISER,

I WISH very much you would write a paper, persuading people to get married as fast as ever they can; because, perhaps it might be of use in silencing a cross old aunt, under whose care I am, who does nothing but rail against matrimony from morning till night. She pretends that there ought to be a law to prevent people from marrying till they come to a certain age (I don't know what age she means, but I suppose fifty at least), in order to keep down population, which otherwise, she says, will increase so

fast, that by and by we must either starve or eat one another. And then, Mr. Adviser, she runs on with a parcel of terrible hard words, which I am sure you yourself would hardly understand, so that it is quite impossible for me to answer her. I should not care much about that, for she might talk long enough before she would bring me over to such heathenish notions; but, between ourselves, I am afraid that she will frighten a young gentleman who visits here, and who I am sure has a kindness for me, out of all thoughts of asking me to marry

him these twenty years. I often try to pluck up courage to convince her that she must be in the wrong, by repeating my dear good grandmother's reasons why early marriages are always the happiest; but she snaps me up so, that I can never get in more than a word at a time, and then only when we are by ourselves, for I should be ashamed to argue the matter before Mr. —, and she never will talk to him on any other subject. I protest I believe she has a mind to marry him herself, for to be sure she might do so without any great risk of increasing population. Do, dear Mr. Adviser, write a good long paper in praise of marriage, and if you happen to know any old maids or bachelors, who are very uncomfortable from being single, bring them in as examples; and be sure to prove, as well as you can, that there is no risk of our being obliged to eat one another. Luckily, I have just thought of such a nice argument: every body, you know, can't turn hermits, and I am sure it must be better for those who mean to marry at all, to do it while they are young and good-humoured, than to wait till they are old and cross, and fit for nothing but to quarrel with one another from morning till night. Don't forget to mention this particularly; and pray do, dear good Mr. Adviser, write the paper as soon as you can; for it is more than three weeks since Mr. — has taken any opportunity to say the least civil thing to me; and if he does not mean to be married, why you know one might as well put him out of one's head at once. I don't know what I can offer you for doing me this favour, but I am sure I will gladly give any

thing that I can, if you will only oblige me; and, in case I should be married, I will take care that my husband, as well as myself, shall always follow your advice. I am, sir, your very humble servant,

HANNAH HASTY.

My fair correspondent has, without being aware of it, set me a task of no common difficulty: nevertheless I should, *malgré* the time and trouble which the paper she requires must have cost me, have done my possible to oblige her by writing it, only that, luckily for the cause she has so much at heart, one of the most celebrated authors of the age has just set the consciences of thinking people at rest on this subject, by proving, in the most satisfactory manner, that, to use the words of my correspondent, they may get married as fast as ever they can, without subjecting posterity to the smallest risk of eating one another. It is most probable that the book in question will fall into the hands of Miss Hasty's lover before this paper appears; but if it should not, I advise him to read it, and I am confident, that if he possesses the two grand requisites for matrimonial happiness, common sense and good nature, it cannot fail to effectually silence all the scruples which Miss Hasty's aunt may have raised in his mind about the propriety of early marriages. As to a reward for my advice, I desire no other than a handsome slice of bride-cake, which I desire my correspondent will send me whenever her wedding takes place, that I may distribute it among my juvenile friends, to place in the usual manner under their pillows.

S. SAGEPHIZ.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH NATIONS DESCRIBED.

FROM a satirical work, entitled "Philosophical Visions," by the Marquis d'Argens, author of the "Jewish Letters," we extract the following description of the French and English nations:

"The kingdom we were in," says the author, "was that of the *Changeables**; these people are descended from the genius of fire and the goddess of levity. They seldom remain two days in the same opinion: in other respects they are polite, agreeable, and sprightly; but these qualities, only serve to make their friends uneasy at the little use they make of their understanding, and wish the possession of such fine talents would make them more solid and rational; for their enemies frequently take advantage of this inconstancy of temper, to expose them to ridicule.

"During the first five days that we were among these people, we were obliged to alter the fashion of our dress six different times. One day in particular, when we imagined ourselves equipped entirely in taste, we were much surprised to find, by five o'clock in the evening, that we were looked upon as a couple of antiques, and of consequence the rest of the day exposed to the laughter of every company we were in; for they in general love raillery to excess, and though they behave with the utmost politeness to strangers, they, from their love of, and propensity to, this vain foible, take all opportunities to ridicule them. They look upon themselves as superior to the rest of the world, and imagine that wit belongs to

them only, totally excluding every other nation. This way of thinking disgusted my friend.

" 'These people,' said he, 'are a hundred times greater *monkies* than those of a little island near *Apeland*, where we send all our countrymen who are disordered in their intellects. They jump, they gambol, whistle, and talk, all in a breath. They are agreeable, it is true, but they are hurtful. Extravagancies of a facetious engaging nature are infinitely more dangerous than those of a more serious turn. Let us fly, my dear friend,' said my companion, 'let us fly from a country, where inconstancy is, among all ranks, the reigning passion; where folly has graces even to seduce wisdom; and where the most rigid virtue is in danger of falling a sacrifice to a vicious gaiety.'

"I consented to his request; and from thence we went to the kingdom of *Libertines**. The name perfectly agrees with the constitution of the people who inhabit it: they passionately love liberty; but they carry their regard to such a degree of extravagance, that in order to be *free*, they are *slaves* to the *fear of subjection*. Many of them write, without the least regard, against their sovereign; they think they preserve the deference due to their prince, if they personally attack *only* his ministry, whom they often treat with the greatest contempt, believing such insolent conduct to be absolutely necessary and essential to the liberty of their country. Nay, to that extravagant

* The French.

* The English.

pitch has this unrestrained, ungovernable passion hurried them, that they have massacred each other in their civil wars, which have been very frequent among them. One brother murders another, while a father perhaps is plunging a dagger in the bosom of his son. Hence there are few families amongst them, of whom some have not been hanged or beheaded.

“ They have naturally judgment and penetration; they love the study of the arts and sciences, and encourage philosophy, which, however, only serves to improve their understandings, not to reform their manners; for as they are naturally self-sufficient, their learning produces but very little effect on their hearts and minds, which are, in general, too vain to be susceptible of good impressions. They not only despise strangers, but even hate them: generous and compassionate to those who really are objects, but jealous of any thing that may reflect upon their honour; and yet,

what is a seeming contradiction; they have no idea of hospitality; at least it appears by their conduct that they have none.

“ They delight in shedding human blood, and for their amusement encourage gladiators: they are wise enough to tolerate different religions, though they hate those who differ from their established opinion; and what even exceeds credit, is, that the greater part of them do not believe what they profess is better, or more conformable to truth, than what they hate in the profession of others. In short, the *Libertines*, considered in one respect, are a people to be esteemed above any in the universe; but in another, they are to be regarded as the most senseless and unhappy.

“ ‘ Let us go,’ said my friend to me, ‘ from a nation, whose conduct gives room to doubt, whether we should most esteem them for their perfections, or despise them for their foibles.’ ”

ON MAKING BREAD FROM WOOD.

PROFESSOR AUTENRIETH, of Tübingen, has made several curious experiments on making bread from wood, and with considerable success. He considered that two circumstances chiefly rendered wood unfit for food: the foreign matters always mixed with the woody fibre; and the compact aggregation of the fibre itself. The former was to be overcome by rejecting those woods which naturally contain most foreign matter, such as the fir, on account of its resin, and the oak, on account of its astringency; and by removing every

thing that water can dissolve. He, therefore, preferred for his experiments those woods which have little taste or smell, and chiefly used the birch and beech, although the latter is less fit for the purpose, on account of its much greater compactness.

‘ To render wood alimentary, it is necessary to reduce it to a state of extremely minute division, not merely into very fine fibres, but to a real powder. It also requires the repeated action of the heat of an oven, by which means it is not only better fitted for being ground,

but probably also undergoes some internal change, which renders it more digestible, as is evidently the case in regard to coffee. Wood prepared in this way acquires the smell and taste of corn flour. It, however, is never white, but always yellowish. It also agrees with corn flour in this, that it does not ferment without the addition of some leaven, and in this case sour leaven of corn flour is the best. With this it makes a perfectly uniform and spongy bread, like common brown bread, and when it is thoroughly baked, and has much crust, it has a much better taste of bread than what in times of scarcity is prepared of bran and husks of corn.

To make wood flour in perfection, the wood, after being thoroughly stripped of its bark, is to be sawed, transversely, into disks of about an inch in diameter. The saw-dust is to be preserved, and the disks to be beaten to fibres in a pounding-mill. The fibres and saw-dust, mixed together, are next to be deprived of every thing harsh and bitter which is soluble in water, by boiling them in a large quantity of water, where fuel is abundant, or by subjecting them for a longer time to the action of cold water, which is easily done by inclosing them in a strong sack, which they only half fill, and beating the sack with a stick, or treading it with the feet, in a rivulet of clear water. The whole is now to be completely dried, either in the sun or by fire, and repeatedly ground in a flour-mill, till it pass through the bolting-cloth.

This ground wood is next to be baked into small flat cakes, with water rendered slightly mucila-

ginous by the addition of some decoction of linseed, mallow stalks and leaves, lime-tree bark, or any other such substance. Professor Autenrieth prefers marsh-mallow roots, of which one ounce renders eighteen quarts of water sufficiently mucilaginous, and these serve to form four pounds and a half of wood flour into cakes. These cakes are to be baked until they are quite dry, and become of a brownish yellow colour on the surface. After this they are to be broken to pieces, and again ground repeatedly, until the flour pass through a fine bolting-cloth; and upon the fineness of the flour does its fitness to make bread depend. The flour of a soft wood, such as birch, is sufficiently prepared by the process as described; but the flour of a hard wood, such as beech, requires the steps of baking and grinding to be repeated.

That the wood thus prepared is altered in its nature, and rendered soluble, is proved by the quantity of real starch that is obtained from it by the same process by which it is separated from wheat flour. If wood flour, tied up in fine linen, be long kneaded in a vessel of water, the water is rendered milky, and deposits slowly a quantity of starch, which, with boiling water, forms a thick, tough, trembling, tenacious jelly, like that of wheat starch; and it is only necessary to see this starch to be satisfied that the wood flour is soluble and nutritious. This starch cannot be ascribed to the mucilaginous matter added to the ground wood previous to its being baked, as the added mucilage does not amount to more than the one hundred and

forty-fifth part of the wood; whereas the wood flour loses about half its weight by the separation of the starch. The residuum remaining in the linen seems to be woody fibres unchanged, which have not been ground sufficiently fine.

Professor Autenrieth next tried the nutritious effects of wood flour on animals; and for this purpose, after confining a young dog a whole day with only water, a gruel of indifferently prepared wood flour, salt, and water, was set before him. At first he ate very little of it, and in the evening was very weak, having nearly fasted for twenty-four hours. During the night he had ate a good deal of his gruel, and was in the morning lively. He now got as much gruel as he could eat four times a day; and in a few days he seemed to be quite reconciled to his new diet, and at the end of seven days was perfectly well, and even seemed to have grown. He was then hanged, one hour and a half after a full meal, to ascertain the fact of digestion by dissection; but it was scarcely begun, although a few lacteals were distinctly visible. Two pigs have since been fed upon it.

Professor Autenrieth and his family next tried it themselves, in the form of gruels or soup, dumplings, and pancakes, all made with as little of any other ingredients as possible; and, although they ate these preparations to satiety, they found them palatable, and suffered no inconvenience from them. The addition of milk, on being fried with some fat, greatly improves the cookery of wood flour.

Wood flour does not ferment so readily as wheaten flour; but Pro-

fessor Autenrieth found fifteen pounds of birch-wood flour, with three pounds of sour wheat leaven and two pounds of wheat flour, mixed up with eight measures of new milk, yielded thirty-six pounds of very good bread. The best mode of preparing it was to mix up the five pounds of wheat leaven and flour with a proportion of the wood flour and milk to a preparatory dough; let it stand for some hours in a moderately warm place to rise, and then to knead in thoroughly the rest of the wood flour and milk. This dough is rolled out into thin cakes, allowed to stand in a warm place to rise, for a longer time than wheat flour requires; and, lastly, to be put into the oven, and baked thoroughly.

Professor Autenrieth made the following experiment with this bread: He ate a quarter of a pound of it with weak coffee to breakfast. The more bread he ate the rougher it became, and somewhat constricted the throat, but was not bitter. The last bit, which, on that account, he chewed little, was unpleasant, and afterwards his stomach was oppressed, and he was convinced that the continued use of wood bread alone would have injured him. But, at mid-day, his appetite had returned, and he ate of several kinds of soup made with this flour, with some other preparations of it, without any inconvenience. In the evening he ate another quarter of a pound of the bread, without any dislike or oppression at his stomach. He slept well, and was next morning in his usual health.

From these experiments, it is obvious, that in cases of necessity

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wood may be made to furnish a considerable quantity of nourishment; but it is no less obvious, that the process is so troublesome and expensive, that it never can become an article of food, except when there is an absolute scarcity of provision. On such occasions, the labour is of very secondary importance; and, at any rate, cannot be so profitably applied as in procuring the means of sustenance.

In some districts of Norway, especially in Tryssild and the mountainous part of Oesterdale, bread is made of the bark of trees, and seems to be even less palatable than bread of wood flour. Its preparation is also difficult, but proceeds upon a different principle, as its nutritious property depends entirely upon the mucilage which exists in the bark; and therefore the bitterness and astringency cannot be removed, as in the case of wood, by the action of water. On the other hand, as nutritious matter exists ready developed in the bark, it is not necessary to grind it so very minutely, to convert an otherwise indigestible substance into nourishment.

The very accurate observer, Von Buch*, has given the best account of the manner of preparing bark bread: "When the young and vigorous fir-trees are felled, to the great injury of the woods, the tree is stripped of its bark for its whole length; the outer part is carefully peeled from the bark; the deeper interior covering is then shaved off, and nothing re-

mains but the innermost rind, which is extremely soft and white. It is then hung up several days in the air to dry, and afterwards baked in an oven; it is next beat on wooden blocks, and then pounded as finely as possible in wooden vessels: but all this is not enough, the mass is yet to be carried to the mill, and ground into coarse meal, like barley or oats. This meal is mixed up with *herel*, with thrashed-out ears, or with a few moss-seeds, and a bread of about an inch thickness is formed of this composition. Nature with reluctance receives the bitter and contracting food; and the boors endeavour to disguise the taste of it, by washing it down with water; but in the beginning of the spring, after having lived on this bread a great part of winter, they become weak and relaxed, and they are incessantly tormented with an oppressive shooting and burning about the chest."

In another place, after having described the habits and diet of the Rein-deer Laplanders, he says, "A great part of the Swedish Laplanders in *Kemi Lappmark*, and especially in the *Försumling of Enare*, live in quite a different manner. They live for the most part by fishing, and have but seldom a few rein deer; on the other hand, they generally possess eight or ten sheep, but no cows. In summer they scarcely eat anything but fish from the fresh water lakes, and drink, with great eagerness, the water in which the fish has been boiled. In winter they must put up with dried fish, and with soups of water, fir-bark, and rein-deer tallow. They peel off,

* Travels through Norway and Lapland during the years 1806, 1807, and 1808, by Leopold Von Buch.

in summer, the innermost bark of the fir, divide it in long strips, and hang them in their dwellings to dry for winter stores. When used, these strips of bark are minced in small pieces along with the reindeer tallow, boiled together for

several hours with water, till in consistency they form a thick broth, and then eaten. A little ewe milk, and a few mountain bramble berries, contribute very little to the improvement of this wretched diet."

THE FIFTH CANTO OF DANTE'S INFERNO.

Translated according to the original Stanza.

[The translator merely offers this canto as an experiment, the first he believes in English. The canto, among other things, relates the story of Francesca de Rimini and her unfortunate lover.]

Thus from the highest circle we descend
Into the second; though smaller space,
With so much more of grief, which groans attend.

There Minos girding stood with horrid face,

Searching the crimes of all in his controul;

Judging and punishing in every case

As he his tail enroll'd: th' ill-born soul
Standing before him, every crime confess'd,

And when the dreadful judge had learnt the whole,

He mark'd what place in hell befitted best
By circles of his tail: for every fold
The soul in hell one circle was depress'd.

A crowd is aye before him to behold
Each one the judgment on his life's offence;

They speak—they hear, and then are downward roll'd.

" Oh! thou who com'st to this drear residence,"

Said Minos, marking me as I drew near,
Ceasing awhile his judgments to dispense,

" Look whom thou trust, and how thou enter'st here:

Be not deceiv'd by th' entrance wide and plain."—

" Exclaim not," cried my guide, " nor his career,

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His fated way, essay thou to restrain;

It is decreed where will and power are one:

No further question ask, nor him detain."

And now 'gan wailings, dismal, woe-be-gone,

To pierce my ear: already were we come
Where many plaints were heard, and other none.

It was a place where every light was dumb,

With a deep roar like the tempestuous main

Wrought by fierce adverse winds to boiling foam

Ceaseless rush'd on th' infernal hurricane,
Whirling the spirits to its fury given;
Lifting them up, then dashing down again.

But when before their certain ruin driven,
What shrieks and desperate howlings forth were sent,

And blasphemies against the Power of Heaven!

I understood that to this punishment

All gross and carnal sinners were consign'd,

Who their fine reason to their pleasures bent;

And as huge flights of starlings on the wind

Are borne by their swift wings in winter drear:

So were these evil spirits here confin'd,

D

Hurried above, below, now there, now
here,
With every ling'ring hope of comfort lost,
Not of repose, but sufferings less severe.

As when in long array the skies are crost
By sailing cranes with their distressful
cries:

So saw I howling spirits, tempest-tost,

Urg'd swift along by their hard destinies.
Then said I, "Master, tell me, who are
they
That the black winds so grievously chas-
tise?"—

"The first of them whose name you
would I say,
And make you know her," thus he an-
swer'd me,

"Was empress, and o'er many tongues
had sway:

"She was so boundless in her luxury,
That she gave licence to it in her law,
To lessen shame of her iniquity.

"Semiramis—of whom from books we
draw,

She follow'd Ninus, and had been his
wife,

In realms the Soldan now doth overawe.

"That other dame for love destroy'd
her life,

And to Sicheus' ashes broke her faith:
There Cleopatra, in her lust most rife."

Helen came next, for whom, as story saith,
So long the time was ill: Achilles near
I also saw, who fought for love till death.

Paris and Tristan; and with these appear
More than a thousand shades my guide
did name,

Who mortal life forsook for love most
dear.

When I had heard him thus point out each
dame

And ancient knight that past us swiftly by,
Pity well nigh my wand'ring sense o'er-
came.

Thus I began: "Poet, full fain would I
Address the pair I see together float,
And seem as lightly as the wind to fly."

He thus: "When nearer thou may'st bet-
ter note;

And by the love that still them onward
leads

Entreat, and thou shalt see them less re-
mote."

When wafted towards us on the air that
speeds,

I mov'd my voice, and cried, "Oh! wea-
ried sprites,

Come now and speak to us, if nought im-
pedes."

As two fond doves, allur'd by love's de-
lights,

With steady outstretch'd wing to their
soft nest

Sail through the air as their sweet will
incites,

They left the band where Dido and the
rest

Remain'd, and sever'd the malignant air:
Such power was in the prayer I had ad-
dress'd.

"Oh! mortal man, benignant, gracious,
fair,

Who visit'st us amid the lurid gloom,

That caus'd the earth the stain of blood
to bear,

"If friendship with Heav'n's King we
might presume,

Prayers for thy peace to him we would
address,

That hast such pity on our wretched
doom.

"What to hear from thee, or by speech
express,

That are we ready or to hear or speak,
While now the wind is still and motion-
less.

"The land my birth-place, lies where
billows break

On the seashore; there flowing Po de-
scends,

In the deep ocean's bed his peace to seek.

" Love, that on gentle hearts so soon at-
tends,
Ensnar'd him with my beauteous person,
ta'en
By cruel mean, that still my thoughts of-
fends :

" Love, that ne'er pardons loving not
again,
Ensnar'd me, but with pleasing him so
well,
That faithful here you see him still re-
main.

" To the same death did love us both
compel :
Caina waits on him our blood who shed."
Such were the heavy words that from
them fell.

When these two injured souls had ceas'd,
my head
I down inclin'd, and held it there so long,
'That, " What think'st thou?" at last the
poet said;

And I thus answer'd; " By what passion
strong,
By what desire, what thoughts of dear
delight,
They were subjected to that woeful
wrong."

Then upon them I once more turn'd my
sight,
And cried, " Francesca, your deep mis-
eries
Draw forth my tears of pity and despite.

" But say, how in the season of soft sighs,
When and by what love granted the
relief,
Knowledge of mutual doubtful wishes
rise?"

Thus she replied: " There is no greater
grief,
Than to remember in our present woe
Glad days gone by: this knows your
guide and chief.

" But if so much thou wish the root to
know
Of our sad love, the story I will say,
As one whose tears the while he speaks
must flow.

" For mutual delight we read one day
Of Lancelot, how he to love was thrall :
We were alone—suspicion far away.

" Full oft in reading our fixt eyes would
fall
Upon one place; our colour fled the while :
That point o'ercame us—but one point of
all.

" 'Twas when we read of that most wish'd-
for smile
So kiss'd by one who did so much adore :
Then he whom nought from me shall e'er
beguile,

" A kiss from my warm lip all trembling
bore.
Slave was the author and the book we
read.
All that same livelong day we read no
more."

While thus one of those gentle spirits
said,
The other so bewail'd, that I, through
force
Of pity, seem'd as though I were now
dead,
And fell upon the ground as falls a corse.

Due allowance must be made for the diffi-
culty of following the original construction
of the verse, but the translation will be found
to be extremely literal. Perhaps, had the au-
thor wandered a little wider, his task would
have been more easy, and the verse in some
instances might have run more smoothly.
Such readers as are not acquainted with the
Italian, may compare the above with the
Rev. Mr. Carey's blank-verse translation.

HUMPHREY GUBBINS.

DESCRIPTION OF THE GREAT PLAGUE IN 1665.

OUR correspondent *Antiquarius* has furnished us with the following quotation from a tract he introduced to the notice of our readers in our last Number, and which gave an account of the great fire of London in the reign of Charles II. We here follow it up with the same writer's description of the effects of the plague in the year preceding the fire. The name of the author is Thomas Vincent, and the title of his production, "God's terrible Voice in the City."

It was in the beginning of the year of our Lord 1665, that the plague began in our city of London, after we were warned by the great plague in Holland, in the year 1664, and the beginning of it in some remote parts of our land the same year; not to speak any thing whether there was any signification and influence in the *blazing star*, not long before that appeared in the view of London, and struck some amazement upon the spirits of many. It was in the month of May that the plague was first taken notice of: our bill of mortality let us know but of three which died of the disease in the whole year before; but in the beginning of May, the bill tells us of nine which fell by the plague, just in the heart of the city; the other eight in the suburbs. This was the first arrow of warning that was shot from heaven amongst us, and fear quickly begins to creep upon people's hearts; great thoughts and discourse there is in town about the plague, and they cast in their minds whether they

should go if the plague should increase. Yet when the next week's bill signifieth to them the decrease from 9 to 3, their minds are something appeased; discourse of that subject cools; fears are hushed, and hopes take place that the black cloud did but threaten, and give a few drops, but the wind would drive it away. But then in the next bill the number of the dead by the plague is mounted from 3 to 14, and in the next to 17, and in the next to 43, and the disease begins so much to increase and disperse.

In June the number increaseth from 43 to 112, the next week to 168, the next to 267, the next to 470, most of which increase was in the remote parts; few in this month within or near the walls of the city; and few that had any note for goodness or profession were visited at the first: God gave them warning to bethink and prepare themselves; yet some few that were choice, were visited pretty soon, that the best might not promise to themselves a supersedeas, or interpret any place of Scripture so literally as if the Lord had promised an absolute general immunity and defence of his own people from this disease of the plague.

Now the citizens of London are put to a stop in the carrier (career) of their trade; they begin to fear whom they converse withal, and deal withal, lest they should have come out of infected places. Now roses and other sweet flowers wither in the gardens, are disregarded in the markets, and people dare

not offer them to their noses, lest with their sweet savour that which is infectious should be attracted: rue and wormwood are taken into the hand; myrrh and zedoary into the mouth; and without some antidote few stir abroad in the morning. Now many houses are shut up where the plague comes, and the inhabitants shut in, lest coming abroad they should spread infection. It was very dismal to behold the red crosses, and read in great letters, *Lord have mercy upon us*, on the doors, and watchmen standing before them with halberts, and such a solitude about those places, and people passing by them so gingerly, and with such fearful looks, as if they had been lined with enemies in ambush, that waited to destroy them.

Now rich tradesmen provide themselves to depart; if they have not country houses, they seek lodgings abroad for themselves and families; and the poorer tradesmen, that they may imitate the rich in their fear, stretch themselves to take a country journey, though they have scarce wherewithal to bring them back again. The ministers also many of them take occasion to go to their country places for the summer-time, leaving the greatest part of their flock without food or physic in the time of their greatest need.

In July the plague increaseth and prevaieth exceedingly; the number 470 which died in one week by the disease, ariseth to 725 the next week, to 1089 the next, to 1843 the next, to 2010 the next. Now the plague compasseth the walls of the city like a flood, and poureth in upon it. Now most

parishes are infected both without and within; yea, there are not so many houses shut up by the plague as by the owners forsaking of them for fear of it; and though the inhabitants be so exceedingly decreased by the departure of so many thousands, yet the number of dying persons doth increase fearfully. Now the counties keep guards, lest infectious persons should from the city bring the disease unto them; most of the rich are now gone, and the middle sort will not stay behind; but the poor are forced through poverty to stay and abide the storm.

In August how dreadful is the increase! From 2010 the number mounts up to 2817 in one week, and thence to 3880 the next; thence to 4237 the next; thence to 6102 the next; and all these of the plague, besides other diseases.

Now the cloud is very black, and the storm comes down upon us very sharp. Now Death rides triumphantly on his pale horse through our streets, and breaks into every house almost where any inhabitants are to be found. Now people fall as thick as leaves from the trees in autumn when they are shaken by a mighty wind. Now there is a dismal solitude in London streets; every day looks with the face of a Sabbath-day, observed with greater solemnity than it used to be in the city. Now shops are shut in, people rare and very few that walk about, insomuch that the grass begins to spring up in some places, and a deep silence almost in every place, especially within the walls; no rattling coaches, no prancing horses, no calling in customers, nor offering wares;

no London cries sounding in the cars; if any voice be heard, it is the groans of dying persons breathing forth their last, and the funeral knells of them that are ready to be carried to their graves. Now shutting up of visited houses (there being so many) is at an end, and most of the well are mingled among the sick, which otherwise would have got no help.

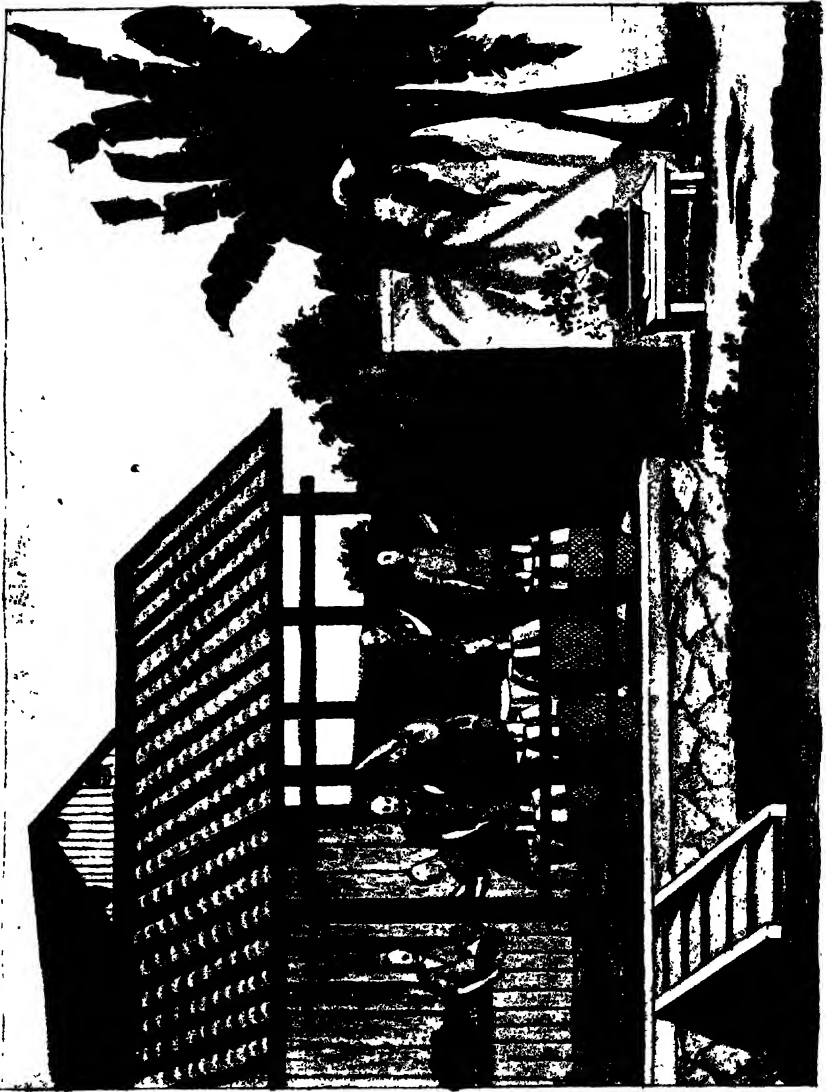
Now we could hardly go forth but we should meet many coffins, and see many with sores, and limping in the streets; amongst other sad spectacles, methought two were very afflicting: one of a woman coming alone, and weeping by the door where I lived (which was in the midst of the infection), with a little coffin under her arm, carrying it to the new church-yard; I did judge that it was the mother of the child, and that all the family besides was dead, and she was forced to coffin up and bury with her own hands this her last dead child. Another was of a man at the corner of the Artillery wall, that as I judge through the dizziness of his head with the disease which seized upon him there, had dashed his face against the wall, and when I came by he lay hanging with his bloody face over the rails, and bleeding upon the ground; and as I came back he was removed under a tree in Moor-fields, and lay upon his back: I went and spake to him; he could make me no answer, but rattled in the throat, and as I was informed, within half an hour died in that place.

The plague had broken in much amongst my acquaintance, and of about 16 or more whose faces I used to see every day in

our house, within a little I could find but 4 or 6 of them alive; scarcely a day past over my head for I think a month or more together, but I should hear of the death of some one or more that I knew: the first day that they were smitten, the next day some hopes of recovery, and the third day that they were dead.

The September, when we hoped for a decrease, because of the season, because of the number gone, and the number already dead; yet it was not come to its height; but from 6102 which died by the plague the last week of August, the number is amounted to 6988 the first week of September; and when we conceived some little hopes in the next week's abatement to 6544, our hopes were quite dashed again, when the next week it did rise to 7165, which was the highest bill, and a dreadful bill it was! And of the 130 parishes in and about the city, there were but four parishes which were not infected, and in those few people remaining that were not gone into the country.

From 7165 which died of the plague in one week, there is a decrease to 5538 the next, which was at the latter end of September; the next week a farther decrease to 4929, the next to 4327, the next to 2665, the next to 1121, the next to 1031: then there was an increase the first week of November to 1414, but it fell the week after to 1050, and the week after to 652, and the week after to 333, and so lessened more and more to the end of the year, when we had a bill of 97,806, which died of all diseases, which was an increase of 79,000 over what it was the year before; and the



number of them which died by the plague was reckoned to be 68,596 this year; when there were but 6 which the bill speaks of who died the year before.

CULTIVATION OF TÊA.

PLATE 3.—TREADING THE TEA INTO BASKETS.

CAMPHOU, CONG - FOU TCHA, OR CONGO.

CAMPHOU is a Chinese word, which signifies *choice leaves*. This kind of tea, called by the Europeans *congo*, is actually composed of the best leaves of bohea tea; for when the latter is prepared, the youngest, soundest, and best rolled leaves are selected from it for camphou. This tea, like all the teas from Fo-kien, is packed in baskets, into which it is trodden in the manner represented in the engraving. This tea of course possesses, in an eminent degree, all the qualities that constitute good bohea: it has a stronger, but at the same time a more agreeable smell; the infusion is clear, of a gold colour, with a slightly green tinge; and the leaf, when whole, is of moderate size.

The congo composes the greater part of the fine teas which go to the North. The English and French speculate much more in the green teas, of which there is a great consumption in England and North America. Germany, Sweden, Denmark, and Holland give the preference to the black.

In congo we distinguish various qualities, arising no doubt from the nature of the soil which produces them, or from the greater or less care employed in collecting and preparing them. These varieties sometimes occasion a difference of 25 to 30 per cent. in the value of the commodity. These teas arrive in

lots of five or six hundred chests, marked with the name of the territory in which they were grown; and the Chinese are careful that the quality of all the chests in each lot shall be as equal as possible.

Good camphou is commonly packed in chests of 60 *catis* net, that is, weighing with the tare 98 pounds, or 74 net. This tea is also to be had in chests of 25 and 10 *catis*. The last size in particular is very common; but it should be remarked that, owing to the charges and duties, the tea in small chests comes higher than that in ordinary ones. At the same price even, its inferiority cannot be doubted, for the Chinese are but too good judges of their own interest. The camphou in chests of 25 *catis* is commonly denominated *campoui*.

CAMPOUI.

Campoui, or *camphoui*, denotes a tea, the leaves of which are selected and roasted with greater care, being something between camphou and saotchaon. Such is the definition of it furnished by the Chinese, and it is true that we Europeans give the name of *camphoui* to a finer tea than camphou. Its infusion is greener, its leaves more entire, and, above all, smaller; so that they look like all the youngest and most delicate picked out of the latter. Notwithstanding these shades of difference, it cannot be denied that camphou and *camphoui* are often blended into

one tea, under the denomination of congo.

SAOTCHAON.

This tea derives its name from a Chinese word, signifying work done with care. In fact *saotchaon*, or as we call it *souchong*, is not only composed of leaves picked from shoots of the same year, but particular attention is likewise paid to roll it well and dry it thoroughly.

In the different species of *saotchaon* there are degrees of perfection of which we have no idea. In China, each person, when he goes into company, carries with him a stock of it in a little bag, and prides himself on its quality, nearly in the same manner as with us people dispute the honour of possessing the best snuff: but since these famous teas never reach us, it will be sufficient to observe, that their price is sometimes exorbitant, depending solely on the fancy of the buyer and the conscience of the seller.

The *souchong* bought for the European market is required to be of a fine brownish colour, somewhat mixed with violet, in large leaves, well rolled, and elastic. It should have a sweet smell, much resembling that of very ripe melon: the infusion should be of gold colour, without owing that tinge to rust; for on uncovering a cup, in which a trial of it is made, you may frequently perceive at the bottom a yellowish sediment, which when mixed up, communicates a tinge that proceeds from a real defect. In green teas this fault is of consequence; in the black it denotes rusty leaves, without sap, or scorched by the stove in drying. Another disadvantage attends this redness of the leaves from too great

dryness, in *souchong* teas. The leaves of those teas being young and tender, mostly retain a slightly roseate hue on the edges, which is a proof of their delicacy: but we must beware of mistaking rusty spots for this quality, so much desired by connoisseurs. This error is by no means uncommon. Good *souchong* must, moreover, be heavy in the hand; it must contain very little dust, and be neither of too dull nor too green a hue.

There is a *saotchaon* ankey which is particularly distinguished by its green tint, its strong smell, and the colour of the infusion, which, for experiment, should be made with clear spring water in a cup with a cover. The smell of the vapour which adheres to the cover will prove whether the tea be genuine or not: if it is not mild and sweet, but seems strongly aromatic, the tea is ankey; and if it has no decided character, it is a mixture of ankey and bohea; such is the composition of the greatest part of the *souchong* teas of inferior quality: the best are chiefly bought by the Danes, Dutch, and Swedes. This tea comes in chests of different sizes, from 5 to 6 *catis* net: some of them are very neatly made, and handsomely painted.

SONCHAY.

Sonchay is a *souchong*, the leaves of which are rolled into little balls, and with which the Chinese mix in drying a certain quantity of *kouei-hrau*, or the flowers of a shrub very much like the pear-tree. These flowers hang in bunches at the foot of the leaves, and are not larger than those of the *reseda*, which they all resemble in smell. That smell of the *sonchay*,

therefore, is more agreeable than that of the ordinary souchongs. There are some competent judges who prefer the flavour of this tea to any other, and who are of opinion that it is best adapted for keeping. The manner in which the leaves are rolled may be regarded as accidental; because, as the desiccation must be completed in the warehouses, if the season for gathering them happens to be wet, the owner causes them to be rolled into balls, and not lengthwise, as they would be if more serene weather permitted them to be exposed to the sun. It appears that the tea prepared for sonchay needs the rays of that luminary for a few hours only; but were it to be entirely deprived of them, its quality would be lost, and it would become necessary to mix it with inferior teas. It is rarely exported in any quantity, is brought to Canton in boxes of from 5 to 20 *catis*, and the price depends on quality and fancy. It is scarcely ever on sale in Europe.

ORIGIN OF ENGLISH GAMES AND PASTIMES.

HORSE-RACING.

It was requisite in former times for a man of fashion to understand the nature and properties of horses, and to ride well; or using the words of an old romance-writer, "to runne horses, and to approve them." In proportion to the establishment of this maxim, swift-running horses of course rose into estimation; and we know that, in the ninth century, they were considered as presents well worthy the acceptance of kings and princes.

When Hugh, the head of the house of the Capets, afterwards monarchs of France, solicited the hand of Edelswitha, the sister of Ethelstan, he sent to that prince, among other valuable presents, several running horses, with their saddles and their bridles, the latter being embellished with bits of yellow gold. It is hence concluded, and indeed with much appearance of truth, that horse-racing was known and practised by the Anglo-Saxons, but most probably con-

fined to persons of rank and opulence, and practised only for amusement sake.

The first indication of a sport of this kind occurs in the description of London by Fitzstephen, who lived in the reign of Henry II. He tells us that horses were usually exposed for sale in West Smithfield; and in order to prove the excellency of the most valuable hackneys and charging steeds, they were matched against each other: his words are to this effect: "When a race is to be won by this sort of horses, and perhaps by others, which also in their kind are strong and fleet, a shout is immediately raised, and the common horses are ordered to withdraw out of the way. Three jockies, or sometimes only two, as the match is made, prepare themselves for the contest; such as being used to ride, know how to manage their horses with judgment; the grand point is, to prevent a competitor from getting before them. The horses, on their

part, are not without emulation; they tremble, and are impatient, and are continually in motion: at last, the signal once given, they strike, devour the course, hurrying along with unremitting velocity. The jockies, inspired with the thoughts of applause, and the hopes of victory, clap spurs to their willing horses, brandish their whips, and cheer them with their cries."

In the middle ages, there were certain seasons of the year when the nobility indulged themselves in running their horses, and especially in the Easter and Whitsuntide holidays.

Bourne, in his "Popular Antiquities," tells us, that horse-racing, which had formerly been practised at Eastertide, was then put down, as being contrary to the holiness of the season: but for this prohibition I have no further authority.

It is certain that horse-races were held upon various holidays in different parts of the kingdom, and in preference to other pastimes. "It had been customary," says a Chester antiquary, "time out of mind, upon Shrove-Tuesday, for the company of saddlers belonging to the city of Chester, to present to the drapers a wooden ball embellished with flowers, and placed upon the point of a lance: this ceremony was performed in the presence of the mayor, at the cross in the Rodhee or Roody, an open place near the city; but this year," continues he, "the ball was changed into a bell of silver, valued at three shillings and sixpence or more, to be given to him who shall run the best and the farthest on horseback, before them upon the same day."

These bells were afterwards denominated St. George's bells; and we are told, that in the last year of James I. John Brereton, innkeeper, mayor of Chester, first caused the horses entered for this race, then called St. George's race, to start from the point beyond the new tower, and appointed them to run five times round the Roody; "and he," says my author, "who won the last course, or trayne, received the bell, of a good value, of eight or ten pounds, or thereabout, and to have it for ever; which monies were collected of the citizens to a sum for that purpose." Here we see the commencement of a regular horse-race, but whether the courses were in immediate succession, or at different intervals, is not perfectly clear: we find, however, not the least indication of distance-posts, weighing the riders, loading them with weights, and many other niceties that are observed in the present day. The Chester races were instituted merely for amusement, but now such prodigious sums are usually dependent upon the event of a horse-race, that these apparently trivial matters are become indispensably necessary. "Forty-six years afterwards," according to the same writer, "the sheriffs of Chester would have no calve's head feast, but put the charge of it into a piece of plate, to be run for on that day, Shrove-Tuesday; and the high sheriff borrowed a Barbary horse of Sir Thomas Middleton, which won him the plate; and being master of the race, he would not suffer the horses of Master Massey of Paddington, and of Sir Philip Egerton, of Oulton, to run, because they came

the day after the time prefixed for the horses to be brought and kept in the city; which thing caused all the gentry to relinquish our races ever since."

Races something similar to those above-mentioned are described by Butcher in his "Survey of the Town of Stamford in Lincolnshire." "A concourse," says he, "of noblemen and gentlemen meet together in mirth, peace, and amity, for the exercise of their swift-running horses, every Thursday in March. The price they run for is a silver and gilt cup with a cover, to the value of seven or eight pounds, provided by the care of the alderman for the time being; but the money is raised out of the interest of a stock, formerly made up by the nobility and gentry who are neighbours and wellwishers to the town."

Running horses are frequently mentioned in the registers of the royal expenditures. It is notorious that King John was so fond of swift horses and dogs for the chase, that he received many of his fines in the one or the other; but at the same time it does not appear that he used the horses for any purposes of pleasure, beyond the pursuits of hunting, hawking, and such like sports of the field.

In the reign of Edward III. the running horses purchased for the king's service were generally estimated at twenty marks, or thirteen pounds, six shillings and eight pence each; but some few of them were prized as high as twenty-five marks. I met with an entry, dated the ninth year of this king's reign, which states, that the King of Navarre sent him as a pre-

sent, two running horses; which I presume were very valuable, because he gave the person who brought them no less than one hundred shillings for his reward.

If we appeal to the poets, we shall find, that swift-running horses were greatly esteemed by the heroes who figure in their romances, and rated at prodigious prices; for instance, in an ancient poem which celebrates the warlike actions of Richard I. it is said, that in the camp of the emperor, as he is called, of Cyprus,

Too stedes fownde Kinge Richarde,
Thatt oon Favell, thatt oth r Lyard:
Yn this worlde they hadde o pere;
Dromedary, neither destre
Stede, rabyte, ne cammele
Goeth none so swyfte withute tayle:
For a thousand pownd of lde
Ne sholde the one be solde.

And though the rhymist may be thought to have claimed the poetical licence for exaggeration, respecting the value of these two famous steeds, the statement plainly indicates, that in his time there were horses very highly prized on account of their swiftness. We do not find indeed that they were kept for the purpose of racing only, as horses are in the present day, but rather, as I before mentioned, for hunting, and other purposes of a similar nature; and also to be used by heralds and messengers in cases of urgency.

Race-horses were prized on account of their breed in the time of Elizabeth, as appears from the following observations in one of Bishop Hall's *Satires*:

—dost thou prize
Thy brute beast's worth by its dam's
qualities?
Say'st thou this colt shall prove a swift-
pac'd steed,
Only because a jennet did his breed?

Or say'st thou this same horse shall win the prize,

Because his dam was swiftest Truncheonice,
Or Runcerall his sire; himself a galloway?
While like a tireling jade he lags half way.

Two centuries back, horse-racing was considered as a liberal pastime, practised for pleasure, rather than profit, without the least idea of reducing it to a system of gambling. It is ranked with hunting and hawking, and opposed to dice and card-playing by an old Scotch poet, who laments that the latter had in great measure superseded the former. One of the Puritanical writers in the reign of Elizabeth, who, though he is very severe against cards, dice, vain plays, interludes, and other idle pastimes, allows of horse-racing as yielding good exercise; which he certainly would not have done, had it been in the least degree obnoxious to the censure which at present it so justly claims.

Burton, who wrote at the decline of the 17th century, says, sarcastically, "Horse-races are *despots* of great men, and good in themselves, though many gentlemen by such means gallop quite out of their fortunes;" which may be considered as a plain indication, that they had begun to be productive of mischief at the time he wrote; and fifty years afterwards they were the occasion of a new and destructive species of gambling.

From what has been said, it seems clear enough that this pastime was originally practised in England for the sake of exercise, or by way of emulation, and, generally speaking, the owners of the horses were the riders. These contests, however, attracted the notice of the populace, and drew great crowds

of people together to behold them; which induced the inhabitants of many towns and cities to affix certain times for the performance of such sports, and prizes were appointed as rewards for the successful candidates.

In the reign of James I. public races were established in many parts of the kingdom; and it is said, that the discipline and modes of preparing the horses upon such occasions were much the same as are practised in, the present day. The races were then called bell-courses, because, as we have seen above, the prize was a silver bell.

At the latter end of the reign of Charles I. races were held in Hyde Park and at Newmarket. After the Restoration, horse-racing was revived, and much encouraged by Charles II. who frequently honoured this pastime with his presence; and for his own amusement, when he resided at Windsor, appointed races to be made in Datchet Mead. At Newmarket, where it is said he entered horses, and run them in his name, he established a house for his better accommodation; and he also occasionally visited other places where horse-races were instituted. I met with the following doggerel verses in a metrical Itinerary written at the close of the 17th century. The author, for he hardly deserves the name of a poet, speaking of Burford Downs, makes these remarks:

Next for the glory of the place,
Here has been rode many a race:
King Charles the Second I saw here,
But I've forgotten in what year;
The Duke of Devonmouth here also,
Made his horse to sweat and blow;
Lovelace, Penbrooke, and other gal
Have been vent'ring here their talents;



And Nicholas Bainton, on black Stören,
Got silver plate by labour and drudging, &c.

At this time it seems that the bells were converted into cups or bowls, or some other pieces of plate, which were usually valued at 100 guineas each; and upon these trophies of victory the exploits and pedigree of the successful horses were most commonly engraved. William III. was also a patroniser of this pastime, and established an academy for riding; and his queen not only continued the bounty of her predecessors, but added several plates to the former donations. George I. instead of a piece of plate, gave 100 guineas, to be paid in specie.

In one of the *Spectators*, vol. iii. p. 173, we meet with the following

advertisement, extracted, as we are told, from a paper called the *Post-boy*: "On the 9th October next, will be run for, on Coleshill Heath in Warwickshire, a plate of six guineas value; three heats by any horse, mare, or gelding, that hath won above the value of 5*l.*; the winning horse to be sold for 10*l.*: to carry 10 stone weight, if 14 hands high; if above or under, to carry or be allowed weight for inches; and to be entered on Friday, the 5th, at the Swan, in Coleshill, by six in the evening. Also, a plate of less value to be run for by asses;" which, though by no means so noble a sport as the other, was, I doubt not, productive of the most mirth.

PICTURESQUE TOUR IN THE OBERLAND.

PLATE 2.—VIEW OF INTERLAKEN.

INTERLAKEN, or *Interluchen*, so named from its situation between the two lakes (*interlacus*) of Thun and Brienz, is not above half a mile distant from Unterseen. The origin of this place was a convent of Augustine monks, founded, in the year 1133, by Selinger of Oberhofen, the possessions of which were rapidly augmented by valuable donations, till they became the property of the state, on the adoption of the Reformation in 1528 by the canton of Berne, which had been appointed protector of this convent by the emperor Henry VI. in 1198. At a later period, a nunnery also was founded at Interlaken. Here the sister of William of Scharnachtal was about to take the veil: the inmates of both convents had assembled to witness the ceremony,

which was attended likewise by a handsome young man, named Gunt-schi, of Interlaken. The lady beheld him, and preferring an earthly to a heavenly bridegroom, made him an offer of her hand in the presence of the whole assembly; and he accepted it, and they were married on the spot. The dissolute manners of the monks and nuns of Interlaken, and the relaxation of discipline in those institutions, proved a subject of great scandal. The senate of Berne complained to the pope and the emperor of these disorders, which the Bishop of Lausanne endeavoured but in vain to correct.

These monks were, moreover, at different times suspected of having excited the people of the Oberland to insurrection against the

government of Berne, or secretly fomenting their discontents. At the period of the Reformation in particular, when religious innovations had inflamed the minds of the peasantry, and led them to hope for the abolition of tithes and all public contributions, these animosities had assumed so violent and so dangerous a character, that they must have produced the most disastrous consequences, but for the energy displayed by the people of Berne, and the strong attachment manifested for them, under these circumstances, by the towns of Thun and Unterseen. *

Since the suppression of the convents at the Reformation, Interlaken has been the residence of a bailiff; and a number of indigent persons have been supported in the monastic buildings.

The people of Interlaken have always been distinguished for bravery. At the siege of Hericourt, in Upper Burgundy, in 1474, the Interlakeners proposed to storm the town, and insisted on having the foremost place in the assault. In 1798, they displayed similar proofs of intrepidity.

The climate of this town and its environs, owing to their situation, is extremely mild and agreeable: as early as the month of February, the meadows are covered with flowers; and here are to be seen the largest and most beautiful walnut-trees in all Switzerland.

Interlaken lies on the south bank of the Aar, about a mile distant from the lake of Brienz. Our view exhibits that river near its efflux from the lake. The valley, which opens to the left of the place, leads first to Zweylütschinen, where the

White and the Black Lütschinen mingle their torrents: there it branches out into two valleys, one of which, running eastward, terminates at the glaciers of Grindewald; while the other, striking off due south, conducts to Lauterbrunnen.

The village seen near the opening of the valley of Zweylütschinen, is called G'steig or Gesteig: it is surrounded by beautiful orchards, and its walnut-trees are remarkably flourishing. The mountain, which rises to the left of G'steig, and the lower part of which only is visible, is the Breitlauinen-Alp; its southern declivity is called Iselten-Alp. Mention is made of the Iselt-wald in the deeds of donations made to the chapter of Our Lady at Interlaken by the emperors, in 1133, 1146, and 1183. To the right of the valley of Zweylütschinen runs a chain, the extremity of which has been already mentioned under the denomination of the Suleck; and in the distance appears the majestic form of the Jungfrau. Though the impression produced by it is somewhat weakened by the enormous masses which present themselves on all sides to the view of the spectator, still it is very evident that these masses, how prodigious soever they may appear, are far inferior to the Jungfrau: but if the curious traveller would form a correct notion of its gigantic dimensions, let him ascend the nearest mountains, that seem to vie with it in elevation, and from their summits he will behold it towering majestically far above those peaks, which in the valley he was disposed to consider its equals.

Behind the steeple of Interlaken

is seen a conical and wooded hill, which is the Ruggen: it conceals the entrance of a rugged valley, called the Saxetenthal, which runs between the Suleck and the Abendberg. From this valley descends a torrent, which, uniting at G'steig with the Lüttschinen, throws itself with that river into the lake of Brienz, at a little distance from that place. It is lucky for the inhabitants of this isthmus that these torrents appease their fury, and deposit the matters which they carry along, in the bosom of the lake, instead of joining the Aar in the plain of Interlaken, as the Kander did in that of Thun, before the formation of the channel which conducts it into the lake. But for this fortunate direction of the bed of the Lüttschinen, the same disastrous effects as are experienced

from the inundations of the Linth, by the inhabitants of its banks, in the cantons of Glaris, St. Gall, and Zurich, would have been felt in the valley of Unterseen, and would probably long since have converted this delicious Tempe into a pestilential morass.

At the extremity of the valley of Saxeten, rises the Schwalmern, a much more lofty mountain than the Morgenberghorn and the Suleck, and which parts the streams of the Kander and Lüttschinen. In the rear of this mountain are seen the summits of one of the glaciers of the valley of Lauterbrunn, near the G'spaltenhorn and the Buttlosa, probably the Schiltorn and the Ausserhundshorn. Quite to the right, a mountain of the chain of the Niesen is perceived in the distance.

THE GREEN MANTLE OF VENICE:

A true Story; from the German.

THE counting-house of Mr. Melinger was haunted: of that fact, Tobias, the old man-servant, entertained no doubt, and often told (though always in secret, and under the seal of the most sacred silence,) young Rosina, the house-keeper, that in the middle of the night he heard noises in it; that the great ledgers were opened and shut; that the ghost went about slipshod, and frequently made the cash clink.

The house had been an old nunnery: what is called the *Belle-Etage* was occupied by Mr. Melinger, who had fitted it up at considerable expense; his business was confined to the ground-floor, and the exterior and all the rest

were left in their original state: it remained unaltered, partly from motives of economy, and partly because his only daughter, Emmeline, who was somewhat of a romantic turn, had petitioned that the solemn gloom of the antiquated cloisters might remain unviolated. Her good taste had preserved the dark cells, and the whole of this portion of the building was under the care of the little visionary. —This was without the slightest touch of affectation, for there could not be a more natural character than that of Emmeline. Her education had been one of the utmost artlessness, and, ignorant of the real world, no wonder if her glowing fancy created one of its own.

She early lost her mother, and her father was so busy about his two millions of dollars, that it was impossible for him to attend much even to his only child. He had left her to the care of the Ursulines; and thus, in a life of the utmost retirement and tranquillity, she reached her eighteenth year. She had learned all that became her age and station, and so perfect was the holy innocence of her heart, that it would have cost her very little to have devoted herself for ever to a cloister.

The report of her beauty spread far and wide: as yet Mr. Mellinger had entertained no company in his house, but now aunts, cousins, uncles, and relations of all sorts from all parts of the city, endeavoured to gain a sight of her, for they thought that the young lady with a fortune of two millions of dollars would be no bad match for some member of their families, either old or young. She was invited to dinners, suppers, balls, and concerts: her father could no longer resist their importunities, and Emmeline at once emerged from her monastic retirement; but gay feasts and splendid entertainments made not the slightest impression on her mind, or change in her nature, and she returned with a stronger attachment than ever to her cell and her solitude. She knew not that she was either rich or beautiful. Her father knew very well the objects they had in view—that the heavenlike maiden and the godlike gold was what they sought: it required but little penetration to see through their designs, and with great skill he contrived to keep them at a distance,

without giving them offence. At night, after returning from a party, it was his custom to make all the company, as it were, pass in review before his daughter, and so skilful was he in the art of ridicule, that there was scarcely a hair of their heads that was not pulled to pieces: so agreeable was his talent in this way, that Emmeline took more pleasure in listening to his criticisms, than in the conversation and amusements of the company itself. She had often heard that her father was a most acute man; that he penetrated the darkest matters with a look, and that he exceeded every one in his knowledge of mankind: when therefore she again saw those of whom he had spoken, she recognised the truth of all his observations. Half a year had scarcely passed, when Emmeline laughed at every body; consequently, all who were not absolute devotees to her charms or her fortune drew back, while the car of her triumph was followed only by poor fools, to whose sighs she would not condescend to listen, but who incessantly besieged her in prose and verse.

In proportion as she had been admired before, people now began to cool in her praise. The first stone was cast by daughters and mothers, among whom her beautiful face, her large speaking eyes, her noble carriage, her glittering jewels, the eternal variety of her apparel, made a thousand enemies. But bitterer even than these against her were those suitors whose devotions had been despised, and whose vows had been rejected. Yet Emmeline was ignorant of the cause of this alteration: the mothers

were still courteous, the daughters civil, and the sons flattering; but she missed the hearty, open, and sincere attachment she had found among the honest, affectionate Ursulines in the days of her youth: when within the walls that separated her from the world, no one envied her, no one was ridiculed by her, but she possessed all she loved and desired within their solitary chambers. This was a part of Mr. Mellinger's plan, and it completely succeeded. She became weary of the tedious intercourse of heartless crowds, and returned to her house-keeping, her books, her instruments, and her flowers.

The father was not apprehensive regarding a son-in-law. He had been connected in business for many years with the wealthy Venetian house of Sponseri, whose only son, equal in fortune to Emmeline, having learned business under his father, was now about to enter a foreign counting-house. Old Sponseri, who had a speculative head, well knew the good circumstances of Mr. Mellinger, and that he had an only daughter, whose age corresponded with that of his son, and that his widely extended trade was not only an instructive school for a young merchant, but that Mr. Mellinger had already sent out of it some very apt scholars. He therefore made the proposal that his son should remain in Mr. Mellinger's counting-house for a year without salary; and it was accepted the more willingly, not only because he thus saved the expense of a clerk, but as he hoped that young Sponseri and his daughter Emmeline might in time form a matrimonial connection, and thus a business be

established with a capital of no less than four millions. He therefore dismissed one of his clerks on the receipt of intelligence from Venice, that young Sponseri would in a short time personally present himself.

"Man foresees, but God decrees;" and in this instance it was ordered that the fathers should be disappointed in their project.

Thus matters stood at the time when Rosina imparted to Emmeline the intelligence she had received from old Tobias under a promise of the strictest secrecy, regarding the strange noises he had heard in the counting-house. Emmeline heard her with great attention: by nature, and by the peculiarity of her education in a nunnery, supernatural relations always produced a strong impression upon her from her early childhood, and she could not overcome the anxiety produced by what Rosina told her. On reflection, she considered whether it was not possible that some imposition might thus be attempted. The counting-house had originally been the oratory of the abbess; it adjoined the church, which was still used for public worship, and was separated from it by an iron door, furnished with three stout bolts and locks.

One of the bolts and two of the locks could be opened from the counting-house, and the others from the church: if, therefore, one of the servants had an understanding with the sexton, nothing was easier than to enter the counting-house, and to do just as they pleased. The door would have been bricked up long ago, but that it had not been agreed, when Mr.

Mellinger bought the nunnery, who was to pay the expense of it: it had therefore been delayed, as Mr. Mellinger spent no more money than he could help.

Emmeline charged Rosina not to mention the news regarding this supposed ghost to any body else; but still considered it her duty to communicate it herself to her father, that he might investigate the subject more minutely. Her father laughed at her; and he might well do so, for it was he himself that after midnight had been heard slipshod in the counting-house. There was a secret staircase, known to no other person, from his chamber, formerly occupied by the abbess, into the old chapel, now converted into a counting-house. In a niche in the counting-house was a kneeling figure of the patron saint of the cloister, the holy Clara, with the hands crossed upon the breast, and this niche was the secret door of the staircase. Rich people seldom sleep well, and Mr. Mellinger formed no exception to the rule: at dead of night therefore he not unfrequently stole into his counting-house, to look over his books and count his cash, and to see that none of his clerks had been negligent or dishonest. However, he gave no explanation on the subject to Emmeline, and satisfied her as to his laughter, by the assurance that old Tobias must have been dreaming. He never guessed that this very night the noises were to receive any other solution.

Four weeks had now elapsed since the arrangement had been made for the arrival of young Sponseri, and Mr. Mellinger began, from the delay, to apprehend that

something had happened to him; and this very afternoon he had written to the father, to have his doubts cleared up. At night he could not sleep, and as usual wandered into his counting-house to turn over his books and papers. He opened the iron chest with so much noise, that Tobias, who slept on the floor above, verily believed that the devil had got into the place. He jumped out of bed, and opening the house-door, held forth a lantern, and would have cried out with a loud voice, "Who is there?" but that a death-pale face, involved in a green mantle, stared him in the face, and Tobias, in the utmost terror, believed that he had seen a living corpse.

The green mantle, without uttering a word, entered the house, as if he had known all the passages, and making to the iron door of the counting-house, struck upon it three times so loudly that the whole building re-echoed. Mr. Mellinger heard and trembled: the three blows, one after the other, went to his heart, and he bethought him of what his daughter Emmeline had said in the morning.

When the green mantle perceived that the door was not fastened within, he opened it, stalked into the counting-house, and held forth a letter to Mr. Mellinger, who, at the first glimpse of the deathly face of the spirit, was utterly dismayed. He took it with a trembling hand, and found that it was from old Sponseri, introducing the bearer, who was his son William.

During the reading, Mr. Mellinger recovered a little, and secretly laughed at his needless apprehensions: he held out the letter for the

young man to read, and received the son of his old friend in such terms as are customary in business on these occasions. He welcomed him to his house, and would have embraced his intended son-in-law, but the young man drew back, and said, "Approach me not—I am dead: this day at an early hour I died. I go whither I am destined. Farewell!"

The blood flushed into Mr. Mellinger's face as the green mantle thus spoke with dull unmoving eyes; and as the dead cold hand stretched forth from the folds of the robe touched him at parting, he shrieked aloud, his staring hair matted itself together, and the marrow chilled in his bones. The green mantle stood like a statue of marble; all life was dead in him; speech, and the power of waving his dead hand, alone remained to him.

"To-morrow," he continued, "I shall appear to my father in Venice. Give me a receipt for the safe delivery of the letter I have brought, that I may give it to him. Look you to my decent interment, for I am a stranger here, and know none but you. If God then permits a return to this world of misery, I shall soon see you again. I shew all your actions to eternal God, who judges us as we judge others. Farewell! I yearn for my grave; but first the receipt."

Mr. Mellinger with palsied hand complied: the pale spirit seized it, thrust it into his cuff, and then proceeded to the door, followed by the merchant. Tobias was waiting there with a light, but seeing his master tremble with fear, he could hardly hold it. The dead man

stared him ruefully in the face, and without uttering a word, left the house. Mr. Mellinger offered his old servant two guilders to follow the stranger: at first Tobias refused, declaring that it was a ghost or the devil himself; but at last, crossing his breast, he plucked up his courage, and followed the mysterious figure at a distance, through the long dark streets, until the clock struck twelve, when it entered the church-yard of the Augustine friars, and knocked thrice at the dark iron-grated gate: it opened from within; the green mantle entered; it closed after him, and old Tobias, stiff with terror and wonder, paused. He returned home in dismay, and told his astonished master all he had seen and heard.

"Tell no one what has happened," said Mr. Mellinger, giving Tobias the two guilders; "to-morrow I will endeavour to find out where Mr. Sponseri lodged. Go to bed, and keep silent." So saying, he left his counting-house by the secret staircase, and returned to his chamber. They neither of them closed their eyes that night. Mr. Mellinger read the letter delivered by the dead hand over and over again: it was certainly the handwriting of old Sponseri; introduced his son with fatherly tenderness; expressed his regret at parting with his only son on so long a journey, and went into various particulars regarding his situation. The date of the letter was five weeks old; eight days would have been occupied by the journey, and for a month he had been expecting the young man. He must have died of a very short illness, as he was yet unburied. The words of

the apparition lay upon his breast like a load of ice: "I shew all your actions to the eternal God, who judges us as we judge others."

Next morning, immediately after breakfast, he hastened to the police, to inquire the dwelling of "William Sponseri of Venice." The register answered that he had lived at No. 14, Sun-street, and that he died yesterday, at the age of twenty-five years, adding a full description of his person, which agreed to a hair with the intelligence Mr. Mellinger had received. He hurried to Sun-street, and there he saw the dead visitant of the night before, stretched upon a bier, covered with a green mantle, and a white paper in his cuff.

The heart of the old man was rent with grief and wonder: he wept, perhaps for the first time in fifty years. "Why has it that white paper in the cuff?" said he to the person who had led him into the chamber. The attendant drew it forth, and opening it, shewed Mr. Mellinger his own receipt, written with his own hand. "Put it back, put it back again," he cried, recollecting the promise of the spirit to convey it to his father. He hastened home terror-struck, and found that Emmeline had heard the whole story. Tobias had told it to Rosina, and she to Emmeline.

"On Sunday, daughter, we will receive the sacrament," he said; "and in the afternoon you shall give away ten dollars in charity, and when you know a man that is in want, tell me, and I will relieve him. From henceforth too at night you shall give Tobias and Rosina bread and butter in the evening, and beer twice a week. You shall

give them meat also in the middle of the day; and tell me if I am near and miserly; for people say I am so, but God knows it is not true, and I will do my utmost to avoid it."

Emmeline was deeply affected by this change in her father, and thought she had never seen him so kind as at this moment. He then gave orders to his book-keeper, old Stipps, for the funeral of young Sponseri with great splendour: he also desired that an advertisement should be inserted in the newspaper, for a clerk to manage the Italian and English correspondence, which was to have been undertaken by the dead man.

After the funeral, Mr. Stipps was called in to give an account of the ceremony, and informed Emmeline and her father that they had found a billet from young Sponseri, desiring to be buried in the green mantle, which he had always worn: there was a note sticking in the cuff, which they had left there.

"Did the young man look well?" inquired Emmeline.

"I dare say he did while he lived," said the book-keeper; "but when people are dead, when the eyes are deep sunken, when the complexion is turned to green and yellow, they do not usually look very well. It is very strange, and I do not know what people will think of it."

"How so?" asked the father and daughter in one breath.

"Not that I believe there is any thing in it, but I do not know what other people may think. He died early in the morning, and was laid out upon the bier, covered by his green mantle, and a white cloth

over that. At eleven o'clock at night, the attendant heard a violent rattling at the locked door; he rose, thinking that some one was at the house-door, and in a moment the green mantle stood before him, and in a voice as from the grave, said, 'Open the door.' He did so in the utmost terror, and the green mantle glided into the street. What do you think of that?"

"God be merciful to his soul," cried the old gentleman; and Stipps continued to relate, that the attendant was ready to take his oath, that in the morning a white paper was sticking in the cuff of the green mantle, which he opened, and found signed with the name of Mr.

Mellinger, but all the rest was illegible, as if written under great apprehension.

"I believe I trembled," said the old gentleman in a fearful tone.

"Then you wrote it?" cried Stipps. "Where could you meet with this terrible green mantle? It must have been at night. Do not be angry, but there must be some deep secret connected with young Sponseri."

"Never mind that, good Stipps," said Mr. Mellinger, in a low, half-crying voice; "I may and can say nothing about it. Nor must you, Stipps. Let us leave all to God, and hear no more of it."

(*To be continued.*)

TOM TAKEALL AND HIS TAILOR*.

In ancient times law gave for eye an
eye,

And tooth for tooth. This rule from
law-courts driven,
'To fashion's haunts has been compeli'd
to fly,

Where bill for bill is uniformly given.
The dealer's bill is given for double pay,
The purchaser gives his—to run away.

Snip took his measures—Snip his bill had
got—

I mean Tom's bill ('twas over due
some moons),

And now appear'd to measure for a
coat,

And inexpressibles—or pantaloons.

"I have you now," said he—"I've
made a hit,

I know you're partial to a good close fit."

So he departed, and another came,

"His man," thought Tom. He was
beyond dispute.

"Your name is Takeall, I presume."

"The same."

"I come to you about a little suit."
Some parchment slips he shew'd, which
made Tom stare,
For these seem'd broader than the others
were.

With indignation he began to foam:

"I hate," he cried, "this round-about
delay;

Your master measured. Bring the things
soon home;

I cannot tarry trifling here all day."

No, sir, you can't, sir—that is very
true.

Bring the things home! I come to bring
home you."

Here the Collegian's shoulder felt a slap;
The shoulder is a very tender part:

This Tom can testify, for one slight tap

Went, he declared, directly to his
heart.

* From "Takings, or the Life of a Collegian," just published by Mr. Warren, Old Bond-street. We will endeavour to find room for another quotation from this very clever and amusing work in our next.

And now suspecting hope of rescue vain,
He thus began in lamentable strain:

" O day and night! but this is wond'rous
hard;

Since liberty is life, must life's brief
span

Be thus made shorter by a stitcher's yard?

And shall a tailor triumph over man?

I somehow from these trammels must
break loose,

Or evermore be called a tailor's goose."

Utter'd aside was this, but, be it known,

Not as asides are utter'd at the play;

That is, not bellowed in a louder tone

Than all the rest the actor has to say:

No; in his mouth or throat 'twas gently
mumbled;

To speak more plainly—in his gizzard
grumbled.

" Well, well," he cried, "'tis not a civil
thing:

But I, of course, along with you must
go;

Incarcerated, lose the charms of spring,

And all the rural joys of Pimlico.

But, Mr. Snavel, in the face of day,
You need not take me by the public way.

" A neat snug garden, this convenient
house

Boasts close behind, which opens to a
field:

Take me that way, and quiet as a mouse

Your captive most submissively will
yield.

You are a gentleman, I plainly see;

Be seated—you must take some wine with
me,

And there's a guinea." Snavel touched,
and cried,

" I'm sorry, sir, you must in limbo
dwell."

Here, in his turn, he had a speech aside:

" I'm glad to catch a calf that bleeds
so well."

Aloud then—" Sorry, sir, you want the
blunt;

Am not particular about the front."

" We'll go the back way then. Now,
when you please

I'm ready. Come, sir, shall I lead the
way?"

" No, sir, you'll be with me much more
at ease,

As you have no design to run away."

" Just as may most agreeable prove to
you;

The path is hardly wide enough for two.

" But mind that water—'tis an awkward
hole,

Too wide for you, while holding me,
to leap:

I'll have it shortly fill'd, upon my soul.

On that dry hay, sir, you had better
step."

The bailiff did so, was about to thank,

When suddenly a trap embraced his
shank.

Most musically he began to roar—

A bailiff may possess a pretty voice;

Perhaps this never was remark'd before,

So very few attend to it from choice.

But debtors love to hear it on the stretch
From pain, as robbers sigh to hang Jack

Ketch.

THE SYRIAN ASCLEPIAS.

THE valuable properties pos-
sessed by this plant seem to point
it out as particularly worthy of at-
tention in those parts of the Bri-
tish dominions, the climate of which
is favourable to its cultivation.
Though no part of Great Britain

or Ireland might be adapted to its
growth, yet the various useful pur-
poses to which it is applied by fo-
reigners, entitle it at least to a
trial in our colonies.

The *Asclepias Syriaca*, also called
by botanists *Apocinum majus* Sy-

riacum rectum, in English swallow-wort, is a native of Syria, Egypt, and Asia Minor, is also found in North America, and thrives extremely well in France and other countries of Europe. Its root is white, articulated as it were, and very milky. The stalk rises to the height of three feet. The leaves are large, thick, oval, white below, and of an ash-green above. The stem and the lower surface of the leaves are covered with a kind of down. The flowers, of which the bees are remarkably fond, spring from the foot of the leaves near the top of the stem; they are bell-shaped, dentated, and grow in large clusters of a purple colour, approaching to violet. In France they usually appear at the end of June, or the beginning of July.

The seeds of the *asclepias* are contained in pods four or five inches in length, oblong, pointed, thickest in the middle, attached together two and two. These pods are covered with two rinds; the first green, and membranous; the second thin, smooth, and saffron-coloured: these rinds contain a fibrous matter resembling the moss of trees, under which the whole capacity of the pod is filled with a species of cotton, extremely fine, soft, and white; and in this cotton the seeds are enveloped.

The *asclepias* grows readily every where, even in the worst soils. It propagates spontaneously, like the dandelion, and suffers no other kind of plant to grow near it: in these respects it possesses an advantage over hemp and flax, which require a good soil, and fresh manure, and resowing every year. Every soil therefore is adapted to

this plant: in rich ground its stem shoots up to the height of eight feet, throwing out a great quantity of leaves, and producing fine flowers, but very few pods; in a dry and sandy soil, on the contrary, it does not grow so high, and has fewer flowers, but the pods are much more numerous.

A single ploughing is sufficient for the seed, which should be sown in the month of March, or at the latest in April: when cultivated on a large scale, it is sown broadcast, and harrowed in; but on a small scale, it may be put in with a rake. Previously to sowing, the seed ought to be steeped in water for forty-eight hours, and the ground should be sufficiently watered till it begins to spring up, when the watering may be gradually diminished. It is advisable to cover the ground which has been sown, with straw or dry leaves during severe frosts. The seed is of a nut-brown colour, about the size of a lentil, but much flatter and thinner.

The young plants are pricked out the following spring in a soil turned up to a good depth by the plough or the spade. This operation requires no particular attention, except to leave between the plants a space of about four square feet.

The plant does not bear the pods containing the silk and seed till the second year; the first crop is not so abundant as that of the succeeding year, when the plant is in full bearing. It grows to the height of four, five, or six feet, according to the soil. The flowers have an agreeable smell. The seed is so abundant, that a plot of twelve

square feet sown with the *asclepias*, produces sufficient to sow about eight acres, each plant having at least twenty pods. Experience has proved that an acre of middling or even poor ground, in a sandy country, yields six or eight times as much to the owner in the *asclepias*, as it would by the finest crop of flax or corn. It may be added, that the getting-in of this kind of crop, which takes place about the end of October, does not interrupt the ordinary operations of the farmer.

In the course of October, the pods open of themselves, and display the seeds, each attached to a bunch of hairs, of a silver white, bright, extremely delicate, but yet pretty strong. Too much attention cannot be paid to gather these pods at the proper period of maturity. When thoroughly ripe and dry, the silken crests of the seeds contract; by their elasticity they displace the seeds, and they are so light, as to be carried away and dispersed by the wind. As soon as they begin to open, they are cut off, and spread in a dry airy place, where they finish ripening. When completely dry, they are put into large sacks; the silk is then separated from the seeds and pods, in the same manner as cotton.

In Africa the tufts of silk are used for the wadding of garments, and for stuffing beds, cushions of sofas, &c. In Silesia, the down of the *asclepias* is employed in making stockings and other hosiery: it is even asserted, that mixed with silk, it composes a stuff unequalled for softness and durability. The *asclepias* is used also by the inha-

bitants of the United States of America, who turn it to good account by the name of *wild cotton*.

The first person who, at the beginning of the 18th century, availed himself of the properties of this plant in France, was M. Larouvière of Paris. Till his time it had been employed only as wadding for garments, or feet-covers. He succeeded in manufacturing with the cotton of the *asclepias*, mixed with silk, velvet, cloth, and other stuffs, which look well, and are of good quality.

From the stem also of the *asclepias* is obtained a kind of tow of a gray colour, nearly resembling that of flax; for which purpose it must be water-retted, heckled, combed, and prepared like hemp. The tow thus made is so fine and white, as to be fit for all kinds of cloth. Thus the *asclepias* of Syria combines the advantages of those two valuable plants, *hemp* and *cotton*. In the United States, the stalks of the *asclepias* are used for making paper, pasteboard, and other articles of that kind.

In Canada, a brown sugar of good quality is obtained from the flowers of this plant. These flowers possess the curious property of catching the flies that light upon them, attracted by the sweet juice which they contain. It is not any glutinous matter that detains these insects, but they are held by small valves endued with irritability. Thus, independently of its beauty and utility, the multiplication of the *Syrian asclepias* may efficaciously contribute to the destruction of very troublesome insects.

The Americans eat the young shoots of this plant like asparagus.

The leaves are not known to possess any property, except that they are applied for the cure of cold humours, either raw, pounded, or boiled in water.

JOURNEY OF THE ZURICH PORRIDGE-POT.

THIS expedition, which was undertaken in the year 1576, and accomplished by the route of the Limmat, the Aar, and the Rhine, a distance of fifteen German miles, in scarcely more than as many hours, created a strong sensation at the time. It was performed at the period of the annual shooting-match held at Strasburg. Fifty-four archers, selected from the senate and burghers of Zurich, left that city early on the 20th June, and as they entered Strasburg, at eight o'clock in the evening, they threw roast mutton, fowls, &c. out of their boats, among the crowds collected on the bridges and banks of the river. These welcome guests were escorted to the town-hall, where their friends had been waiting their arrival; they then sat down to supper at nine o'clock. They brought in an iron chest a millet porridge, cooked at Zurich, some of which was placed on every table, and a portion sent to the principal inhabitants, and which was still so hot, that it was necessary to cool it before it could be eaten. On being asked the reason for bringing this porridge, they replied, that it was to shew, that in case Strasburg should be suddenly attacked, the Zurichers could come to their aid before their porridge would cool.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. LXVII.

Wonder not to see this soul extend
The bounds, and seek some other self a friend.

DRYDEN.

It has been said, though I positively deny the truth of the opinion, that women, though they are capable of the most exalted affections of the heart for the other sex, are never known to maintain a noble disinterested regard for their own. What sacrifices have they not been known to make for a lover! Fortune, family connections, rank, and even honour, are too frequently offered up at the shrine of love: but it may be asked, when do we see any of these important attainments yielded up by female friendship to a female friend? I think that I could prove, by fair reasoning, the possibility of such sacrifices, but I shall take another mode of supporting the noble character of my sex respecting friendship, by stating my notions of it, which I trust will be correct ones; and then ask, whether it will be denied, by a fair and judicious experience, that the female bosom is susceptible of it?

It is an easy matter to lay down a beautiful theory of friendship, set forth its usefulness, and prescribe rules to those who enter into it. The description charms our fancy, and fills us with a kind of enthusiastic warmth. All pay ho-

mage to the enchanting idea; acknowledge its usefulness, and are ravished with the thoughts of its refined pleasures. But where is the thing itself to be found? Is there such a thing as perfect friendship in the world? Or, allowing there is, how few are qualified to act the part of a true friend! What delicacy is necessary to form such a character! Nothing is more difficult than giving and taking advice. However, as this must be allowed to be an essential part of friendship, I shall subjoin the Spectator's advice concerning it, as the most proper that can be followed:

"The most difficult province in friendship is the letting a man see his faults and errors, which should, if possible, be so contrived, that he may perceive our advice is given him, not so much to please ourselves, as for his own advantage.—The reproaches, therefore, of a friend should always be strictly just, and not too frequent: the violent desire of pleasing in the person reproved, may otherwise change into a despair of doing it, while he finds himself censured for faults he is not conscious of. A mind that is softened and humanized by friendship cannot bear frequent reproaches; either it must quite sink under the oppression, or abate considerably of the value and esteem it had for him who bestows them."

One point to be settled is, what limits, what bounds ought to be prescribed to friendship and benevolence. Concerning this, I know there are three different opinions, neither of which has my entire approbation. One is, that we should love our friend as ourselves;

another, that our benevolence to our friends should exactly correspond to theirs for us; and the third, that we ought to esteem our friends according to the value they set on themselves. To none of the three can I thoroughly assent. As to the first, that every man should be affected in the same manner towards his friend as to himself, it is very remote from truth; for how many things do we do for them, which we would never do for ourselves? Thus, to turn suppliant, and petition a man of no worth; also, to attack any one with bitter expressions of reproach, and rail at him immoderately, are what cannot be done with a good grace in our own case, but with regard to our friends, may be commendable. There are likewise many cases wherein good men detract much from their own interests, or suffer it to be done, in order to promote the welfare of their friends. The next position defines friendship to be an equality of good offices and benevolent affections. But thus to balance the kindnesses on both sides, is to make too mean, too particular an estimate of it. True friendship appears to me more noble and generous, and is not over scrupulous lest more favours be returned than have been received; for there is no occasion to fear that any part of our good offices should be lost, or fall to the ground, or that more than what is reasonable be expended on friendship. But the third opinion, that the value which every man sets on himself ought to be the standard of the esteem paid him by his friends, is worst of all: for it is a frequent case to find some of too

humble a spirit, whose hopes of bettering their circumstances are too languid. It cannot therefore be the part of a friend, to regulate his behaviour by the notions which a man of this character has of himself. He ought rather to raise the drooping mind of his friend, and make him entertain more elevated prospects, and better thoughts of himself. We must therefore find some other definition of friendship: but let us first premise, that no tenet could be more opposite to true friendship, than the sentiments of him who affirmed, that a man ought to love as if he were sure he should one day hate. For how can any man be a true friend, that supposes it possible he may become an enemy? Besides, at this rate, we must wish that our friend may fall into frequent mistakes, in order to give us the more opportunities of reproving him; and, on the other hand, one must be vexed and grieved at the virtuous behaviour of his friends, and envy their good success. This maxim therefore, whoever is its author, strikes at the very root of friendship.

The following precept ought rather to have been given: "That we ought to use such caution in contracting friendships, as never to allow our affections to settle on one who afterwards may incur our hatred." But farther, should we even prove unfortunate in our friendships, that we ought to bear our misfortune with patience, rather than entertain a single thought of a rupture.

The bounds then which, in my opinion, ought to be prescribed, are these: That among friends of

refined morals, their several desires and intentions should be imparted without reserve; also allowing that the pursuits of our friends may happen to clash a little with strict justice, yet, if their life or reputation be at stake, they ought to be supported, though we should strain a point for their service, provided real dishonour be not the consequence; for friendship itself will excuse us only to a certain degree.

Men of resolution, constancy, and a steady temper should be chosen for friends: but those of this character are perhaps the fewer number; and it is a difficult matter to form a true judgment in this respect, till experience has proved them. Friendship, however, must be commenced before this can be done; for which reason, all previous opportunities of trying them are impossible to be obtained. It therefore becomes a prudent man, like an able charioteer, to restrain the impetuosity of his benevolence; that friendship, to use the expression, may be proved in the same way as horses of *manège*, by putting the morals of our friends to the test in some particular point. Some will discover their inconstancy on account of a small sum of money; others, who cannot be wrought on by a small sum, will shew themselves for a greater. But admitting that some should be found who think it base to prefer money to friendship; yet, where shall we meet with any who do not prefer honours, power, dignity, and riches to it; or, if all these be proposed on the one hand, and the duties of friendship on the other, that do not readily give the prefer-

ence to the former? For our nature is frequently too weak to resist the temptation of power; and men may think themselves excusable, though they acquire it even at the expense of friendship, because it is not without great cause they do so. Whence it is next to impossible to find true friendship among the votaries of ambition and ministers of state: for where is the man to be found, that takes more concern for the preferment of his friend than that of himself? There is likewise a cruel necessity sometimes for dropping friendship; for I am now speaking of that in ordinary life, and not such as takes place among wise men: our friends are frequently guilty of offences both against ourselves and others, the scandal whereof chiefly lights on us. Such as these, therefore, must be dropped, by neglecting all friendly intercourse; and rather by "little and little, than abruptly: unless some very heinous crime be committed, so that it is neither right, honourable, nor even possible for us to defer one moment to break with the guilty person."

Most people are so unreason-

able, not to say shameless, as to desire their friends should be what they themselves cannot attain to, and expect more from them than they are willing to give in return. In justice, however, one should first be a good man himself, and then cultivate friendship with those of his own character. Among such as these, the friendship I have been recommending may be established on a solid basis; because men united by benevolence will not only triumph over those passions which enslave the rest of mankind, but likewise take a pleasure in justice and equity, and readily do all kind of good offices for one another: nor will they ever require any thing but what is just and honourable; and besides, love and esteem will have a natural reverence for each other. To deprive friendship of this reverence, is to rob it of its greatest ornament; and for any to suppose, that all manner of licentiousness and offences are allowable among friends, is a pernicious error. Friendship was given by nature, *not to favour vice, but to be an aid to virtue.*

F — T —.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Twelve select Overtures of Beethoven, Cherubini, Gluck, Mozart, &c. arranged for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments of Violin, Flute, and Violoncello, by J. N. Hummel, Maître de Chapelle to the Duke of Saxe-Weimar. No. I. Pr. 5s.— (Boosey and Co. Holles-street.) Few amateurs can be unacquainted with the grand and im-

posing overture to the "Men of Prometheus," composed by Beethoven; we have ourselves brought it once or twice under the notice of our readers. This masterly composition very properly leads the way in the present collection, which is to consist of twelve similar pieces.

The name alone of the celebrated individual who has undertaken

the adaptation of these overtures for the piano-forte, would have been sufficient to warrant the excellence of the collection, if the present specimen of Mr. Hummel's labour did not at once afford an earnest of its very decisive superiority over most publications of a similar description. If the undertaking proceeds as it has commenced, this work is likely to rank foremost in its kind, without fear of competition. This remark is more particularly applicable to the principal part, the piano-forte: the accompaniments we could have wished to be more strongly cast, although we know beforehand the obvious answer to be made to our observations. The intention of the author and publishers is, no doubt, to enable the piano-forte to act effectively without the accompaniments; and, secondly, to render the latter accessible to moderately skilled performers. This twofold object, we admit, could not have been attained without lessening the labour and importance of the auxiliary instruments. But when we consider the degree of fulness and effect to be produced by a proper combination of the piano-forte, violin, flute, and violoncello, every one acting up to all its capabilities and character, we are inclined to think it quite worth while to give those capabilities the fullest possible scope of action; and to devote a separate edition, exclusively, for the piano-forte, to the demands of those who may not conveniently be able to muster the quadrumvirate, or may wish to possess the essence of the score in a concentrated form.

Allegri di Bravura, &c. dagli se-

guenti celebri Compositori, Beethoven, Hummel, Weyse, Moscheles, &c. per il Piano-forte. Lib. I. Pr. 6s.—(Boosey and Co. Holles-street.)

The first number of this collection, now before us, is exclusively devoted to one author. It contains three "*Allegri di Bravura*" of Weyse, a composer of considerable celebrity, although not generally known in this country. If we are not mistaken, he is a Dane by birth; his residence at least has chiefly been in Copenhagen, where his works are held in great estimation. To such of our readers as may not be aware of the import of the title which this collection bears, it may be proper to state that the term "*Allegro di Bravura*" implies a spirited piece of striking effect and rather difficult execution. This interpretation, instead of deterring the zealous student from attempting the performance of the pieces contained in the book, ought to prove rather an incitement towards undertaking the task; and we may add, by way of encouragement, that the difficulties to be encountered are far from being insuperable. The passages, however original and striking, are devised with the most consummate knowledge of the instrument, and with obvious attention to executive convenience. The harmonic combinations are of the first order, and at every step melodic subjects intervene, the attraction of which will amply repay all the diligence and care of the pupil. As studies for the improvement of the hand and the taste, these *Allegri* will be found to rank with the best works extant.

"*Palinodia a Nice*," in thirteen vocal Duets, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated by permission to H. R. II. the Duke of Sussex, by J. F. Danneley. — (Royal Harmonic Institution.)

The book before us contains the eighth, ninth, and tenth duets of this collection. The first of these appears to us not only the best of the three, but one of the most decisive specimens of genuine lyric talent that has come under our notice for many months past. The motivo unites great purity and softness of melodic diction with good rhythmical keeping. The phrase, "Trarlo tentai dal cuore," is neat and emphatic; but "cuore" ought not to have been lengthened, nor its last syllable brought upon the accented part of the bar. In the second page an elegant interlocutory passage calls for favourable mention; and the recurrence of the words, "E ne credei morir," with the minore tint allotted thereto, is effectively and indeed beautifully treated. The author now begins a new strain; the melody assumes new features, chiefly of the plaintive cast, according with the sombre import of the text. Here Mr. D. has not only displayed a degree of judgment which evinces the sound discrimination of an intelligent head, but—what is far more valuable and rare in works of art—an intensity of pathos, that proclaims the co-operation of a heart capable of sympathetic expansion. The whole of the third page contains the outline of a masterly conception. In the sixth page, from "Ah di tentar," further and equally striking tokens of genial feeling,

combined with original touches of good harmonic combination, present themselves.

The ninth duet, in C, is of a more lightsome cast, corresponding with the sentiment of the text. The first strain is set in a style of ease and delicate terseness, which reminds us of the manner of Haydn's canzonets. The second strain begins, or rather ought to have begun, in G minor; for the suspended discord D G upon a bass of E b is extremely harsh, especially when of such extent, and placed at the beginning. The melodic expression, however, is quite appropriate. Other instances of ideas in good concordance with the text, and of satisfactory harmonic contrivance, occur in the sequel: blended, however, once or twice with contrapuntal excrescences, fairly liable to critical objection.

In the tenth duet, Mr. D. has chosen a mood and measure far more gloomy than his text required—E b minor, largo $\frac{4}{4}$ —. But the movement is so interesting, the ideas so elevated and well combined, that we are made to regret the circumstance of the words not being sufficiently melancholy. The second strain sets out in the very remote key of B major; but as the first terminates upon E b major, the enharmonic close vicinity of D \times is a sufficient apology for the licence, and the effect further justifies the proceeding. From this key, however (B major), we wish Mr. D. had found his way back again to E b in a less round-about, "lengthy," and trite manner, than by the following string of fourths and fifths: B, E, A, D, G, C, F, B b, E b. Such a journey through the

whole gamut will not do nowadays, and the progress, as it is, is not free from stumbles. Mr. D. can do the thing much more cleverly. The minore strain is resumed in p. 4, and some very select thoughts present themselves, among which the two terminating lines, p. 5, stand pre-eminent in merit. Mr. D. frequently allots too many slow notes to a syllable. This remark we had before now occasion to make, and in the present book several cases of the same nature occur.

No. I. "*Serenada Espanola*" for the Piano-forte, in which is introduced a new *Guaracha Dance*, with an Accompaniment for one or two Flutes (*ad lib.*) composed, and dedicated to H. E. the Spanish Ambassador, by R. W. Evans.—Pr. 4s.; with Accompaniments, 5s.—(Evans and Lucas, Cheapside.)

Mr. E.'s serenade forms a divertimento of various, copious, and entertaining materials. The first movement, an "Amoroso" $\frac{3}{4}$, deduced from the subject of a German waltz, exhibits a considerable portion of pleasing melody, and the arrangement bespeaks much tasteful conception. Three or four satisfactory variations are made upon this subject. The second piece, an allegretto, presents the same features of merit; it is a smooth and tender pastorale. In these two movements an occasional tinge of dissonance would have heightened the interest: seven or eight pages, dwelling upon tonic and dominant, create a feeling of monotony. The Spanish dance, p. 9, has our approbation. A few quite common thirds, which occur in one of the parts, are introduced with the singular remark: "Should

the double notes be found too difficult, play them single." If this should be the case with a pupil of six months' standing, our advice would be, "Give up your master or musicaltogether." The coda, p. 11, is middling, and not quite pure; the B's in the 7th, 15th, and 23d bars, form objectional octaves with the bass. A pretty *Guaracha* dance follows next, and the varied forms under which it successively appears are upon the whole commendable; but the modulation in the third and fourth lines of p. 13 (the only one in the book that ventures so far from the key) is not free from objection. The accompaniment of the two flutes is neatly imagined, and adds much to the effect of this serenade, which, from its ease and attractive complexion, may be recommended as an entertaining lesson to juvenile performers.

"*The Birthday*," a Divertimento for the Piano-forte, with Flute Accompaniment, composed, and respectfully dedicated to Mrs. T. N. Williams, by W. H. Cutler, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Pr. 3s.—(Preston, Strand.)

A well written introduction in D major attracts attention at the outset. The movement is devised in a good and impressive style; the part in B \flat especially demands distinct and favourable notice; the series of modulations leading to E \flat , 3; C, 3 \flat , is well managed; and a striking effect is produced by the enharmonic slip from D \flat , to C \sharp ; A, 3 \sharp , 7; back to the key of D.—This is as it should be. The Tema for variation is very good, simple, and chaste; but it has one unfortunate note, which, however

sanctioned by usage, goes much against our ear: we allude to the Caledonian mode of cadencing into the third of the subdominant (bar 4). If Mr. C. can produce a companion from all the works of Mozart and Haydn (except perhaps the Scottish adaptations of the latter, where necessity may have been law), we shall—not be the more reconciled to the practice—but admit the singularity and fastidiousness of our individual taste. The six variations exhibit much facility of melodic amplification, and a due diversity of character. The subject of the rondo is not altogether of a complexion new to us, but a tripping vein of lively expression pervades the movement, and imparts to it a considerable degree of interest. A few bars of Don Giovanni made their appearance in the digressive matter; these are brought into appropriate modulation; the flute enlivens the piece, and the whole concludes with proper effect.

“My boat is on the shore,” a favourite Song, composed, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, and respectfully dedicated to G. G. Mills, Esq. by W. Crathern, Organist of St. Mary’s Chapel, Hammersmith. Price 1s. 6d.

The lines which Mr. C. has selected for composition were addressed by Lord Byron to Mr. Moore, at the moment when his lordship embarked for the Continent. The music, without deviating from a ballad style of frequent occurrence, is soft and effective, the periods are in good connection, and the harmony is satisfactorily devised, with the exception of the instrumental repetitions l. 3, b. 3; and l. 4, b. 3. The last of these is more particularly objectionable. The words “Tom Moore” upon the cadence produce a singular effect.

“Give me again that look of love,” written by Miss M. Leman Rede; composed, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, by Augustus Voight. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Clementi and Co.)

Miss Rede’s text, which is warmly erotic, has received at the hands of Mr. Voight an harmonic colouring corresponding with the tender sentiments of the poet. The motivo, simple as it is, possesses sweetness of melody, and its measure affords additional interest. A leading note at “Then sleep,” &c. would perhaps have been more eligible. The conclusion, “One little kiss, and then good bye,” is also well expressed.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE present Exhibition at the British Institution reflects the highest credit upon the taste of the Directors. It consists (as we briefly announced in our last) of a well selected set of the works of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and Dutch schools; the two last chiefly predominate. The Italian pictures, although undoubtedly fine, are not

yet of the highest class; we have seen finer Claudes: but the collection is, nevertheless, most interesting, and the appearance of so many old pictures in this Exhibition is a proof (if any were wanting) of the deep interest which the directors take in the cultivation of the public taste, and of the inexhaustible sources upon which they can draw for the information and gratification of artists, and the frequenters of Exhibitions in this great metropolis. If the same exertions be continued, and the same liberality displayed on the part of the proprietors of good pictures, we have no doubt that we shall have the pleasure of seeing in successive years at the British Gallery, similar examples of the capabilities of the fine arts, and their moral power upon the character of a great people.

The Claudes we have already said are not equal to some which we have seen within the walls of the Institution, and some of them have evidently suffered under the process of the picture-cleaner: the retouchings in some parts have scarcely left a particle of the original touching, and Claude himself would hardly recognise any traces of his pencil.

Landscape, Sunset: the Figure of Claude in the Fore-ground, drawing from a ruined Building.—Claude.

This picture is from his Majesty's valuable collection: it appears dirty, and as if some of the colours had suffered alteration either by time or accident. The figure in the fore-ground can have no occasion for a sun-shade, since it appears pretty nearly dark. The

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landscape with a ferry-boat, and the circular landscape, are certainly rich in tone and depth; but the story of Narcissus, from Sir George Beaumont's Gallery, is exquisitely beautiful.

Landscape, with Cattle and Figures passing a River.—K. du Jardin.

This, although a pretty and well painted picture, is not the best we have seen by the artist, who was remarkable for the power with which he represented daylight in his works.

Portrait of a Female.—Rembrandt.

A capital specimen of Rembrandt's finished portraits; but his own portrait in the next room is a finer piece of colour: it does not look so brown and dusky, and was probably one of those which Sir Joshua Reynolds studied, and the style of which he adopted. The landscape (No. 21.) is a fine piece of effect, but nothing more, for it can hardly be said to represent nature with force and truth.

A Shepherd with Cattle on the Banks of a River—Cuyp,

Is not the best representation of Cuyp's powers: it has, however, enough to shew some of the excellencies which distinguished that extraordinary artist.

A Boy shewing a Trick.—Leonardo da Vinci.

This is a very highly finished picture, with peculiarly good relief, and a playful character.

Charles II. when a Youth, with the Princesses Elizabeth, Mary, and Anne, who is supporting the infant Duke of York, afterwards James II.—Vandyke.

A noble display of portraiture: the boy with the dog is admirable. The figures are true, graceful, and

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exact, notwithstanding the stiff deformity of the dresses.

The Effects of Intemperance.—Jan Steen.

The Duke of Wellington, who has some of the finest pictures by Jan Steen in England, has sent some of them to this Exhibition. The colouring is wonderfully striking, and the humour rich and natural. There is a strong resemblance between Jan Steen and Hogarth. The humour of the Dutch artist is more varied than that of any other of his countrymen, and its resemblance to Hogarth's is more in quality than quantity, for the latter greatly outvied him in the extent of his wit and satire. Between them both there was also a resemblance in their firm style of painting. It is singular that there are not more engravings from Jan Steen's works, when we consider how well calculated they were to set off good prints.

A Battle.—Bourgognone.

There are no subjects so full of

monotony as battle scenes; whether, or by whomsoever, they are fought, they present the same chaotic mass of bustle and confusion. There is some fine colouring in this picture, and no doubt a good deal of spirit; but certainly nothing of the fire of the battle of Constantine in the Vatican, on which this artist was said to have modelled himself. He had been a soldier, and according to Mr. Fuseli, neither the silence of Rome, nor the repose of a convent, could lay his military ardour. It was, however, rather too hyperbolic to add, "that his pictures sound with the shouts of war, the neighing of horses, and the cries of the wounded."

Upon the whole, we cannot speak too highly of this Exhibition. In the evenings, when the rooms are lighted up for special visitors, the effect is fine; and the pictures, when viewed with the elegance and imposing air of the company, produce the most charming *toit-ensemble* which can be imagined.

EXHIBITION OF THE LATE MR. WEST'S PICTURES.

DURING the last month, the family of the late venerable President of the Royal Academy commenced an Exhibition of his works, in a noble gallery constructed for the purpose in the rear of Mr. West's house in Newman-street. They have covered in the garden, and made a capital exhibition-room on the site, upon a plan somewhat novel, but certainly well calculated to set off the departed President's works to the greatest advantage. The light falls with panoramic effect, and strikes direct-

ly upon the pictures; while the spectator is shaded from its rays by a canopy supported on pillars, intervening between him and the roof of the gallery, and which, at the same time that it excludes the vertical light, presents a grand and ornamental appearance to the visitor. The effect is imposing, and, as we have already observed, peculiarly adapted to the display of the late Mr. West's pictures.

As Mr. West has now passed to that solemn audit, where the judgment of those who survive

him, whether it be founded upon penetration or prejudice, cannot affect his fate, we are emboldened to speak of him in the spirit of candour and truth. We shall not use towards that artist in his grave the language of adulation, whom, in his life, we never flattered, though we uniformly respected. Of his fame in his profession it is for posterity to judge; it is for us, who were his contemporaries, to speak of his long and useful life, with that reverence which must be due from all good men towards an artist who zealously devoted the energies of his pencil to the cause of morality and truth; and unquestionably with more effect, if we consider the difficulties he had to surmount, owing to the impolicy of excluding paintings from the principal temples of our worship, than any other man in this, or indeed any European country. He felt the real powers of his art, and their sympathetic influence upon the morals of society, and as far as in him lay, performed at least one man's part in asserting the dignity of his profession, by practically developing its powerful connection with the advancement of the best interests of mankind. It is no small tribute to the moral feeling of our late revered sovereign, that he became an early and steady patron of Mr. West, and encouraged him by his munificence to proceed in the execution of those works, which are calculated by their peculiar force of illustration to increase our reverence for the sacred truths of holy writ.

This Exhibition contains nearly one hundred of Mr. West's pictures, and of course furnishes a

abundant means of estimating his professional talents. It is to be regretted that the collection does not contain some other pictures by Mr. West, which obtained deserved celebrity. We should have wished to see the first Exhibition after Mr. West's death, filled with all his great historical works; for instance, his *Death of General Wolfe*, *Stoning of St. Stephen*, and particularly his *Departure of Regulus* (of which there is an excellent print), the composition of which is, we think, more imposing than that of any other of the artist's works: so much so indeed was it esteemed at the time by foreigners, that a French artist, La Fitte, disingenuously borrowed the whole composition from Mr. Green's print of the subject, and obtained from his countrymen, with sufficient complaisance, a prize for the originality of his invention. The theft was committed without even any attempt at the ingenuity of concealment; the figures, grouping, and whole effect were completely and undisguisedly copied. The professional rank of Mr. West conferred an estimation and popularity upon his works, which were not perhaps uniformly sustained by the intrinsic merit of his compositions; and some prejudice was excited against the amiable artist by the satires of the late Dr. Walcott (Peter Pindar), who considered painting large to be always painting bad; but who was in fact induced to attack Mr. West, merely because he knew him to be a personal favourite of the late king, against whom the whole battery of the satirist was at the time incessantly directed. Of a

per, and unimbu'd with vindictive or acrimonious feelings, Mr. West pursued "the even tenor of his way," still devoting himself with unabated ardour to his professional pursuits; cheered, it is true, by the immediate patronage of his sovereign, an honour unquestionably of the most flattering kind, but in the particular instance, unattended by that more general patronage and profit which in other countries accompany such marks of high distinction. It is a singular and, we lament to say, a most discouraging fact, that Mr. West's picture of *Christ healing the Sick* led to the first decisive act of public patronage which the fine arts received in our times. The merits of that picture were not new in the artist, almost half a century of his active life had been spent in the production of works of a similar kind; and yet it remained for the British Institution to perform an act of patriotic zeal, which had the effect of reanimating the aged hand of the venerable artist, and rekindling that flame in his breast, which years of public neglect had nearly extinguished, and rallying his slumbering powers to produce a work which will do him more lasting honour than any of his other productions; we mean the picture of *Christ rejected*, which adorns the present Exhibition. In composition, Mr. West unquestionably excelled. Of his style, an able critic has said, that, "above the sportive, desultory trains of Venetian grouping, he ranks with the more chaste composers of the Florentine and Lombard schools, and surpassing many, is excelled by few." The power of reaching the heart, and

exciting the best feelings of our nature, is the strongest proof of genius in the treatment of a subject; and we have heard of the effect of this picture upon a lady, whose mental sensibility, affected by extreme grief, gave her friends reason to dread its total alienation; but who, unexpectedly, standing before this picture while it was exhibiting in Pall-Mall, gave the first proof of returning susceptibility and feeling, by shedding a flood of tears. It is indeed impossible to contemplate the picture of *Christ rejected* without feeling the deep pathos which reigns throughout the work, without being struck with the placid resignation of the Saviour, contrasted with the malignant and speaking action and expression of the high priest, which is represented in such complete perfection. The group of females, so full of interest, in the right of the picture, and the continued contrast of the anguish and affliction of the disciples, and the cruel triumph and remorseless vengeance of insensible foes, preserve and continue the progress of the awful incident through every stage of sorrow, from him who drank the very dregs of the bitter cup, down to the passing and soon forgotten tear of simple infancy. The grouping is, we think, uncommonly fine in this picture; perhaps a critical eye would feel displeased at the introduction of the cross and burial implements, which present an unseemly spectacle in the judgment-hall: besides, they do not appear to be wanting to increase the pathos of the scene. The opposite picture—

Death on the pale Horse, or the Opening of the first five Seals. Revelations c. vi.

has been the subject of much and conflicting criticism. The object of the artist, as he himself expressed it, was, to excite "the terrible sublime, and its various modifications, until lost in the opposite extremes of pity and horror."—How far the artist has succeeded, it is for the public to judge; his attempt was indeed a bold one, and when we consider it to have been the work of a man verging upon, if not actually entering, the eightieth year of his age, it displays astonishing energy and vigour. Our respect for the man, as well as his professional celebrity, which was uniformly great in his lifetime, and does not now abate for his memory, cannot be considered as in any degree compromised, if we say, that although the centre group is fine, there is yet a want of solemnity in the general effect, injurious to the sentiment, occasioned by the motion of all the principal figures, and the want of repose in the light and shade: too much is in fact attempted to be defined, and too little left to be supplied by the imagination. Nor are the attributes with which the Saviour is invested, so dissimilar as they are to those with which we are accustomed to invest the Divine Person, calculated to inspire that holy reverence our reason teaches us to feel for the great Founder of Christianity. The original sketch for this picture was a capital production, and we are disposed to think the finest sketch ever made by Mr. West: we lament that it

is not in this gallery, on account of the decided and indelible traces which it develops of the talents of the artist in his felicitous hours of execution.

The Water subsiding after the Deluge. Genesis c. viii.

There is something truly sublime in the general effect of this picture, which we recollect was many years ago the subject of much admiration.

Alexander II. King of Scotland, rescued from the fury of a Stag by Colin Fitzgerald.

There appears to us in this work, more imposing drawing and individual expression, more energetic action and truth, than we find in the generality of Mr. West's productions: for, notwithstanding our partiality for the artist, we must admit, that his heads were a little monotonous in their character at times; and that in the drawing of the hands, ankles, and feet, there was a never-varying action, which was sometimes objectionable. This picture is entirely free from these faults, and particularly in the heads, which are all capital, and highly national in the form of their features; even the Hibernian physiognomy of Colin Fitzgerald is distinctively marked. The dogs are spiritedly and well drawn, particularly the heads of the two which seem to rush towards the stag. On the whole, this is a noble and capital picture, full of energy, local discrimination, and general truth.

We would particularly recommend to the visitor at this gallery, to examine with attention some of the smaller works, in the entrance passage; they are very beau-

tiful. The *Death of Sir Philip Sydney*, of *Epaminondas*, and of *Chevalier Bayard*, in one frame, are the best specimens of Mr. West's colouring in the whole collection; they are rich and forcible. The fore-ground of the *Angel delivering St. Peter* is in the same degree of merit; but the picture is a little impaired by the touchy style in which the angel and St. Peter are painted.

There is a sweet sentiment in *the Golden Age*, and in the pictures of *the Maries going to the Tomb of the Saviour*, and indeed in many of the other works which adorn this gallery, and which cannot be

spoken of without praise. The great rapidity of the late President's invention and execution, his uniform industry throughout a life prolonged to so many years, made him the author of innumerable works. The amiable character of the man, and his uninterrupted industry and pure intentions as an artist, with the occasional success which eminently though not uniformly attended his labours, will long endear his memory to those who had in his lifetime the happiness of knowing his virtues and appreciating his abilities.

REWARDS ADJUDGED BY THE SOCIETY OF ARTS, &c.

THE rewards adjudged by the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, were presented on the 30th May, at the Freemasons' Hall, Great Queen-street, to the respective candidates, by his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, President, in the following order:

IN AGRICULTURE AND RURAL ECONOMY.

1. To C. Fyshe Palmer, Esq. M. P. for sowing 216 bushels of acorns on 240 acres, the large silver medal.
2. To C. Fyshe Palmer, Esq. M. P. for planting 280 acres with 893,420 forest trees, the large gold medal.
3. To C. Fyshe Palmer, Esq. M. P. for planting 30,700 oaks for timber, the large gold medal.
4. To Thomas Wilkinson, Esq. for sowing 240 bushels of acorns on 260 acres, the large gold medal.
5. To Sir W. Templer Pole, Bart. for raising 896,000 oaks from acorns, the small, or Ceres, gold medal.
6. To Henry Potts, Esq. for planting 124 acres with 438,240 forest trees, the large silver medal.
7. To Edward Dawson, Esq. for embanking 166 acres of marsh land from the sea, the large gold medal.

IN POLITE ARTS.

HONORARY CLASS.—1. Original

1. To Miss Emily Coppin, for an original oil painting of fruit, the large gold medal.
2. To Miss Barnard, for an original painting of flowers in water colours, the small, or Isis, silver medal.
3. To Miss Harmer, for a chalk drawing from a bust, the large silver medal.
4. To Miss Elizabeth Ellford, for an original water-colour drawing of flowers, the silver Isis medal.

2. Copies.

5. To Mr. Jas. Watts Peppercombe, for an historical drawing in pen and ink, the large silver medal.
6. To Mr. R. Hayter Jarvis, for an historical drawing in chalk, the silver palette.
7. To Mr. Ed. Knight, for a landscape in oil, the silver palette.
8. To Miss Emma Davis, for a portrait in oil, the small, or Isis, silver medal.
9. To Miss Anne Beaumont, for a portrait in oil, the large silver medal.
10. To Miss Stephens, a landscape with figures, in oil, the silver palette.
11. To Miss Emma Maria Smith, for a landscape in pen and ink, the silver palette.
12. To Miss Myddleton Bidolph, for a portrait in chalk, the large silver medal.
13. To Miss Hartman, for a Holy Family in chalk, the silver palette.
14. To Miss Caroline Walter, for a figure in chalk, the silver palette.

CLASS FOR ARTISTS AND OTHERS.

1. Original.

15. To Mr. I. Wood, for an historical painting in oil, Satan starting from the Touch of the Spear of Ithuriel, the large silver medal.

16. To Mr. Rob. Oliver, for a landscape in oil, the small, or Isis, gold medal.

17. To S. Mountjoy Smith, for a drawing in chalk from a bust, the silver palette.

18. To Mr. T. S. Engleheart, for a chalk drawing from a plaster cast, the silver palette.

19. To Mr. W. Watts, for an historical painting in oil, Ubaldo and the Sirens (from Tasso), the large gold medal.

20. To Mr. W. Fairland, for a chalk drawing from a bust, the smaller, or Isis, silver medal.

21. To Mr. S. Nicholson, for a landscape composition in pencil, the large silver medal.

22. To Miss Rose Emma Drummond, for an original portrait in crayons, the small, or Isis, gold medal.

23. To Miss Anne Eggbrecht, for a chalk drawing from a bust, the silver palette.

24. To Miss Georgiana Huntly, for a group of portraits in water colours, the silver palette.

25. To Mr. H. Courtney Slous, for an oil painting of a Boar Hunt, the small, or Isis, gold medal.

26. To Mr. G. Presbury, for a chalk drawing of the Ilissus, in the Elgin collection, the large silver medal.

27. To Mr. Penry Williams, for a chalk drawing of the Ilissus, in the Elgin collection, the large silver medal.

28. To Mr. J. Eggbrecht, for a chalk drawing from a bust, the small, or Isis, silver medal.

29. To Miss Cotton, for an oil painting of flowers, the small, or Isis, silver medal.

2. Copies.

30. To Mr. F. Woodington, for a drawing of figures in Indian ink, the silver palette.

31. To Miss Caroline Vendramini, for a drawing in chalk of an historical subject, the large silver medal.

32. To Miss Is. Murray, for a head in chalk, the silver palette.

33. To Mr. I. Scarlet Davis, for a head in pen and ink, the silver palette.

34. To Miss Turner, for a portrait in Indian ink, the silver palette.

35. To Miss Jane Drummond, for a portrait in fixed crayons, the large silver medal.

36. To Mr. R. F. Cahoon, for a pen and ink drawing of two dogs, the silver palette.

37. To Miss Welsh, for a painting of flowers on velvet, the large silver medal.

38. To Miss Caroline Hannley Pratt, for a copy in oil of West's Tobit, the small, or Isis, gold medal.

39. To Mr. F. Y. Harlestone, for an historical painting in oil, the large silver medal.

40. To Miss Charlotte Wroughton, for a portrait in miniature, the large silver medal.

41. To Miss Biffin, for an historical miniature, the large silver medal.

ORIGINAL ARCHITECTURAL DESIGNS.

The subject, a Building suited to the use of the Society of Arts, &c.

42. To Mr. C. Ward, the silver medallion.

43. To Mr. Edward Taylor, the large silver medal.

44. To Mr. George Jackson, the small, or Isis, silver medal.

MODELS.—1. Original.

45. To Mr. C. S. Smith, for a group of two figures, the small, or Isis, gold medal.

46. To Mr. T. Smith, for a single figure, the large silver medal.

47. To Mr. T. Carline, for a single figure, the small, or Isis, silver medal.

48. To Mr. C. F. Bielefeld, for a bust, a portrait, the small, or Isis, silver medal.

49. To Miss Anne Wyon, for a composition of flowers in wax, the small, or Isis, silver medal.

2. Copies.

50. To Mr. J. Preece, for a copy in plaster of the Laocoon, the silver palette.

51. To Mr. C. Delatre Theakston, for a copy in plaster of the Laocoon, the small, or Isis, silver medal.

52. To Mr. Frederick Mace, for a bacchanalian figure, the large silver medal.

MEDAL DIE ENGRAVINGS.

53. To Mr. Ben. Wyon, for a group of two figures, the small, or Isis, gold medal.

54. To Mr. A. S. Firmin, for a head, the small, or Isis, silver medal.

ETCHINGS AND ENGRAVINGS.

55. To Mr. W. De la Motte, for an etching of a landscape, the small, or Isis, silver medal.

56. To Mr. James Bromley, for an etching of a landscape, the silver palette.

57. To W. Bromley, Esq. A. R. A. for a finished historical engraving, the large gold medal.

58. To Mr. George Hayter, for an original etching from a picture by Titian, the large silver medal.

59. To Mr. J. Bromley, for an etching of an historical subject, the large silver medal.

60. To Mr. T. F. Rashin, for a finished

engraving of a portrait, the small, or Isis, gold medal.

IN MANUFACTURES.

1. To Mr. W. Salisbury, for matting made of the typha latifolia (or bulrush), the small, or Ceres, silver medal.

IN CHEMISTRY AND MINERALOGY.

1. To Mr. W. Bishop, for the discovery of millstone of a superior quality, in Halkin mountain, Flintshire, the small, or Isis, gold medal.

IN MECHANICS.

1. To Mr. N. H. Nicholas, Lieut. R. N. for a semaphore, the large silver medal.

2. To Mr. P. Barlow, for his instrument to correct the local variation of a ship's compass, the large gold medal

3. To Mr. B. Rider, for a machine for cutting tips for hats, ten guineas.

4. To Mr. C. Brandt, for a spring crutch for a pendulum, the small, or Vulcan, silver medal.

5. To Mr. E. Baker, for a bullet-mould, the small, or Vulcan, silver medal.

6. To Jos. Goodwin, Esq. for a spring cross for horses, the small, or Vulcan, silver medal.

7. To Mr. G. Witty, for a fire-escape, ten guineas.

8. To Henry Earle, Esq. for a bed for patients under surgical treatment, the large gold medal.

9. To Mr. James Story, for a portable oven, the small, or Vulcan, silver medal.

10. To Mr. Jacob Perkins, for a method of ventilating the holds of ships, and warming and ventilating apartments, the large silver medal.

11. To Mr. Jacob Perkins, for instruments to ascertain the trim of a ship, the small, or Vulcan, gold medal.

12. To Ben. Rotch, Esq. for an arcograph, the small, or Vulcan, silver medal.

13. To Mr. S. Lake, for a double door-hinge, the small, or Vulcan, silver medal.

14. To Mr. James Allan, for his method of dividing circular arcs, the large silver medal.

The thanks of the Society were voted to J. C. Curwen, Esq. for a communication on draining; and to Geo. Reveley, Esq. for a communication on the use of soap instead of oil, in setting cutting instruments on a hone; which were ordered for publication in the next volume of Transactions of the Society.

Since the last distribution, one hundred and thirty-nine new members have been elected.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 4.—PROMENADE DRESS.

A CAMBRIC muslin gown, trimmed at the bottom of the skirt with clear muslin *bouillonné*, let in in waves; each wave is embroidered round the edge, and the trimming is terminated by a full flounce of that sort of work which resembles point lace. High body, tight to the shape, finished round the bust by a narrow wave, to correspond with the trimming of the bottom. Long sleeve, rather tight, terminated by a double fall of work. Small epaulette, composed also of work. The pelisse worn over this dress is made of evening primrose *gras de Naples*, and lined with white

sarsnet: the trimming is of the same material as the pelisse. We must refer to our print for the form of the trimming: it is perfectly novel, and has a very striking and tasteful effect. The epaulette is a mixture of satin and *gras de Naples*, disposed to correspond with the trimming. Long sleeve, rather tight, and finished at the hand in a very novel style. High collar, standing out from the throat, so as to display a rich lace ruff. Head-dress, a bonnet of white *gras de Naples* lined with white satin, and ornamented with two narrow rouleaus, placed under the edge of the brim; the crown is a moderate

height; the brim very deep, and finished at the edge with the new trimming called Lapland moss: a piece of this latter material, which is edged with blond, is very tastefully disposed on the top of the crown, in the middle of which it is clasped by full folds of white satin. A plume of white ostrich feathers, tinged with pink at the edges, is placed on one side, and a white gauze ribbon, spotted with pink, ties it under the chin. Lime-rick gloves, and kid boots to correspond with the pelisse.

PLATE 5.—EVENING DRESS.

A round dress composed of British net over a white satin slip; the bottom of the skirt is finished with a full double *ruche* of the same material, and this is surmounted by a trimming composed of net puffs; their form is that of a crescent: they are let in irregularly, and to a considerable height. *Corsage* of the usual length, cut square, and moderately high round the bust, which is ornamented by a deep fall of lace, surmounted by a trimming of shells formed of net intermixed with white satin. Short full sleeve to correspond with the trimming of the bottom, and terminated by a fall of lace; the zone is composed of steel net, clasped in front by a steel buckle, cut to resemble diamonds. The hair is parted so as to display nearly the whole of the forehead; it is arranged in light curls, which hang low at the sides of the face. The hind hair is fastened in a simple knot, which does not rise higher than the crown of the head. Head-dress, a pearl tiara placed across the head, and overshadowed by a full plume of white down feathers.

Vol. XII. No. LXVII.

Necklace and ear-rings, pearls. White satin shoes, and white kid gloves.

We are indebted to Miss Pierpoint of No. 12, Edwards-street, Portman-square, inventress of the *corset à la Grecque*, for both these dresses.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON
FASHION AND DRESS.

Promenade and carriage dress exhibits this month even more variety than it generally displays at this season. Pelisses both in muslin and silk, spencers of the latter material, scarfs or shawls of net silk or china crape, and pelerines composed either of white or black lace, are all in favour. Silk pelisses and spencers seem equally in request for walking dress. There is but little alteration observable in the form of pelisses, but we think they are not so much trimmed as they were a short time back. Many of our fair fashionables have shortened their waists a little, but the majority still continue to wear them long. Trimmings are composed of the same material as the pelisse, with sometimes a mixture of satin; the one we have given in our print is the most novel: there is also another, of a simple but very pretty form; it is in the shape of a large leaf, formed of full folds of satin, and finished at each end by a small silk button to correspond; these leaves are laid on bias at some distance from each other, and go all round the pelisse. The epaulette consists of a fulness of silk formed into puffs at the back and front of the arm by a leaf placed in the middle; the bottom of the sleeve is ornamented with leaves, made

much smaller than those which go round the dress.

Jackets begin again to be partially worn to spencers, but they are not so much in favour as tabs, of which we now see only a single row at the bottom of the waist: they are square at the ends, and are always corded with the same material as the spencer.

Promenade bonnets are now either of Leghorn, or else white, or rose-coloured silk or satin; they are made in general of a moderate size, at least comparatively to what they were last season: the crowns are a moderate height; the brims, always lined with white, are finished at the edges with gauze *ruches*, deep falls of blond, or plain bands of the new trimming called Lapland moss. Flowers and feathers seem equally in favour; and gauze ribbons begin to supersede those of silk.

Transparent bonnets are mostly confined to carriage dress; they are made in gauze, tulle, net, and different kinds of metallic gauze. We have been favoured by the lady who furnished our dresses with a sight of several of an uncommonly elegant and novel description: our limits will not permit us to enter into any detailed account of them, but we particularly recommend the *chapeau à la bergère*, and the *chapeau à la Montespan*, to the notice of our fair readers; the first is remarkable for its elegant simplicity, and the latter is one of the most striking and tasteful carriage hats that we have ever seen.

Though pelisses and spencers are worn in carriage dress, they are not so generally adopted as

the scarfs and shawls mentioned in the beginning of our observations: the black and white lace pelerines also, which is a fashion that we have just imported from France, are coming rapidly into favour; they are rounded behind and at the ends, and are cut low, and with a double fall in the neck.

Muslin robes, worked all round, are much in favour in morning dress; they fasten in front by hooks, which pass through the open work of the embroidery; the border is extremely rich and broad; the collar, made in the pelerine style, and worked to correspond, falls over in the neck; the trimming at the hand and the epaulettes also correspond with the border of the robe.

White satin and white *gros de Naples* are fashionable in full dress, but not so much so as net or tulle over the former material. We see a good many dresses composed of net, the trimming of which consists of a rich embroidery in white silk round the bottom of the skirt. Flowers are still a great deal worn: one of the most novel trimmings of this description is composed of roses and myrtle leaves; the latter form a wreath, which is disposed in festoons, intermingled with bouquets of moss roses, placed at regular distances. Another very pretty trimming is composed of small bouquets, which form a mixture of artificial flowers and fruit; they are inserted in shells formed of satin.

The hair still continues to be dressed low. Coloured gems are a great deal worn in grand costume, as are also steel combs and ornaments. We have noticed several

steel combs surmounted by a wreath of flowers in coloured gems.

Fashionable colours are, evening primrose, rose colour, blue, pale

green, lilac, straw colour, and that delicate shade of pink called wild rose colour.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, June 20.

My dear SOPHIA,

AFTER nearly a month of such cold and rainy weather as none of the present generation ever remember to have seen at this season of the year in Paris, we have at last got a little sunshine, and our promenades, which, in consequence of the bad weather, had been nearly deserted, begin again to be filled with groups of well-dressed *belles*.

Promenade gowns are in general of perkale, but we still see a few *rédingotes* in *gros de Naples*; they are lined with white, are made tight to the shape, and have seldom any other trimming than a full *ruche* of the same material round the bottom, and a row of Brandenburgs up the front. The body is tight to the shape; the girdle is of the same material as the *rédingote*, and is fastened at the side by a steel buckle. The long sleeve is tight; the epaulette, which comes to the middle of the arm, is very full; and the collar is high behind, but so shallow in front of the throat as to display the lace *collarett* worn underneath.

Coloured muslin gowns are of two descriptions: one is soft India muslin; the ground white, but so much covered by a running pattern of flowers, that you see very little of it; these flowers are of various sorts, but extremely small, and the colours of the most vivid

and beautiful description. The trimming consists of flounces richly flowered at the edge; there are three or four in general, and as they are put pretty close to each other, they appear at a distance like wreaths of flowers placed one above another.

The other kind of coloured muslin is plaided, and is either pink, blue, or lilac; it is trimmed with flounces, which are not plaided, but simply striped at the edge: these are very narrow, and are from three to five in number.

Perkale gowns continue to be trimmed as I described to you in my last letter: there are also a good many made with three flounces at the bottom; the flounces are surmounted by a broad *bouillonné* of clear muslin, the fulness of which is confined at regular distances by narrow bands of embroidery placed perpendicularly.

Waists are the same length as when I wrote last: the backs of gowns are in general fastened behind, either with small buttons or lacings; the bodies of coloured dresses are made in a plain style, but those of perkale are a good deal ornamented with work; in some instances, a muslin *bouillonné*, intersected with narrow bands of embroidery, forms a stomacher, which nearly covers the front of the bust.

These dresses are worn either with a lace *pelerine*, or a *fichu*

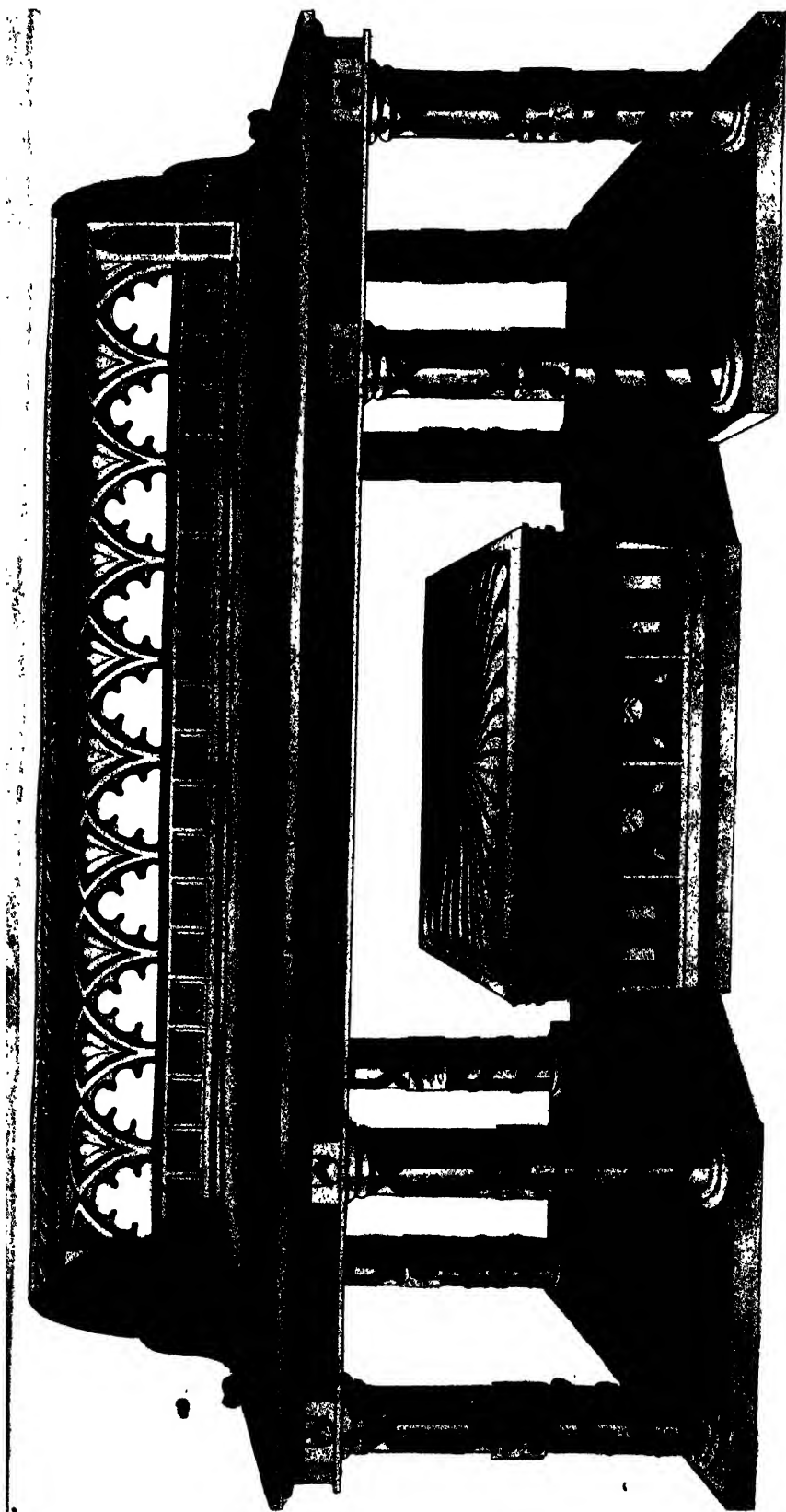
formed by a very broad gauze ribbon, which is pinned down as a handkerchief behind, crossed on the bosom, and tied in the middle of the back in short bows and long ends. This is the latest fashion, and it has a very novel and pretty effect. The pelerines are both of black and white lace; they are worn very large.

I often wish that Fashion had a vocabulary of her own, for without it, I really despair of giving you any idea of our bonnets, all of them so like, and yet so unlike one another; for though they are nearly the same shape, yet the materials, trimmings, and ornaments differ so much, that there seems to be an endless variety in our head-dresses. Satin, *gros de Naples*, white straw, crape, and gauze are the fashionable materials; but the two latter, particularly gauze, are most in favour. Bonnets are of a moderate size, and have the brim a little pointed *à la Marie Stuart*; the crown is either shaped like a man's hat, or else is in the form of a melon. The material is laid on the brim either fluted or plain: the edges of the brims are finished in a variety of ways; some have rouleaus of satin only; there are generally two or three placed one above another; others have broad folds of *gauze de laine*, finished by a silk chain trimming. Gauze puffs, which are usually of two colours, are also used to ornament the edge of the brim; and in a good many instances, the brim is striped with ribbons, which terminate in bows at the edge. Sometimes there is only one half of the inside of the brim striped in this way, and then

the bows, instead of being at the edge of the brim, are placed just under it. Many of our *élégantes* have a full fall of blond attached to the front of the *chapeau*, which is looped up in different places with small bouquets of roses; and some whimsical fashionables, whose hats have no trimming at the edge, have a small bouquet, or perhaps two, pinned negligently on the brim, in such a manner as to fall a little over the edge of it.

Enough, and perhaps you will say too much, of the brims of bonnets: now let us look at the crowns. Flowers are still a great deal worn; but gauze ribbons, net, silk *fichus*, scarfs, and feathers are also in favour. We see likewise a good many garlands of myrtle leaves, one half of a bright, the other of a yellow green, without flowers. Silk scarfs and gauze ribbons are always tied in a full knot in the centre of the crown; sometimes the knot is formed by tresses of straw; and if the ends of the ribbon or scarf fall on the brim, they are ornamented by round silk balls. *Fichus* are disposed in some instances *en marmotte*; in others, the ends fall over on the brim.

The material at present most in favour for dinner dress is *crepe de Borege*: it is a plaid gauze of a very coarse worsted kind, and the most glaring vulgar-looking thing I ever saw: however, it is at present very much the fashion. Some dresses of it have appeared within the last few days, which are striped instead of plaid; these do not look so bad, because the colours are not so *outré*; the ground is white, and the stripes are rose colour, black, and blue; they are al-



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ways trimmed with flounces of the same material, the stripes of which are placed in an opposite direction to those of the robe. The sleeves are long; they are slashed down the middle of the arm in the Spanish style, and the slashes are filled either with silk, white gauze, or more generally with puffs of our net; if the body is made high, it is finished with a *collarete* of net or gauze.

Next in favour to *crope de Borege* for dinner dress or social parties, and infinitely more becoming, are clear muslin dresses over white or coloured taffeta slips: they are trimmed either with flounces of lace or plain bands of spotted net, put between muslin *houllonné*, and finished at the bottom and top by puffs: the sleeves are always long, and are made in a style very becoming to those *belles* who cannot boast of a finely rounded arm; they are an intermixture of puffed and plain muslin; the puffs form a kind of serpentine wreath all down the arm, which has a very striking effect: the body is tight to the shape, cut low, but not indecorously so, round the bust, and finished by a fall of lace, surmounted by a row of puffs. The girdle is either of steel net, fastened in front by a brilliant steel clasp, or else a silk or gauze sash, richly fringed at the ends, tied in front, or rather to

one side, in short bows and long ends.

The only novelty that I have to notice in full dress is the *corsage à la Berru*: it is made in white satin and blond lace, and is certainly very becoming to the shape: it is a plain body, cut low round the bust, and square across the bosom; it has a stomacher front, formed of satin folds, confined in the centre by a pearl band; a pelerine of blond lace, rounded behind, and sloped down on each side of the front, forms the shape in a very becoming manner: the sleeve is blond over white satin; it is short and full; the fulness is formed into irregular puffs by pearl ornaments.

Steel ornaments are still fashionable, but coral mixed with gold are also very general: they are not, however, as much in favour as those of steel.

Rose colour, citron, and slate colour are all in favour; as are likewise various shades of blue, particularly celestial blue, which just now almost rivals rose-colour. Adieu, *ma chère Sophie*! Believe me always your EUDOCIA.

I had forgotten to say, that the handles of our fashionable parasols are now formed at the end like the bow of a key: this bow represents the heads of two serpents twisted together, and meeting in the centre; or else two swans' necks.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 6.—GOTHIC SIDEBOARD

THE design of this elegant and useful piece of furniture was made by Mr. J. Taylor, who has had considerable experience in decorations of the higher class in the house of Oakley of Bond-street.

The sideboard should be made entirely of mahogany, or of fine oak, which has been so generally adopted of late in mansions furnished in the ancient style. This in fact is the more consistent, and

therefore the more tasteful, mode of decoration; for in matters of this kind, consistency is absolutely essential to tasteful decoration. Mahogany, however, may be used with great propriety, and perhaps the effect of that wood on the whole is richer than that produced by oak. Of course, however, the adoption of the one or the other must depend upon a variety of circumstances.

The cellaret, which has been made in the form of a sarcophagus, is an imitation of one represented on a tomb in Luton church; and of course it should be made to correspond in size and appearance with the other parts of the sideboard. The shields are well adapted to receive carvings of family arms, which would add greatly to the richness and appearance of the whole.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

THE Picturesque Tour of the Seine from Paris to Havre de Grace is now completed. It forms one of the most beautiful and interesting topographical works published for many years.

Mr. Ackermann purposes in the month of July to publish, in one vol. imperial 8vo. *A History of Madeira*: with a series of twenty-seven coloured engravings, illustrative of the costumes, manners, and occupations of the inhabitants of that island; containing upwards of sixty characteristic figures; accompanied by historical and descriptive letter-press.

In July will be published, by Mr. Ackermann, in six elegant pocket vols. illustrated with 73 coloured engravings, containing upwards of one hundred and fifty costumes, *A Concise History of Turkey*: a description of the court of the Grand Signor; of the officers and ceremonies, civil, military, and religious; and of the costumes, manners, and other peculiarities characteristic of the inhabitants of the Turkish Empire; being the third division of "The World in Miniature."

Proposals are circulated for publishing by subscription, a series of *Poetical Essays*, in one volume, by A. J. Mason; embellished with engravings on wood, executed by the author, from designs by Thurston.

To be published on or about the 1st of July, *The Essentials of Geography*, or Geography adapted to the most essential maps of Modern Geography, and also the maps of ancient Greece, the Roman Empire, and Canaan; for the use of classical, commercial, and ladies' schools: with a preface, containing observations on Pinkerton's and Dr. Butler's Geographies, and directions for using this; to which is added a pronouncing index to the Greek, Latin, and Scripture proper names inserted in the ancient geography: by the author of "The Essentials of English Grammar," "Lindley Murray Examined," &c.

Shortly will be ready for publication, a corrected edition, in 8vo. of *The Life of Colley Cibber*, with additional notes, remarks, &c. by Mr. E. Bellchambers.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit, on or before the 15th of the month, announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

The View of the Staubbach, in the Oberland, mentioned in page 93, will be given in our next Number.

We are sorry that the letter of L. T. D. regarding the ancestry of the family of Mr. Dymoke, his Majesty's hereditary champion, and the literary reputation of one of his progenitors in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, as author of a translation of Guarini's Pastor Fido, came too late for insertion this month. It will have an early place in our next Number.

We apologize for the postponement, from press of matter, of the agreeable article usually found under the head of Correspondence of the Adviser.

The curious extract from John Evelyn's Journal, on a subject mentioned a few Numbers back, is rather too long, but we will endeavour to find room for it.

We propose in our September Number to revive the amusing Adventures of a Would-be Author, with the writer's assistance.

A poetical production of considerable merit, by Mr. Carnegie, has only been postponed by unavoidable circumstances.

We have received The Tables Turned, or Woman's Wit, and it is under consideration.

Q in the Corner is an old friend, and he must excuse us if we for the present take that liberty with him which the length of our acquaintance warrants.

G. W. N. shall hear from us in due course.—The tale by R. Wilson is inadmissible.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNTON, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadix, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SAMPSON, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

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N^o. LXVIII.

HINTS ON ORNAMENTAL GARDENING.

(Continued from page 1.)

PLATE 7.—A GOTHIC DAIRY.

THE annexed design represents the decorated elevation of a picturesque building, suitable to a bay or garden recess, in which they are appropriately situated, and always pleasing: its interior embellishments should be of marble, relieved by glazed tiles; and if painted in the Gothic forms by which the spandrels of some of our cathedrals are tessellated, it would be in good taste and character; and the windows being judiciously ornamented with painted glass, the whole would be brilliant and agreeable.

The requisites for the perfection of a dairy are, coolness and the most delicate cleanliness, a perfect ventilation, and an aspect that will permit the sun to enter the apartment until its altitude would render the dairy too warm; for the damps which remain from the night cannot be too soon or too thoroughly evaporated; and even the moisture consequent on the morning ablutions should be speedily re-

moved, to prevent the effects of that degree of heat and moisture which in a hot day would else be consequent upon such neglect: on a similar account, this building ought not to be embowered too much by trees and shrubs, and care should be taken that no trees may be placed in its neighbourhood that can impart unfavourable tastes or scents to the milk and cream, which readily adopt incongruous flavours, and are very tenacious in retaining them.

A double roof is essential to the dairy, and a free current of air should pass between them, or no means will prevent the excess of heat, which in hot weather is fatal to its purposes, particularly if the floors are wet or very damp at the same time.

Although part of the above observations are at variance with the usual practices in the business of the dairy, a little reflection will shew the propriety of adopting them.

MISCELLANIES.

CORNELIA:

A Tale from the Spanish of CERVANTES.*

DON ANTONIO ISUNÇA and Don Juan de Gamboa, two young men, descended from the best families in Spair, becoming disgusted with the monotony of their studious pursuits at the university of Salamanca, resolved to follow the bent of their inclinations and enter the army. This resolution was no sooner formed than carried into execution: quitting Spain, they repaired to Flanders, at that time the seat of war; but, unfortunately for their thirst of glory, a peace was negotiated shortly after their arrival. As they had undertaken this journey without the concurrence of their parents, they did not delay informing them of their safe arrival at Antwerp, and soon received answers, couched in the most affectionate terms, gently reproaching them for having entered the army before they had completed their studies, and without previously obtaining the consent of those to whom they owed every thing, and who, so far from opposing their wishes, would, on the contrary, have promoted them, and moreover have enabled them to appear in a style better becoming their rank. These kind remonstrances affected them so much, that they resolved to make the only amends in their power; and as no opportunity of distinguishing themselves seemed likely to occur in Flanders, to return to Spain; first, however, making the tour of Italy. After visiting the principal cities, they arrived at Bologna, where they staid some time, and being delighted with its society, and knowing its university to be one of the best in Europe, they altered their former intentions, and resumed the studies they had rather too precipitately interrupted. This determination coinciding with the wishes of their parents, they were enabled to make a figure suitable to their birth and the wealth of their families. As soon as these two young gentlemen entered into society, they were universally esteemed. Don Antonio was twenty-six years of age, Don Juan twenty-four, and as they were generous, well-bred, elegant in their manners, and nowise affected that haughtiness of demeanour of which the Spanish nation in general is but too justly accused, they gained the friendship of all who knew them. We may easily believe, that being young and handsome, witty and liberal, they were in high favour with the fair sex; in short, they were welcome guests in every family of distinction in Bologna, excepting only that of Cornelia Bentivoglio, a lady descended from the ancient and illustrious family of Bentivoglio, who had formerly been princes and tyrants of Bo-

* This is the original story on which Beaumont and Fletcher founded their comedy of "The Chances," from which materials is constructed the musical drama now acting at one of our theatres, called "Don Juan, or the Two Violettas."

logna. According to report, she was the most lovely woman in Italy; but since the death of her parents, who had left her a wealthy heiress in her youth, she had lived under the protection of her brother, Lorenzo Bentivoglio, and led so secluded a life, that notwithstanding various stratagems for that purpose, our young Spaniards were unable to obtain a sight of her, and becoming tired of so many fruitless attempts, their curiosity gradually subsided.

It is usual in the Italian cities to spend the early part of the nights of summer in the open air. Don Antonio and Don Juan, however, seldom quitted the agreeable society to which they had constant access, to partake of the amusements which occupied the gay inhabitants at those hours, but if they did, they were never asunder. One evening, however, Don Juan having expressed a desire to enjoy the delicious coolness of the atmosphere, was persuaded by Don Antonio, who had letters of consequence to write, to go out by himself, under a promise of soon following him, naming a particular spot for their rendezvous. After walking some time without being joined by Don Antonio, and the night becoming cloudy, Don Juan finding the promenades almost deserted, was bending his steps homeward, when passing under a large portico in one of the principal streets, which apparently formed the front of a palace, he fancied he heard himself accosted by his name. He stopped immediately, to ascertain whether his imagination had deceived him, and at the same instant he heard a door open,

and a female voice softly utter, "Ah! Fabio, is it you? How long you have kept us waiting!" Don Juan, without exactly knowing what he did, replied in the affirmative. "Take this basket then," continued the unknown female; "carry it to a place of safety, and return immediately: your assistance is requisite." Don Juan held out one hand to receive the basket, but was soon obliged to make use of both, from the weight of his burden. No sooner had he taken it from the female than the gate was instantly closed. Don Juan, after hesitating a moment on the awkward situation in which he had inadvertently placed himself, resolved to examine the contents of the basket which had been thus mysteriously committed to his charge, but scarcely had he quitted the portico and lifted up the covering, when he was surprised with the feeble cries of a new-born infant. Imagine the embarrassment of our young Spaniard: his first thought was to knock again at the door, and leave the child at the threshold; but no, said he to himself, I ought not to expose the reputation, perhaps the life, of its unfortunate mother, which has been thrown into my power by my own folly; still less ought I to hazard leaving the child in the streets, at the risk of being the cause of its death. No! since I have been implored to place it in safety, and by my silence have pledged myself to a compliance, I will take it home, and come what may, a promise ought not be the less inviolable for having been a tacit one. Having formed this resolution, he hastened back to his lodgings, where he learned that Don Antonio

had gone out some considerable time since. "Here is something for you," said he to the servant who waited on them: "but do not be alarmed; it is an innocent child, which has been mysteriously confided to my protection." The woman took the basket from him, and on opening it and uncovering the child, both agreed that they had never beheld a more lovely countenance. On further examination, they discovered that it was dressed in the richest clothes, and evidently belonged to some person of the highest distinction. "We must take the greatest care of it," continued Don Juan; "but at the same time we must act with circumspection, for a variety of reasons. Take away these rich clothes, and dress it in others; then carry it to some nurse of your acquaintance; pay her liberally; name any parents you choose: I leave all that to your discretion." He then gave her his purse, and quitting the house, hastened back to the portico, justly considering that having been mistaken for another, the unfortunate parent of the infant would be dreadfully alarmed upon discovering the error: he was therefore anxious to relieve her mind by assuring her of his devotion to her service. Just, however, as he arrived at the spot, he heard a loud noise, apparently like the clashing of swords. He approached the combatants in silence, hoping to hear something which might acquaint him with the cause of the quarrel, and soon perceived by the faint glimmering of the moonlight, that several men were attacking one, who defended himself bravely: he was confirmed in this conjecture by hearing the latter exclaim, "Cowards as you

are, you are many against one, but I trust your treachery will yet be foiled." Don Juan no sooner heard these words, than approaching him who had uttered them, and drawing his sword, he said to him in Italian, in order not to be recognised as a Spaniard, "Courage, sir, you are not alone; the combat shall at least be now less unequal. Fear nothing; one brave man is equal to a dozen such cowards as these are: none but traitors would attack any one in such a treacherous way."—"We are not traitors," replied one of those whom Don Juan attacked; "we are engaged in an affair of honour, and we don't doubt but that, if we had time to explain our grievance to you, you would even side with us, if you are as noble-minded as you are brave." Don Juan had no time to reply; he was sufficiently employed in parrying and returning the thrusts of his antagonists, who, avoiding him as much as possible, appeared to direct all their attention to him in whose defence he had engaged, and against whom they seemed exasperated to a degree of fury: at length a successful blow from one of them felled the stranger to the ground. Don Juan thought him slain, and though he was now left alone against them all, he defended himself so desperately as to keep them at bay. Nevertheless, his utmost efforts could not long have availed him; valour and skill cannot resist numbers, but fortune interfered in his favour. The noise of the combat had alarmed the city, and as those against whom he was defending himself did not wish to be recognised, they withdrew, and left him without further molestation. At this moment, the gentle-

man whom our young Spaniard had succoured with so much gallantry, rose, and informed Juan that though stunned, he had not received any serious injury, being protected by a coat of mail which he wore under his clothes. Don Juan had lost his hat in the scuffle, and unable to recover it, had put on one which lay near him on the ground. "Generous stranger," continued the gentleman, "I owe you my life this night, and never can repay the inestimable benefit. Honour me so far as to let me know the name of my benefactor, that I may devote to his service the life and fortune he has preserved."—"I am a Spaniard," replied Don Juan, "and am called Juan de Gamboa."—

"You have conferred on me a fresh obligation," resumed the other: "but I will not tell you my name; I wish you to learn it from other lips than mine, and I will take care you shall not long remain in ignorance."

Whilst Don Juan and the stranger were thus conversing, they saw a body of armed men hastening towards them. "Here are your enemies returning," said the young Spaniard, pointing to them; "but do not lose courage, let us attack them; numbers are not always to be feared, as our former success has proved: let us help ourselves, and Heaven will help us."

(*To be continued.*)

THE TWO LOVERS.

(*Founded on BOCCACCIO, Day IX. Nov. i.*)

THERE dwelt a widow in Pistoia's city,
Belov'd by two young banish'd Florentines,
For she was wond'rous fair of shape and pretty:
Yet both conceal'd their amorous designs,
Excepting from the lady, who was witty,
And in the end exploded both their mines.
Her name Francesca: no man could withstand her,
And least Ranuccio and Alexander.
Pester'd she was with many loving letters,
Nor day nor night did they surcease to woo her,
Follow'd their game like two well scented setters,
And to all places would in turns pursue her;
At last, although their notions never met hers,
She gave permission each might speak unto her:

But when she saw and heard them, she repented,
That to their prayers she thus far had consented.

She could like neither, and since more than ever

By visits she was hourly troubled now,
She soon resolv'd to use her best endeavour

To rid herself of both, scarce caring how.
She set to work her wits most shrewd and clever,

And soon devis'd a plan, which you'll allow,

Though not the most delightful to the lovers,

Some ingenuity at least discovers.

Her object was, that they should undertake

Some task most difficult that she should set them,

Such as no man with senses half awake

Would ever dream of; but if they would, let them.

Should they refuse, or incomplete for-
sake

What she propos'd, however it might
fret them,

She would have then fair colour and
pretence

To free herself from their impertinence.

The very day this scheme she thought
of first,

A man was buried in the Minors'
churchyard,

Who was detested, and esteem'd the
worst

Of all men, tho' the world for one
you search hard:

Besides his odious life, he had been curst
With shape enough to fright the birds
from orchard;

In body and in mind alike misshaped,
That all who saw for fear and wonder
gaped.

This was an accident she thought might
aid

The purpose she long held, and still
was present;

One time she therefore thus address'd
her maid:

"Thou know'st my very life is made
unpleasant

By those two Florentines, who suit have
paid

To me with notes and messages inces-
sant,

Whom I can never love, and now de-
termine

At once to quit me of such noisome ver-
min.

"I will pretend to put their love to trial
By proof I know they ne'er will exe-
cute;

And, as they must, when both shall make
denial,

I can at once dismiss them and their
suit.

The burial of Scannadio, witness'd by
all,

Took place this morn; a man of vile
repute,

So hideously deform'd, that man and
woman

Yet fear him dead, so monstrous and in-
human.

"Haste first to Alexander then, and say,
My mistress, fair Francesca, sent me
to you,

To tell you that at length is come the
day

To gratify that love, since first she knew
you

You still have prov'd in every lawful
way,

If she one purpose may accomplish
through you.

A kinsman, for some cause, no matter
what,

Scannadio's body, which e'en still is hot,

"Having been buried but this very
morning,

Intends, she hears, into her house to
bring,

And this too without leave or slightest
warning.

Well may she dread so foul and loath'd
a thing,

E'en if it have no signs of life's return-
ing:

She therefore prays that you away
will fling

All doubts of her, and do a service for
her

That shall relieve her from this threaten'd
horror.

"Go to the vault where now Scannadio
lies

At dead of night, when all are sound
asleep;

Put on his winding-sheet, about your
size,

And there as still as you were lifeless
keep,

Until her kinsman come: ope not your
eyes,

And he will with you to her dwelling
creep;

She will be waiting joyful to receive you,
And with her love from all your cares
relieve you.

" If he reply indeed that he will do it
(The lady thus continued), then so be
it;

If not, his suit must end : if he pursue it,
Danger awaits him, he may live to
see it.

No message shall he send but he shall
rue it;

Whatever place I visit, let him flee it;
On pain of death, he shall not near me
wait:

It is enough if he but hesitate.

" Then to Ranuccio next this message
take:—

That his long love shall reap its last
delight,

If he perform this service for my sake :
That he would hasten at the deepest
night

Into the churchyard (but no noises make,
Nor tell to any what shall meet his
sight),

And bear Scannadio's body from its coffin
Into my house. I will all my rancour
soften;

" And there receiving him, that I'll re-
late

The reason why I claim'd of him this
duty ;

While in his love he shall luxuriate,
And claim my person as his well-
earn'd booty.

If he refuse, tell him to fly the state—
A wretch unworthy the reward of
beauty :

All hope he must abandon, and here-
after

Become the object of my scorn and
laughter."

So spake the cunning mistress, and her
maiden

Hasted without delay, as she was told:
Both messages with which the girl was
laden

Were soon deliver'd to each lover bold.
Though fears they had, to her they ne'er
betray'd one,

But promis'd to perform't a hundred
fold :

To seek the grave delighted beyond
measure,

Or hell itself, to do Francesca pleasure.

She carried back the answer that she
had,

And the fair widow, by all fear for-
saken,

Waited to see if they were quite so mad
As to perform what they had under-
taken.

Night came, and Alexander, only clad
In his thin doublet, fearing to awaken
The sleeping neighbours, to the church-
yard hurried,

Where, as he knew, Scannadio had been
buried.

But as he went along his fears increas'd,
And at the last he thus himself be-
spoke :

" Now am I not a foolish senseless beast
To enter on this task, methinks no
joke ?

There may be danger in it; or at least
My head in this adventure may be
broke.

But let me pause, and think ere I go
further,

If me her kinsman may not mean to
murder :

" If so, I may be kill'd, and no one
wiser.

Or this may be some enemy's vile
plot

Who loves the lady, knows how much I
prize her,

And hopes that thus her person may
be got.

Or what if otherwise her kinsman tries
her,

When in the grave my death intending
not ;

Yet when within her dwelling, am I sure
My life will be one whit the more secure ?

" He may to me some desperate ill in-
tend,

As on Scannadio's body may inflict it,
And there perhaps will all inquiry end,
And no one ever in the world detect it ;

<p>But think his vengeance he might thus expend On that dead beast—I dreadfully sus- pect it. The maid enjoin'd me not to move or speak, But what if he should pull from either cheek “ My bleeding eyes, draw all my teeth, or sever My hands and arms, or cut away my snout, Can I remain in silence? Never! never! And yet perhaps if I should then call out, It will disclose this cunning scheme and clever; And then my death is certain, without doubt. At best, to some strange place this man may carry me, Not to her house, and she will never marry me.” Thus having said, he made a sudden halt, And fain would once more his snug home have gain'd : It was his valour's, not affection's fault; But love at length victorious remain'd, And forc'd him, spite of terror, to the vault That old Scannadio's cursed corse contain'd. He stripp'd it, and put on the dress in- stead, Shut close the vault, and laid him down as dead. Not long he laid, before again his mind Was troubled with new fears, he could not stifle: How the dead man at night you oft might find In the churchyard the putrid graves to rife; Besides his other crimes of divers kind Elsewhere committed, each of them no trifle. This made the hair to bristle on his head; But lo! still triumph'd—he remain'd as dead.</p>	<p>At dead of night Ranuccio put his clothe- on, To perfect his achievement, such his trust is; But not without some apprehension goes on To the churchyard, where Alexander first is In the dark vault, where dead the dead repose on. Ranuccio chiefly fear'd the hands of justice, Lest he be taken as a churchyard haunter With the dead corpse, and burnt for an enchanter. But summoning his courage, thus he spake: “ Shall I refuse my lady's first re- quest, Through a base fear the task to under- take, Especially when doing her behest Will me the lord of all her beauty make? No—if my death ensue, that death were blest!” At the churchyard arriv'd, he op'd the tomb Where Alexander lay amid the gloom, Seeming as dead, but for his fearful quaking; For after hearing the vault's grating ope, 'Tis easy to conceive in what a taking He must have been to feel Ranuccio's grobe For the dead corse, all speed as he was making: He flung it o'er his shoulder by a rope, Fast round the heels. The head of Alexander Dismally suffer'd in each quick meander His bearer made through lanes and nar- row streets, Toward Francesca's dwelling: every stump, Post, bulk, and corner that Ranuccio meets, Gave the poor wretch a most distress- ing thump,</p>
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To fit him better for love's coming sweets.
 Now his side suffer'd, now his head
 went plump
 Against a stone; and as 'twas dark, the
 faster
 Ranuccio went, the greater his disaster.
 The widow at a window took her station,
 With her own maid, to watch when
 they came near,
 And mark the issue of this operation;
 Provided with the means, should they
 appear,
 Still to get rid of them and their vexation,
 Ranuccio, who his rival's corpse did
 bear,
 Quickly approach'd her; but the city
 watchmen,

Who heard his tramp, and waited there
 to catch men

Thieves or banditti, call'd out, " Who
 goes there?"

And fiercely in the air their weapons
 shook,

While their bright lanterns cast around
 a glare:

Ranuccio quickly his dead load for-
 sook,

And having now but little time to spare,
 Made off at speed, nor cast behind
 one look;

While Alexander got upon his feet,
 And in his cumbrous shroud, fled down
 the street.

P. W.

VICISSITUDES OF HALF-A-GUINEA.

(Continued from vol. XI. p. 345.)

HE ruminated as he went along on the situation of Wilson and his mother: the more he reflected on the apparent sincerity of the former's contrition, the more his desire to befriend him increased; and there was but one way that he thought he could conscientiously do it, which was by taking him into his service. He felt, however, that he could not do so without great risk to himself, but he considered that the chance of rescuing a fellow-creature from destruction would render the experiment worth risking. He was so absorbed in reflecting on this subject, that he wandered a great deal out of his way, and was obliged to have a hackney coach, in paying for which, he gave me, without perceiving it, among some silver to the coachman.

My new master, though he saw Camphor's mistake, was not honest enough to inform him of it. I did not remain long in his possession, for he gave me in the course of the

day to a smart-looking female, who gained her livelihood by dealing in contraband goods; though, to do her justice, she defrauded her customers oftener than she cheated the revenue, for half the commodities she sold under foreign names were in reality English.

I passed from her hands into those of a beautiful young woman of fashion, whom I soon saw was trying unsuccessfully to find in splendour and dissipation a substitute for happiness. She had been married very young, and was passionately attached to her husband, who at the time of their nuptials was equally enamoured of her; but the natural inconstancy of his temper, added to his want of principle, soon rendered him a cold and unfaithful husband, and his beautiful wife had the mortification of knowing that she was neglected for women every way inferior to herself. She had no family, and the circumstance

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added to her unhappiness, for she knew that her husband was excessively desirous of children.

Soon after she had received me, she ordered her carriage to pay some morning visits; just as she was stepping into it, her attention was attracted by a young woman, very meanly dressed and much emaciated: she stood close to the carriage-door, and fixed her eyes upon my mistress with an expression of the most ardent supplication, but without speaking. Lady S— took out her purse, but while she hesitated for a moment what to give, the poor unfortunate, concluding her silent appeal ineffectual, turned away with an air of disappointment which my mistress could not resist; she motioned her to approach, and put a guinea into her hand.

This unexpected donation had an almost magical effect upon the countenance of the poor suppliant: the lively joy that sparkled in her eyes, and the rich glow that mantled upon her cheek, made her for the moment an object not merely of interest but of admiration. The generous countess was touched to see so fair a flower so early blighted; and with the benevolent purpose of affording her farther relief, she asked her address.

" 'Tis a poor little miserable place, madam, quite unfit for you to come to."

" Never mind that; no place that shelters the unfortunate can be unfit for those who have the power to relieve them." The girl then named an obscure court; and my mistress proceeded to pay her round of visits, but, on her return, she stopped at the entrance of the

court, and ordering her carriage to wait, proceeded on foot to the habitation of the young woman, who herself opened the door to her benefactress.

Lady S— started in evident surprise at the sight of a child about three years old, who ran towards her as she entered. " Whose child is that?" asked she in a scarcely articulate tone.—" Mine, madam."—" Yours! You are then married?" The poor girl blushed deeply and burst into tears.—" No, madam," exclaimed she, after a moment of extreme agitation: " I will not deceive you. I am an unfortunate and criminal being; but indeed I am not quite abandoned to vice: this boy is the fruit of my only fault."—" And his father, where is his father?" cried Lady S— impatiently.—" Ah! madam, he has cruelly left us both to perish."

" No," exclaimed the countess passionately, " you shall not perish: I will, for the sake of the child—I mean I will, if you are truly penitent, protect you from want."

The poor girl burst into tears, and the child, who could conceive but one cause for them, came up to Lady S— with his little face glowing with indignation, and asked why she made mamma cry. The likeness which had at first so forcibly struck her, seemed stronger as he fixed his full dark eyes upon her countenance. No, thought she, this resemblance cannot be accidental; and indeed the story which the unfortunate girl related, soon gave her cause to believe that her suspicions were just.

She said that she was the orphan of a farmer who died when she was

about fifteen, leaving her in extreme indigence. She was, however, taken under the care of an uncle who had some property, and she continued under his protection for nearly two years. His house was situated at some distance from any other, and Maria having much of her time at her own disposal, used to amuse herself with rambling about, when the weather permitted. In these solitary walks she formed an acquaintance with a stranger of elegant person and manners, who represented himself as a man of family and fortune. He soon professed himself her admirer, but declared that it was impossible for him to marry her publicly, as a great part of his property depended upon an uncle, who would never forgive such a step: he gave her, however, the most solemn assurances, that if she eloped with him, he would marry her privately; and the unfortunate credulous girl accompanied him to London.

The sequel may be easily guessed: she soon fell a victim to his arts, but not supposing that he had laid any plan for her destruction, she importuned him incessantly to perform his promise of marriage. For sometime he tried to evade her entreaties, and at last, as she supposed, wearied with them, he suddenly ceased to see her. She had no means of tracing him, and almost as soon as she found herself thus barbarously deserted, she discovered that she was about to become a mother.

Rarely, indeed, does it occur, that a female who has once forfeited her honour stops short in

the career of infamy: this was, however, the case with Maria; she had been brought up in industrious habits, and she contrived, partly by her needle, partly by the sale of some expensive presents which her lover had made her in the days of his fondness, to support herself and her infant till a short period before her meeting with the countess; when a very heavy fit of illness reduced her to the lowest distress, and unable to bear the sight of her child pining for bread, she quitted her home with the intention of soliciting charity; but even the urgency of her distress could not bend her spirit to ask the aid she wanted. She vainly essayed to speak, and as there were not many who, like my benevolent mistress, take the trouble to read the countenances of the children of want, she was returning unsuccessful when she met with the countess.

During her narrative, Maria did not mention the name of her seducer, but on Lady S—— asking it, she readily replied it was Wilmot. This was not the family name of Lord S——, but that circumstance did not stagger the suspicions which his lady entertained. She recollected perfectly well that at the period when Maria must have first become acquainted with her seducer, Lord S—— was absent from London for some time, upon a visit in that part of the country where Maria lived; and from the strong likeness which there was between his lordship and the boy, she could not entertain a doubt of his being its father.

CULTIVATION OF TEA.

PLATE 9.—METHOD OF GATHERING TEA BY MEANS OF MONKEYS.

PAOTCHONG, OR PADRE TEA.

THIS is commonly picked leaf by leaf from among the souchong, and out of a lot of two hundred chests of the latter, scarcely one of paotchong is obtained. Owing to its high price, but little of it is imported into Europe. The Chinese esteem it above all other sorts: it comes to Canton in paper parcels, weighing about three ounces, very carefully packed in chests; each parcel is said to be from a different tree. The leaves must be large, not much rolled, quite free from dust, of a brown colour with a slight tinge of green, and of a sweet but not strong smell. The infusion is bright and green. It is necessary for the purchaser to be upon his guard, for much of the tea sold to Europeans for paotchong is nothing but souchong perfumed with flowers.

PEKAO, OR PEHRAO-TCHIA, CALLED IN COMMERCE PEKO.

This name comes from the Chinese word *pehrao*, signifying white spots. Some are of opinion, that the tree which produces this species of tea is of a different nature from that which furnishes the souchong and bohea in general; others, on the contrary, assert, with greater plausibility, that it consists of the first leaves which appear in spring, and which are not left long enough to expand. The down with which the leaves are covered, and the tender ends of the branches with which this tea is mixed, seem to support the latter notion. By some, these leaves are called tea-flowers: but it is an erroneous notion, that the flowers of the tea-tree are ever

brought to us from China, and used as a costly kind of tea, in the same manner as the leaves of the shrub. This opinion must have originated in the misapplication of the term *tea-flowers*, frequently given, as I have just observed, to the sort of which I am treating. The natives of the country, says Kämpfer, never make any use either of the flowers or fruits. In 1777, a few small boxes filled with tea-flowers only were sent as a curiosity to M. Bertin, then minister of state, probably the first importation of them that ever took place.

The peko imported into Europe is rarely unmixed. That which is of good quality is very delicate, the smell pleasant, the infusion clear, of a straw yellow, somewhat tinged with green; the leaf small, curled, and white: it is apt to lose its fragrance, for which reason it is not exported in any great quantity. It comes to Canton in chests similar to those in which souchong is packed, and like that tea, of all prices, but dearer, being generally from forty to sixty *taëls* per *pic*.

This tea is particularly esteemed by the Russians. A great number of white spots constitute the beauty of its quality. The infusion is most agreeable; and it has been remarked, that it excites, especially in persons of a weak constitution, a slight perspiration, which usually produces a most delightful sensation.

OF GREEN TEAS.

Phyi-Tcha, Haysswen-Skine, or Hyson Skin.

In Chinese, the name given to this tea denotes refuse. It would

Method of gathering the upland rice harvest.



be difficult to fix the period at which it began to be exported by the Europeans: it is probable that they have not been long in the habit of buying it, and the first purchaser was no doubt imposed upon by the seller: for this tea, which the Chinese never use themselves, and which they would sell at a lower rate if the Europeans would open their eyes to its quality, is but the refuse of all the green teas prepared for the market. It is called after haysswen, or hyson, rather because it is packed in the same kind of chests, than from the little resemblance which its leaf bears to that of hyson. The lots are very small. Its leaves are of unequal colour, imperfectly rolled, and its smell strong, without being sweet. It is worth from twenty-eight to thirty *taëls* per *pic*.

Sunglo-Tcha, or Singlo.

This is one of the worst and most common sorts of green tea: its leaf is large, not rolled with care, and its colour green, mixed with yellow. That which contains many yellow leaves ought to be rejected, because they are either the oldest or have withered upon the tree, and consequently possess but very little flavour. The infusion is of a dark yellow, turbid, and full of dust: on first uncovering the cup, it smells of the roasting, and has a very acrid taste. This tea is the last that is gathered, and frequently occasions considerable delay in the sailing of the ships, which are obliged to wait till it arrives. There are years in which this sort of tea is very inferior, on account of the badness of the season. It requires the utmost attention to avoid being imposed upon with a spurious sort, which is now commonly manufac-

tured at Canton. The best test is, to infuse some of it for twenty-four hours; and, secondly, to expose the leaves to the air. If it be spurious, the infusion will turn black, and the action of the air will soon restore the leaves to their natural black colour. In all cases, the infusion will shew the good or bad quality. The buyer ought to choose *singlo* that has a well-curved leaf, of grayish green, the infusion of which is green and clear; in short, approaching as nearly as possible to hyson; and he should moreover be careful not to take old green teas, because they lose both their flavour and colour with age. It comes to Canton in oblong chests, weighing 102lbs. tare 22lbs. so that the net weight is 80lbs.

Tunkay-Tcha, or Tunkay.

Tunkay is nothing but *singlo* of prime quality: it should be chosen approaching as nearly as possible to hyson. The price varies from twenty-four to twenty-eight *taëls* per *pic*.

Hytcheune-Tcha, Haysswen, or Hyson.

This is the finest of the green teas imported in quantities, and perhaps the most easily known. It is necessary to pay attention to the colour, size, and smell of the leaves. In the chest the leaves ought to be large, well rolled, entire, without dust; its smell sweet, herbaceous, and aromatic. That which smells too much of the fire should be rejected. It should be of a grayish green colour, having a kind of powder like fresh-gathered plums, which it soon loses by exposure to the air; its infusion limpid, and of a light green. The leaves after infusion ought to be

large, tender, and of the same colour as the water. The taste should be agreeable, though somewhat rough. The buyer should be able to distinguish the old from the new. The former has in general a strong, sharp, and pungent smell. This tea loses considerably by exposure to the air: hence it is advisable to leave the chests open as little as possible. It comes from the interior of the country in square chests, very neatly made up, weighing altogether 80lbs. or 60lbs. with the deduction of the tare.

This is the most common sort of all the green teas, and best suits large consumers. The heaviest, and that which is mixed with shining leaves of a blackish green, is the best.

Pearl Tea.

Pearl tea is nothing but a younger and better twisted leaf than hyson. It no doubt owes its name to its nearly round form, and to its colour, which when it is of fine quality, is of a silvery green.

It is preferred by persons whose too delicate palate is offended with the slight degree of roughness which, as I have observed, is peculiar to hyson.

Tchu-Tcha, Gunpowder Tea.

This tea has received its name from its resemblance to coarse gunpowder. It is more stimulating than hyson, because it is chosen leaf by leaf. Its taste and smell are sweet and agreeable; the leaf small and tender, and the infusion of a very light green. It is sold by the single chest, at from sixty to seventy *taïls* per *pic*.

Tchulan Tea.

This sort of tea is chosen with

the greatest care. It is perfumed and prepared with a very sweet flower called *lan-hoa*, from which it derives its name. It is scarcer and dearer than the *tchu-tcha*. It is imported in small boxes only: in the leaf it resembles hyson, but its infusion is exquisite, and differs widely in flavour from the herbaceous taste of the latter.

OF SOME RARE SORTS OF TEA.

Ankay-Tchulan.

This sort seems to be a fine black tea, perfumed in the manner of the green *tchulan*, which gives it an equally delicious flavour. It is sometimes imported in chests nearly similar to those of congo tea; but it does not seem to be in so much request as it deserves.

San-ou-Tcha, or Tea of three Tastes.

This tea is thus named, because it actually seems to be at first somewhat bitter, afterwards less so, and at last leaves a certain sweet and agreeable flavour in the mouth. It is sold at the rate of six *mas* (3s. 9d.) per pound, and is but little known to Europeans. It belongs to the class of black teas.

Branch Tea.

This is a peculiar sort of tea, nearly of the colour of sage, which is gathered in branches, and dried in the sun. It is rare, and has perhaps never yet been brought to Europe.

The different sorts of tea here enumerated are not the only kinds that exist in China, but those which are known to, and imported by the Europeans; for as to the genuine imperial tea, every upright dealer will acknowledge, that it is very rarely, if ever, met with

in Europe, and that what is so named in commerce is no other than very fine gunpowder tea, to which this pompous appellation is given for the purpose of enhancing its price.

There are, moreover, teas that are in request rather for the difficulty attending the gathering of them, than for their qualities. Such is most probably a sort met with only in rocky places, the access to which is commonly dangerous, and sometimes impracticable. For gathering the leaves of the tea-shrubs growing wild among the mountains, in situations where the most active men could not get at them, the Chinese have laid brutes under contribution. It is said, that they train monkeys to climb up difficult places, and to strip all the leaves from the shrubs that are pointed out to them. These leaves are picked up by persons attending for the purpose, who reward their four-footed assistants from time to time with fruit. Some have asserted, that this business is performed by irritating a great number of monkeys, the wild inhabitants of inaccessible mountains, who, to revenge themselves, break the branches from the tea-trees, and shower them down upon their assailants. A glance at the annexed plate, engraved from an original Chinese picture, will suffice to convince any one that the tea cannot be thus collected in inaccessible situations; but that it must be by training those animals to climb the different eminences at the command of their master, to strip the leaves from the tea-shrubs which grow there, and to throw them

pices to the men who are in waiting for them below. It may easily be conceived how difficult it is to train so indocile a creature as the monkey to this kind of operation—but what is there that Chinese patience and ingenuity have not accomplished? They have availed themselves even of the voracity of the cormorant, which they have taught to dive in quest of fish to the bottom of the lakes and rivers, and to bring his prize as a tribute to his master.

The Chinese and Japanese keep their tea a year before they use it for drink, because they assert that it is neither so good nor so wholesome when quite new. Father Benoit, a French missionary at Peking, wrote as follows in 1772 to M. Delatour: “Tea in general acquires by the voyage, to Europe a much more agreeable flavour, and becomes much more salubrious: so that a chest of the most common sort, carried to France, and brought back to Canton, is rendered by this double voyage a highly esteemed present in the country by which it was produced. You are aware how much the climate changes the nature of things. Rhubarb, for instance, which at Peking is corrosive, and which physicians durst not use without precaution, is in France a gentle cathartic.”

The Chinese pour hot water upon tea, not in a tea-pot as we do, but in the cup out of which they drink it, just as it is, without either sugar or cream. The missionaries, in their house at Peking, have no other beverage. The Japanese reduce their tea to a fine powder, which they use in the following

manner: The equipage for the tea-table, and the box containing this powder, are set out before the company; the cups are filled with hot water, and so much of the powder as can be taken up on the point of a knife is thrown into each cup, and stirred with an instrument like a tooth-pick, till the liquor begins to froth. It is then handed round to the company, who sip it while hot. This method is not peculiar to the Japanese, but is common in some provinces of China also.

Such of the Chinese as pretend to be nice judges of tea, pay the most minute attention to the making of this beverage. The water must not be boiled upon a fire of any kind of wood, but only on one of pine-wood, in an earthen vessel from a particular province, and it must be infused in another particular sort of vessel. The essences of roses, jessamine, and *mo-li-hoa*, and all the perfumes of the flowers, are employed to heighten the delicacy of this favourite drink. The manner of performing the honours of the tea-table with grace, gentility, and politeness, is in China and Japan an art which has its principles, its rules, and its masters, who follow the profession of giving instruction in it. This art forms part of the education of youth of both sexes, who are taught to make tea and wait on company, as in Europe we take lessons in dancing, fencing, or riding.

When tea has lost its virtues by

age, and is no longer fit for drinking, the Chinese employ it in dying silks a brown or chestnut colour. A great quantity of old tea destined for this purpose is sent annually from China to Surat.

It is not to be supposed that the Chinese, so careful in other respects, have been inattentive to the selection of vessels for preserving it in all its excellence. Their tea-chests are of lead, or more commonly of porcelain; the former are themselves incased in boxes made of odoriferous woods. They have also vessels of lead destined to keep tea hot after it is made. For this purpose their whole surface is surrounded with small cotton cushions, and they are hermetically inclosed in wooden boxes of the same form as the leaden vessels. In a country where the populace and the soldiery, as well as persons of the highest distinction, make constant use of tea, it is of importance to keep that beverage hot as long as possible. Among us such vessels are not necessary; but the best tea-canisters cannot be a matter of indifference to us. It would be advisable, after the example of the Chinese, our masters in this particular, to adopt porcelain vases hermetically closed: our tea would not then be liable to injury from the external air. Glass bottles would not have the same effect, on account both of the attraction of the glass for damp, and its permeability to the rays of light.

ANECDOTES OF ROUSSEAU.

AMONG the caprices of the human heart, none are perhaps so strange as the attachment which men of the greatest genius frequently evince for women destitute of every mental recommendation;

it is generally known, that the wife of Rousseau was of this latter description. In a *Histoire de la Vie et des Ouvrages de J. Rousseau*, recently published at Paris, she is spoken of in the following terms:

“Rousseau’s confidence in Thérèse was as boundless as the empire which she held over him; and it is singular, that this excessive confidence was founded upon what ought to have destroyed it—her want of intellect. One may easily imagine how contracted her mind must have been, since even the most intimate connection, for a period of thirty years, with Rousseau, did not tend to enlarge her ideas. Jean-Jacques believed that her excessive simplicity, or rather stupidity, rendered her incapable of deceit; but in thinking so, he deceived himself. Habit imposes a yoke which time insensibly strengthens; and this yoke Rousseau supported without knowing it. We are persuaded that he owes to his wife the greatest part of his misfortunes; all the bitterness of the latter years of his life, his chagrin and ill temper, may be attributed to her. She gave birth to and fed those strange and unfounded suspicions which caused him so much misery. It appears certain that her conduct contributed to his death, which we believe to have been voluntary. He perceived that she had an inclination for a stable-boy: one may easily imagine the wound which this must have given to his feelings and his pride: till then he had clung to the love which he believed she felt for him, as his only support under misfortune, and when he saw it fail him, he hastened his death.”

The following letter which Rousseau addressed to his wife, will shew how passionately he loved her: it is dated August 12, 1769:

“I have strove incessantly, during twenty-six years, to render you happy; but I see with grief, that, notwithstanding my cares and pains, I am unsuccessful, and that you feel no satisfaction in receiving those proofs of love which it is so delightful to me to give. Not only have you ceased to find pleasure in my society, but it has even become irksome to you, and you impose a restraint upon yourself when you remain, through complaisance, a few moments with me. All those who surround you are in your secrets, except myself, and I, your only true friend, am excluded from your confidence. I do not speak to you of many other things. Nothing pleases, nothing is agreeable from a person whom one does not love; and it is for that reason that all my cares, all my efforts to render you happy, are insufficient—

“I should never have thought of absenting myself from you, if you had not been the first to make the proposition to me. You have frequently returned to this idea. You wanted to quit me, and without letting me know where you were going to. I am now about to absent myself for a fortnight: should any accident terminate my career, remember the man whose widow you are, and honour his memory in honouring yourself.”

The biographer remarks here, that Rousseau never complained of his wife except to herself. The following anecdote is related by M. Corancez, one of the intimate friends of Rousseau: “A very pretty young Englishwoman, an

acquaintance of my wife, had for a long time ardently wished to see Rousseau; but as I had made a law to myself not to present any one to him, this wish could not be gratified. One day, however, it happened that I was going to take one of my infant children to visit him; the young English lady happened to be at my house when we were setting out, and I proposed to her to accompany me in the character of the nurse. She adopted this idea with equal readiness and joy: in a few minutes she was properly equipped, and taking the baby in her arms, we set out. The figure of the pretended nurse was extremely slight and delicate, and I determined to take advantage of this circumstance to amuse myself a little. Accordingly, while we were with Rousseau, I commanded her to hold the child in various positions, to carry him about in her arms, then to seat him on her lap; in short, I took care to keep her in continual motion. The stratagem answered my expectations: Rousseau chatted with her, and pitied her for being obliged to undertake a situation, the fatigues of which were so far beyond her strength. He desired his wife to insist on her taking some refreshment; and the next day Madame Rousseau told me, that he had remarked, with pain and surprise, the want of feeling which I shewed for the delicate health of the pretty nurse. Some of my readers may perhaps think that he would not have felt so sensibly for the fatigues she suffered had she not been pretty, but, from his age and peculiar turn of thinking, I am satisfied that that circumstance had no share in the feelings which she inspired."

M. Corancez, in speaking of the goodness of Rousseau's heart, says, "Notwithstanding the strange caprices of his temper, his causeless ill-humour, and unfounded suspicions of those with whom he lived, yet during the twelve years that I was acquainted with him, I never heard him speak ill of any person." The same honourable testimony to his character is borne by one of his old friends, named Dussaulx: they had quarrelled, and an eternal separation ensued. Dussaulx declares, that, after this separation, Rousseau was so far from saying any thing against him, that, on the contrary, he spoke of him in the highest and most honourable terms.

Another amiable trait in the character of Rousseau was his habitual modesty: he rarely spoke of his works, and never was the first to begin the subject. Simple and unpretending in his manners, his *bon-homme* rendered him a particular favourite with the lower class. The following instance of this is related by Bernardin de St. Pierre: "In returning from Mont-Valerien, we were caught by the rain near the Bois du Boulogne, facing the Porte Maillot. We hastened under some chesnut-trees, where several other persons had already sought shelter; while we were there, one of the *garçons d'auberge* perceiving Jean-Jacques, ran up to him, and accosted him in a joyful and familiar tone: 'Well, good man, from whence come you? It is a long time indeed since we have seen you.'—Rousseau answered him quietly, 'That is because my wife has been very ill, and I have also been a little indisposed myself.'—'Oh! my poor good man,' replied the lad, 'you are badly off here! Come

along, I will soon find some place in the house for you.' We followed him into an upper room, where, notwithstanding the crowd, he contrived to procure us chairs, a table, bread and wine. The joy of the *garçon* at seeing Jean-Jacques, and the eagerness which he shewed to wait upon him, must have sprung from disinterested motives; because, though he had long known him, he regarded him only as a common artisan. This little circumstance shews at once the modesty and the affability of Rousseau."

The following trait, related by M. Corancez, has all the simplicity of childhood: "One day when I entered the house of Rousseau, I found him walking, or rather striding about his room, and regarding with looks of the greatest pleasure the few moveables it contained: 'All this belongs to me!' said he in a tone of exultation. You must observe that this all consisted of a bed, a common table, some straw chairs, and a deal writing-desk.—'How,' said I, 'was it not yours yesterday? I have long seen you in possession of every thing that is here.'—'Yes, sir, but I had them on credit from an upholsterer, and it is only this morning that I paid him.'"

The Prince de Ligne describes an interview which he had with Rousseau, in the following terms: "They announced Rousseau to me, I could hardly believe my ears; he enters, I could scarcely believe my eyes; Louis XIV. could hardly have felt a stronger sentiment of gratified vanity when he received the embassy from Siam. The description which he

gave me of his misfortunes, the portrait he drew of his pretended enemies, and the conspiracy which he said all Europe had entered into against him, would have given me a great deal of pain, if I had not known that he heightened the picture by the whole charm of his eloquence. I endeavoured to detach him from these gloomy ideas, and to bring him back to his rural sports. I asked him how it happened, that he who was so fond of the country should take up his residence in the middle of Paris. He answered me by some of his charming paradoxes on the advantage of writing in favour of liberty while one was confined, and of painting the spring when it snowed. While he spoke, all the fire of his genius sparkled in his eyes, and their expression absolutely electrified me."

"Rousseau used to dine sometimes with Sophie Arnoud, the actress, but always *tête-à-tête*. Some noblemen belonging to the court, who wished to be acquainted with him, begged of Mademoiselle Arnoud to let them sup with him. She refused them, because she was certain Jean-Jacques would not consent: they were determined not to take a refusal; they returned frequently to the charge, and at last they threatened Sophie that they would quarrel with her. In order to avoid this rupture, she made an attempt to prevail on Rousseau to see them; but finding that he would not, she got out of the scrape by the following trick: The tailor belonging to the theatre had some resemblance to Jean-Jacques, and she made him play

the part of Rousseau. He was habited in a dress exactly similar to that worn by the philosopher; a chesnut-coloured coat without a collar, a bob wig, and the long thick cane which Rousseau carried was not forgotten. It was agreed between him and Sophie, that he should hold his head down; that he should not speak a single word; and that at a signal given, he should rise from table and decamp without ceremony.

"There were about a dozen guests of the highest rank; Made-moiselle Arnoud placed the tailor at her right hand, and endeavoured to make her guests drink freely, for she depended upon the wine to render the illusion more complete; but she took care not to press the pretended Rousseau to drink, for fear of his betraying himself. However, notwithstanding all her precautions, he made very free with the bottle, and talked in such a manner, that if the others had not been intoxicated, they would have discovered the cheat at once. The entertainment was talked of in all the societies of Paris, and the *bons-mots* of the tailor were very eagerly listened to and repeated. One of this convivial party is still living.

Sophie Arnoud acknowledged to them some time afterwards the trick which she played them, and they had the good sense to laugh at her stratagem."

When Rousseau published his *New Heloise*, Madame Bourrette, *Limonadiere*, who used to address verses to all the celebrated men of the day, wrote to invite him to come and drink coffee with her out of a cup which Voltaire had given her; but she said, at the same time, that as she was accustomed to a return for her civilities, she wished to have a copy of the *New Heloise*. Rousseau answered her with equal frankness, that all his copies were already given away or promised; that he should therefore be obliged to buy one, and he did not choose to be at that expense; and, in short, that if he ever drank coffee with her, it must not be from Voltaire's cup, because he never drank out of the cup of that man. Madame Bourrette received from Frederic the Great a golden *étui*, and from Voltaire a china cup. Dorat alone gave her verse for verse. She died in 1784. Her works were collected in 1755, and published in 2 vols. 12mo. under the title of *De Muse Limonadiere*.

SONNET BY FILICAIA, ON THE DEATH OF CAMILLA, HIS WIFE.

DEATH, who so great a part of me hast
ta'en,
And out of its dark dwelling leav'st
the rest,
If what love is e'er enter'd thy cold
breast,
Now take that rest, or give me back again
What thou hast seiz'd. Or if thy power
extend,

In all thy native rigour me invest,
'Gainst woes by which my heart is now
oppress;
And as thou knew'st to wound me, now
defend.
Since nor by virtuous herbs, nor magic
art,
What I have lost can ever be redrest;

Since reason's balsam heals not my sad heart, I'll give the rein to my unbridled grief:	I cannot choose but weep, yet while tears start, To shadow her fair form is some relief. <div style="text-align: right;">L. C.</div>
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NOTES TO THE FIFTH CANTO OF DANTE'S INFERNO.

TO THE EDITOR.

I FIND that a few notes may be necessary to render the translation of mine, inserted last month, intelligible to readers not much acquainted with Dante. I omitted them before, because I thought they would make the article too long. I subjoin them now. But in the first place give me leave to correct an error of the press in the second line, by which the metre is altogether destroyed, and the sense rendered more obscure than it would otherwise be. The passage should stand as follows:

"Thus from the highest circle we descend
 Into the second; though a smaller space,
 With so much more of grief, which groans
 attend," &c.

The article *a* is omitted in the second line. The meaning of the latter part of the passage is, that although the circle into which Dante, accompanied by Virgil as his guide, descended, was smaller than that from which they had come, the grief was in proportion more intense, and the groans more frequent. It is almost unnecessary to mention, that Dante divides Hell into circles, in which different punishments in their various degrees of severity are inflicted, according to the nature and extent of the crimes committed by the persons introduced. Minos is accordingly represented as hearing and judging the souls before him, and condemning them to a higher or a lower circle in the infernal re-

gions according to the involutions of his tail, for we are to suppose that all the lower part of his form resembles that of a serpent:

— "For every fold
 The soul in hell one circle was depress'd"
*Cignesi colla coda tante volte
 Quantunque gradi vuol che giù sia messa.*

The reply which Virgil makes to Minos, who endeavours to stop the way of Dante through his dark dominion,

"It is decreed where will and power are
 one,"

is precisely the same as he had given to Charon in Canto iii.:

— *Charon non ti crucciare,
 Vuolsi così colà, dove si puote
 Ciò che si vuole, e più non dimandare.*

The line,

"It was a place where every light was
 dumb,"

is as literal a translation as possible; and I can find no passage in any other author where the word *dumb* is so applied to the light. At the same time, its beauty and propriety are indisputable. The Rev. Mr. Carey gives it rather tamely:

— "Into a place I came
 Where light was silent all:"

the words in the original being "*luogo d'ogni luce muto*," and they cannot mean that every thing was silent in the darkness, because the moment afterwards, the poet talks of "a deep roar, like the ocean in a storm."

The word *buffera* used in the original, a line further on, keeps up the figure, the literal transla-

tion being what I have given, viz. "a hurricane;" but Mr. Carey renders it by a periphrasis, as "the stormy blast of hell."

There are few figures more common in poetry than that of the flight of shrieking cranes, a few lines afterwards. It is to be found in many poets, ancient as well as modern, and Dante himself again introduces it in his Purgatory, as Mr. Carey has pointed out. It seems injudicious, however, in Dante to have employed it so soon after the simile of the starlings, which it resembles: the first, nevertheless, applies to the mournful lamentations of the spirits, and the last to the manner in which they were borne up and down by the *buffera infernal*.

"She was so boundless in her luxury,
That she gave licence to it in her law,
To lessen shame of her iniquity."

The above passage alludes to Semiramis, who, as is known, lived about 2000 years before the Christian era. Whether this assertion of Dante's be correct, has been disputed. She was one of those splendid characters, that by personal example did all possible mischief, and by public enterprise, all possible good. It is not to be doubted that many of the charges against her are merely fabulous inventions. She who "to Sicheus broke her faith" is of course Dido, who promised eternal fidelity to her dead husband, and broke that promise by her intrigue with Æneas.

The mention of Sir Tristan, the famous hero of romance, with Achilles and Paris, is somewhat singular, but not at all inconsistent with the practice of the time. We have many instances of the same kind in Chaucer, and our

elder poets, which could be easily pointed out if necessary.

I by no means approve of Mr. Carey's translation of the simile of the doves applied to Francesca di Rimini and her lover, as it does not give the notion conveyed in the original by the words *con l'ali alzate e ferme*, which alludes to the mode in which these birds, when they are about to alight on the earth or elsewhere, keep their wings steadily outstretched, without moving or flapping them. I do not wish to be understood as liking my own version much better, but still I think it is an improvement:

"As two fond doves, allur'd by love's delights,
With steady outstretch'd wing to their soft nest
Sail through the air, as their sweet will incites."

—I perhaps would rather say, "Cut through the air," than "Sail through the air:" but this is a matter of taste.

There is certainly some reason to complain of Mr. Carey's translation of *l'aer perso* by "element obscure," though he takes some pains to justify it. To call the air *obscure* is only to say it was dark, which Dante had told us before. The question is what *perso* means, and it seems to have been known as a colour of old in this country: it is usually given in our dictionaries as "bluish grey," a compound colour, which I apprehend is precisely meant by our English word *lurid*, which I have preferred, because *turidus* in Latin signifies black and blue.

After translating the line,
Amor, ch'al cor gentil ratto s'apprende,
as follows,

"Love, that in gentle heart is quickly learnt,"

Mr. Carey adds a long note, in which he endeavours to shew that *s'apprende* means *caught*, though he has rendered it *learnt*. However, Chaucer might have supplied him with an exact translation of the passage; and as he was in Italy, and knew Petrarch, his authority for the real meaning of the word may be taken. In the prologue to the third book of his *Troilus* he says,

"Pleasaunce of love, O goodly debonaire,
In gentle hartes aye redy to *repaire*."

Wishing to render *s'apprende* by the word *repair*, as conveying the sense, and wanting a rhyme to it, he somewhat forcedly calls *debonaire* to his aid in the line preceding. That Chaucer was well read in Dante there can be no doubt, as he frequently quotes him by name, and in his Monk's Tale translates the well-known story of Ugolino and his sons, under the title of "Hügeline of Pise," from *Inferno*, Canto xxxiii.

"Caina waits on him our blood who shed," addressed by Francesca to Dante, in allusion to the cruelty of the brother of her lover, is unintelligible, excepting to those who by having read the whole of the *Inferno*, know that *Caina* is the part of Hell to which Dante states murderers are condemned. He gives an account of it in Canto xxxii.

—"There is no greater grief
Than to remember in our present woe
Glad days gone by."

The original of this passage is as follows:

—*Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Ne la miseria;*

which Chaucer also transplants into his *Troilus*, b. iii. near the end. He gives it thus:

"For of fortunes sharpe adversitie
The worst kind of infortune is this:

A man to have been in prosperitie,
And it remember when it passed is."

I before mentioned a passage where Dante repeats himself. He does so again, as far as the thought is concerned, in the line,

Faro come colui che piange e dice.

In Canto xxxiii. he has the following:

Parlare e lagrimar vedrai insieme.

The book Francesca and her lover were reading, when they came to that point at which the strength of their virtue failed, was the history of Lancelot of the Lake and the fair Guenever, the wife of King Arthur. It was a most popular romance, and has been often censured as of construction too light and seductive.

"Slave was the author and the book we read,"

has been a much disputed, and to this day not very intelligible passage: the words of Dante are,

Galeotto fù il libro, e chi lo scrisse;

and some persons have supposed that he meant to say, that the book and its author were both named Galeotto. Mr. Carey says,

—"The book and writer both
Were love's purveyors"

It is somewhat singular, that during the whole dialogue between Dante and Francesca, the lover does not utter a word, but merely wept and moaned at his guilt and its dreadful consequences.

I am not aware that it is necessary to add any thing more to these observations, which I request you to insert as a sort of supplement to my translation, and necessary in some instances to render it comprehensible. I am sorry that I have not been able to make the reference to some of the lines more distinct. I am, &c.

HUMPHREY GUBBINS.

THE WONDERFUL NAIL :

AN ORIENTAL STORY.

(Continued from p. 10.)

AFTER mature consideration, I then desired to be the most learned man in the world, and that my literary reputation should be spread far and wide. Immediately the universe was filled with admiration of the profound science, the infinite knowledge, the sublime inspirations, and the matchless wit of Achmet Selim Daher. All the journalists spoke of me as the first genius of the age, the most eminent authors dedicated their works to me, and the Cham of Tartary wrote me a complimentary letter with his own hand, which was inserted in the monthly magazines of Europe and of Asia.

For eight continual days I enjoyed that delicious intoxication, which copious draughts of adulation seldom fail to produce; but, by the frequency of praise, I insensibly lost the relish of it, and encomiums, instead of giving me satisfaction, became my mortal annoyance.

In the mean time, my great celebrity, and the singular honours that were heaped on me, excited the envy of less successful candidates for fame. Numberless pamphlets issued from the press, in which my pretensions were ridiculed, my morals attacked, and my character calumniated, and I was more uneasy at my petty vexations, than gratified with my prodigious renown.

Disgusted with literature, my third wish was to be handsome, amiable, and a favourite of the ladies; and the first woman that

I met in the street threw her arms round my neck, and gave me a tender salute. A young girl, who was watching her from a balcony, beckoned me into her house; but, as I was on the point of accepting the invitation, a jolly widow seized me by the hand, and stoutly disputed the prize.

"At length," I exclaimed, "I have hit on the means of being happy; for what pleasure can equal the caresses of a beautiful woman?" But shall I confess it? Continually besieged, pampered, and stunned by such a bevy of females, I soon found their society insipid, and their affection unpalatable.—In the midst of these reflections, I was greeted by the stroke of a stiletto in my left ribs, from the lover of a damsel who had shewn a most inordinate inclination for me; and, as I turned round to ascertain the assassin, I received a pistol-shot from a young man, whose sister had twice admitted me into her house, which shattered my right collar-bone. I was carried home on a litter, and employing the remainder of the month in medicating my left ribs and renovating my right collar-bone, I resolved no longer to devote myself to the fair sex, whose dangerous smiles are accompanied with whizzing bullets and invisible sword thrusts.

Since riches, learning, and love have failed to procure me felicity, I will now, I said, have a sample of the charms of ambition. I wish to be a king; and not to jostle

with any established prince, let me be monarch of the unknown southern hemisphere.

In a moment the desire of my heart was accomplished, and all the magnificence and pageantry that sovereign grandeur can display, glittered around me. The apparent affection of my new subjects, their reiterated acclamations whenever I appeared; a thousand guards in superb regimentals, who, on the first glimpse, they caught of me, performed their military salute with surprising dexterity; the humble embassies from tributary princes, and the deference with which my ministers listened to my harangues and adopted my opinions, tickled my vanity, and persuaded me that I was the first of men. But whilst I was thus intoxicated with the fumes of greatness, my confidential secretary, whom I had raised from indigence and obscurity, and loaded with riches, honours, and titles, entered into a conspiracy against my life; and had the address to gain over my best friends, and most favoured dependents, as his accomplices. Chance, however, discovered their plot, and I was constrained to sacrifice the persons most dear to me, to the indignation of the populace and the rigour of the law.

Alas! I mournfully exclaimed, the most private and menial condition is preferable to the uneasy pomp of a powerful king, who never hears the voice of reason or of truth; and whose most distinguished favourites, the partakers of his affluence and authority, the chosen companions of his hours of relaxation and amusement, un-

restrained by a sense of duty, the sacred debt of gratitude, or the endearing ties of friendship, will not scruple to desert, insult, or assassinate their benefactor, when allured by sordid interest, or goaded by disappointed ambition!

When I was again at my liberty to choose, I wished to be—but it would be endless to describe the various characters which I successively sustained. I was physician and sexton, soldier and monk, painter and footman, stockbroker and highwayman, prime minister and pedlar, leader of the opera-band and candle-snuffer to a mountebank. In short, I essayed every condition of life, and I invariably experienced pleasure in the commencement of each trial, and disgust before its completion.

I traversed the four quarters of the globe, and in every country, and in every station, I discerned a multiplicity of vices and of follies, and occasionally a glimmering of wisdom, virtue, and religion.

At length, acknowledging the inefficacy of my present to procure me content and felicity, I rubbed the point of the nail, and immediately, amidst flashes of lightning and rumbling of thunder, the beautiful fairy appeared before me.

“My dangerous benefactress,” I thus addressed her, “you undoubtedly know that I have not neglected to give abundant occupation to the talisman you so generously presented me with, when I had the good fortune to liberate you from the narrow chink in which the unworthy genius Moni-

zan had so ungraciously thrust you. But happiness has not been the consequence of the gratification of my desires. Since then my inordinate fancies have paralyzed the powers even of this miraculous nail, I humbly restore it to you; for, as it is my fate ever to wish, and never to be contented, I will go on with my foolish frolics and incurable ~~vacillations~~, without requiring your supernatural agency."

The fairy asked me, if I had any further occasion for her services: I answered no. She then took the nail, and broke it into a hundred

pieces, and graciously kissing her hand to me, bade me adieu for ever.

I have now renounced the name of Achmet Selim Daher, and call myself Ambrose the barber, delighted for the moment with the honourable employment of unbristling your chin and adjusting your periwig.

To-morrow my name and occupation may be different; for I shall continue to change my appellation, and to vary my employment, till my caprice and versatility are laid at rest in the tranquillity of the grave.

PICTURESQUE TOUR IN THE OBERLAND.

PLATE 8.—VIEW OF THE STAUBBACH.

WHEN the traveller has satisfied himself with the charms of the beautiful valley of Unterseen or Interlaken, and visited the most remarkable places in their immediate environs, which furnish the pedestrian with numberless delicious walks, it would be advisable to provide himself with a good guide, before he quits one or the other of those villages, in the prosecution of his tour. His arrangements should be made so as to enable him to reach Lauterbrunnen by ten o'clock in the morning, because the magnificent waterfall of the Staubbach, situated near that place, appears to the greatest advantage from that time till twelve or one in the afternoon. With a carriage the tourist need not set out from Unterseen or Interlaken before six o'clock; but the pedestrian, who is desirous of viewing two or three remarkable scenes by the way, ought to start at least an hour earlier.

A little to the right of the road, about two miles from Interlaken, are situated the ruins of the castle of Unspunnen, on a woody hill, the height of which, though considerable, cannot be duly appreciated, on account of the gigantic objects which surround it on all sides. The road to Unspunnen is highly picturesque, winding through magnificent meadows, beneath the most beautiful walnut-trees in all Switzerland. The remains of this castle which have escaped destruction consist of a lofty quadrangular tower, one corner of which opens into a circular tower of smaller dimensions. There is no door to either; so that the inquisitive visitor is obliged to climb through a narrow loophole into the interior, which is half full of fallen stones and rubbish. Firs of large dimensions spring out at all heights from the clefts in the walls. In the circular tower there is a space which is supposed to have

been the ancient dungeon, and which, as far as the rubbish will allow the eye to form an estimate, appears to be about thirty feet deep. In this dungeon, fifty distinguished inhabitants of the valley of Hasli languished for two years, till they were delivered by the people of Berne. The valley of Hasli had been pledged, about the year 1330, by the emperor to the Baron of Weissenburg, to whose house the castle of Unspunnen at that time belonged. He arbitrarily increased the imposts paid by the people of Hasli to the empire; on which they solicited the assistance of their neighbours of Unterwalden, for the purpose of compelling Weissenburg by force of arms to desist from his unjust demands. The people of Unterwalden promised to join them before the castle of Unspunnen, which they were then to attack in concert; but not arriving in time, the men of Hasli were assailed singly by the baron, with a far superior force. Eighteen of them fell on the field of battle, fifty were taken prisoners, and the rest dispersed, mortified to the highest degree at being obliged to leave their comrades in the hands of their cruel foe. All their attempts in favour of the captives having failed, at the expiration of two years, their landamman, Werner Resti, applied to the government of Berne, and implored it, for the sake of their ancient friendship, to arm in behalf of his wretched countrymen, groaning in the dungeon of Unspunnen; promising, that if the prisoners were delivered through their valour, Hasli would never acknowledge any other bailiff of the empire

than the city of Berne. The people of Berne, previously dissatisfied with Weissenburg, eagerly complied with the summons of the landamman. They appeared before Unspunnen: the baron threw open his dungeon, liberated the prisoners, and the Bernese, respecting the rights of property, on assuming the functions of bailiff of Ober-hasli, repaid to Weissenburg the sum which he had given to the emperor for that appointment. They contented themselves with hanging up in public in their city, the keys of his chief castle of Wimmis; while he, on his part, retained all his estates, was admitted a citizen of Berne, and afterwards took an active part in public affairs.

The origin of this castle is involved in the obscurity of ages. A faint tradition represents one of its ancient lords as a tremendous Blue-beard, who, when tired of his wives, buried them in his dungeon, that he might marry fresh ones. Its decay is probably the work of ages, for there is no record of its having suffered from hostile attacks or ravages.

A meadow near this castle was the theatre of a pastoral festival, held in 1805 and 1808, on the 17th of August, the day consecrated to the memory of Berthold, fifth duke of Zähringen, and founder of the city of Berne. It was instituted by a society of citizens of Berne, with the bailiff of the canton, M. von Mülinen, at their head, for the purpose of encouraging the favourite exercises and amusements of the peasantry of the Oberland, such as wrestling, running, hurling stones of great weight, firing at a mark, blowing the cornet or Alpine horn,

singing, &c. Prizes were publicly awarded to the victors. The second of these festivals was attended not only by many celebrated natives of Switzerland, but by foreigners of distinction from various parts of Europe, among whom were the Prince Royal of Bavaria, Madame Lebrun, the eminent paintress, Madame Recamier, and Madame de Staëf, who, in the first part of the first volume of her *Germany*, has borne ample testimony to the interest excited by these sports, and the object for which they were instituted.

Leaving Unspunnen, the traveller rejoins the high-road at the pleasant village of Wilderswyl, where he observes with pain instances of that unhappy malady, *cretinism*, too frequent in Switzerland, Salzburg, and Tyrol. Notwithstanding the inquiries instituted by philosophers and physicians, the origin of this disease still remains to be ascertained. Among the various causes to which it has been ascribed, none applies to Wilderswyl, but the alternation from a high degree of temperature in the daytime to sudden cold at night. We possess no data for calculating the proportion of *cretins* in any district of Switzerland, not even in the Valais, where they are most numerous; but a recent traveller states, on good authority, that in the valleys and plains of Salzburg, among 12,000 persons, there are 170 afflicted with *cretinism*.

Proceeding through the village of Mühlinen, across the impetuous Saxetenbach, the traveller enters the valley of Lütshinen at Grenchen, the only remains of which place are two solitary houses, the

rest having been washed away by an inundation of the stream. Beyond Grenchen, human habitations begin to be very rare, and soon disappear entirely. The road now runs along the river Lütshine, on the other side of which, concealed by the high and wooded bank, lies the pretty rural village of Gsteigwyler, or Wyler. The wild scenery, in the style of Salvator Rosa, which here meets the view, cannot be contemplated without pleasure. While the torrent foams along indignantly between mighty masses of rock, man has gratefully employed these same blocks for the supports of so tottering a bridge, that a late traveller assures us, he has seen a light-footed dog turn back, trembling and whining, from the dangerous passage. The bridges of this kind are commonly formed of a single trunk of a tree, from twelve to eighteen inches broad, rudely trimmed, and levelled on the upper surface. When it is to be a structure of higher pretensions, two such trunks are laid close together, the thick end of one beside the small end of the other. These bridges frequently give no little uneasiness to the inhabitants of cities; but if the natives neglect to build better, it is less from indolence, than from their own habit of passing them without fear or danger, so that they never dream that they ought to erect more substantial bridges for the accommodation of the nervous fine ladies and gentlemen who may take it into their heads to visit them. Such too is the impetuosity of these mountain torrents, that they carry away a bridge twice or three times a year; and thus damp all inclina-

tion to bestow time and money upon more solid works.

On the right of the road rises a lofty ridge of rocks, called the *Rothenschuh*, from the rust-coloured stripes, probably occasioned by strata of iron ore, some small portion of which is dissolved by rain-water, and communicates this appearance to the rock. On its summit formerly stood the castle of the wealthy family of the lords of *Rothenschuh*, respecting the extinction of which there is an obscure tradition. On the right of the road, near the bridge of Wyler, lies a detached block, which the country-people term the *Bad Stone*, or the *Brother's Stone*. A seat has been placed close to it, and M. von Müllinen has caused the substance of the tradition to be engraved upon the stone in the following inscription: "Here the Baron of *Rothenschuh* was murdered by his brother. The outlawed, homeless murderer closed in despair his once mighty race in a distant country." Amidst the wild and terrific scenery around, this monument has something tragically affecting. On the right, a dark pine wood springs almost out of the bare threatening rock, and on the left the *Lütschine* dashes with everlasting roar among the fragments which have rolled down from either side into its bed.

On approaching *Zweylütschinen*, we perceive the broad ravine of what is properly termed the valley of *Lütschen*, which leads to *Grindelwald*; and presently another ravine begins to appear on the right, to the south-west, conducting into the valley of *Lauterbrunnen*. At this angle is situated the village of *Zweylütschinen*, so nam-

ed from the conflux of the *Black** and *White Lütschine*, the former coming from *Grindelwald* and the latter from *Lauterbrunnen*. The current of both is chiefly composed of water from the glaciers, but the darker colour of the one arises from the particles of a blackish slate carried down by it from the foot of the *Wetterhorn*. At this point the traveller enters the region of the higher ranges of the Swiss Alps.

Zweylütschinen is a small place, consisting of a few cottages, and an inn, which affords tolerable accommodations. Pursuing the road to *Grindelwald*, which runs along the left bank of the *White Lütschine*, the traveller has on his right the range of the *Eisenfluh*, and on the other side of the stream appears the perpendicular mass of the towering *Hunnenfluh*, resembling a mighty bulwark built at the foot of the mountains for the protection of the valley. Tradition derives its name from the Huns of the terrific *Attila*, and relates, that on the invasion of those barbarians, the people of the country sought refuge at the top of this range of rocks, where they entrenched themselves with its fragments, trunks of trees, and ramparts of earth. Müller, the historian of Switzerland, has observed, that the common people of his country ascribe all devastations to *Attila*; all towers, forts, and camps to *Cæsar*; and all ecclesiastical institutions to *Charlemagne*.

Opposite to the *Hunnenfluh*, the foaming torrent of the *Sausbach* descends roaring from the *Sausalp*, and furnishes the first view of one of those impetuous mountain streams, which are so dangerous and destructive to the valleys. It

is related, that at a very remote period, a handsome village, standing considerably elevated, was washed away by the Sausbach, and destroyed, with all its inhabitants, excepting one infant. This child was saved, and as it was not known to whom he belonged, he was called after the place, Sauser, and his posterity are yet numerous in the Oberland.

The Sausbach is the seat of a still more romantic tradition. Near its junction with the Sulsbach, where there is now a good bridge, was formerly excellent pasturage. The current was then neither so deep nor so broad as at present. On the left bank a fair damsel of Eisenfluh, and on the right a handsome youth of Mürren, tended their cattle: they soon conceived an ardent affection for one another. They often stood chatting together beside the stream, and the nimble lover would spring lightly across on the stones projecting over its surface to his darling shepherdess. It happened one day, that the torrent, exceedingly swollen, was much broader than usual, and had either carried away or overflowed all the fragments of rock scattered in its bed. The lovers were obliged to be content with calling to one another; for it would evidently have been too dangerous to attempt to cross the stream. In the gaiety of their hearts, they began to pelt each other with clods, till one hurled by the herdsman struck the laughing girl on the temple. She instantly fell, and he then suspected, what was really the case, that there must have been a stone concealed in the clod. He plunged instantaneously into the stream, crossed the impetuous torrent with

great effort, and clambered up the opposite bank to his beloved. In vain he endeavoured to revive her; in vain he called her a hundred times by her name, which was as oft repeated by the echo of the cliffs. She lay pale and senseless before him: he sprinkled her with water; she gave him a look of forgiveness, and breathed her last. The innocent agent of her death was plunged into inexpressible grief, and would not return to his native village. The fair maiden was buried where she expired, and the herdsman built himself a hut by her grave, where he passed the rest of his life, engaged early and late in ardent prayer, and died in a few years on the spot where his happiness had been extinguished for ever.

In this part of the journey, the eye is delighted with magnificent views of the rocks of the valley of Lauterbrunnen, beyond and above which the Jungfrau towers in majestic grandeur.

The village of Lauterbrunn is elevated 715 feet above the lake of Thun, and 2450 above the level of the sea. The curiosities of this place consist less in the perishable works of human hands, than in those of everlasting nature. In the church, an edifice of some antiquity, the painted glass bespeaks a flourishing period of the art. In one of them is represented St. Michael in armour, with a drawn sword, holding in his left hand the balance of human merit, and Satan pulling at one of the scales, while the trembling soul stands by imploring a merciful decision.

Among the natural wonders of the valley, exclusively of the Jung-

frau, the magnificent fall of the Staubbach deserves the first place. It is situated at a very little distance from Lauterbrunn, on a stream, formerly known by the name of the Pletschbach, which, pouring from the summit of the rocky mountain called the Pletschberg, forms this remarkable cataract. A view of it is given in the annexed plate. The height of this fall is 870 French feet, being 324 more than that of the great cataract of Tequendama in New Grenada, which tumbles at once from a cold into a hot region, from a spot covered with oaks, alder, and other trees of our climate, into a valley shaded with banana and palm-trees. From the height of its fall, the water is almost wholly dissipated in a vapour resembling a fog, or mizzling rain, from which circumstance it has received the appellation of *Staubbach*, or torrent of dust.

As the edge of the Pletschberg rather projects over the plain, the current would descend perpendicularly and without obstacle into the valley, were it not for a protruding mass of rock, which intercepts part of the stream and forms another cascade. Many other waterfalls, such as the Reichenbach, the Giessbach, several falls of the Reuss and the Aar in the valley of Guttannen, and the Pissevache in the Valais, are more remarkable than Staubbach for their volume of water, and the grandeur of their accessories. In the valley of Lauterbrunnen itself are to be seen the cascades of the Murrebach and Schmadribach, which many persons prefer to that of the Staubbach. What

peculiarly distinguishes the fall of this torrent is its upper part, which exhibits the appearance of a glistening scarf, blown about by the wind, and incessantly changing its direction and its form. At the moment when the water is poured from the channel, the wind seizes and carries away several small rills, too light to descend along with the rest of the mass; and keeping them a considerable time suspended, before they are dispersed in rain, it exhibits the singular spectacle of a small stream floating in the air like a ribbon of silver. Another circumstance gives to this fall a peculiar character. The greatest part of the Staubbach is decomposed, as has been observed in explaining the name, into a fog, which wets the meadows to a great distance round, and into clouds, which ascend aloft into the atmosphere. What the rock itself collects runs down its side, and forms at the foot of the mountain a streamlet, the small remnant of a considerable river, annihilated, in a manner, in its passage through the air. A very high wind continually blows around this fall, and is most impetuous underneath it. Those who are not afraid of getting wet may approach the cascade, and enjoy the view of the two circular rainbows formed in it by the rays of the sun in the early part of the day; and by placing themselves between the column of water and the rock, they will run less risk of being hurt by the stones, which the torrent sometimes hurries along with it down the precipice. In severe frosts, the water, reduced to drops, is condensed into hail, in a man-

ner that strikingly illustrates the formation of that meteor. This hail falls with a tremendous noise, and announces the entire congelation of the torrent, which soon assumes the form of an enormous column of ice suspended from the brink of its channel; and which keeps increasing in magnitude till it breaks by its own weight, and tumbles upon the heap of ice beneath, with an uproar which thunder and the fall of avalanches can scarcely equal. The appearance of this cascade by moonlight also is exquisitely beautiful, and after heavy falls of rain on the Pletschberg, awfully magnificent. At such times, large masses of rock

and whole trees are hurried along by the torrent; and the force with which they descend from the summit of the immense precipice can only be conceived by those who have witnessed the phenomenon. In a violent thunder storm on the 7th August, 1791, the Staubbach, and other mountain torrents, poured such a volume of water into the Lütschine, that it overflowed its bed, and wrought itself a new channel, committing great devastations in that part of the valley contiguous to Lauterbrunn, where the inn was swept away so suddenly, that its inmates with difficulty saved their lives.

HISTORY OF THE SHEPHERD MARCELIO.

(From the *Diana Enamorada* of GIL POLO)

(Concluded from vol. XI. p. 198.)

WHILE the crew and our poor companions were struggling in the arms of death, myself, Alcida, and Clenarda, and the two mariners who jumped with us into the boat, remained in the skiff, expecting every moment to be swallowed up by the immense billows which rolled upon us. In this miserable condition we remained a whole day and night, almost hopeless of remedy, and without knowing whether we were going. After having passed a most tremendous night, we found ourselves by daybreak very near land. We used all our efforts to reach the shore, and the two mariners, who were expert swimmers, jumped overboard, and swimming to the land, dragged us after them: thus were we by the assistance of Divine Providence saved from a watery grave, to which

our unhappy companions were doomed. When safely landed, the boat was hauled on shore, and upon looking about them, the sailors found that they had reached the Island of Formentera. They were much astonished that in so short a time they had gone so great a distance: their surprise, however, was somewhat abated, when they reflected upon the miracles which some such furious tempests frequently performed. Although we ourselves were thus freed from danger, the sad loss of Eugerio and Polydoro preyed upon our spirits, and we were so reduced by hunger and fatigue, that we had scarcely strength sufficient to return thanks to the Divine Being for our delivery. It would be in vain for me to attempt to describe the feelings of Alcida and Clenarda at the loss

of their beloved father and brother: I shall therefore proceed, without interruption, with the relation of the misfortunes which happened to me on this island.

No sooner was I released from one danger, than I was afflicted by another, still more grievous and burdensome: after having escaped from the perils of the tempest, and saved Alcida from the devouring element, I thought myself the happiest man on earth; but Fortune seemed to deny me that felicity which I hoped long to have enjoyed. Malignant love wounded the heart of the pilot (called Bartofano), and he became so deeply enamoured of Clenarda, that to accomplish his object, he scrupled not to break through all the ties of fidelity and friendship: his mind was full of the diabolical purpose he had in view. Soon after we had landed on the shore, I said to the pilot, "Friend Bartofano, unless we seek for something to eat, and it may be our misfortune not to find any, we shall be in no better condition than we were, excepting that we shall have changed the manner of our death. I therefore would suggest, that you and your companion should hasten to the first spot in the island where it is most likely to meet with food." —Bartofano replied, "Dame Fortune has done enough for us, Marcelio, in casting us upon dry land, although it is a barren spot. It would be useless to attempt to find any food on this desert island; but I can tell you of a remedy, which will at least prevent our dying from hunger. You see that island fronting us; there I know there is an abundance of game,

of hares, rabbits, and crowds of such wild animals. There too dwells a hermit, in a hermitage full of bread and flour. Now, in my opinion, Clenarda, whose dexterity in the use of the bow is well known, should proceed in the boat to that island, to kill some game for us: the arrows cannot miss their aim, and I and my companion will bring it hereto you, Marcelio, while you remain with Alcida. It may be possible that before she awakes we may have returned with plenty of fresh provisions." This counsel was very acceptable to Clenarda and myself, not guessing at the treachery which his wicked mind intended; but Clenarda was not willing to trust herself alone in the hands of the two sailors, and wished me to accompany her. I strove to excuse myself from following her inclinations, by saying, that I could not possibly leave Alcida alone and sleeping on the solitary island; but she answered, that the distance was very short, and the sea so tranquil (for while we had remained on the shore the storm ceased, and a dead calm had succeeded); that I might accompany her, and return before Alcida, who for many nights had obtained no rest, awoke. In short, so many reasons did she urge, that she compelled me to follow that course which was most contrary to my inclinations, and without giving the matter another thought, I determined to accompany her. This resolution much disconcerted Bartofano, for he wanted to go alone with Clenarda, the better to accomplish his diabolical purpose: but the traitor was not destitute of invention still to enable him to ex-

ecute his plans. We left Alcida asleep on the shore, and having all got into the boat, we rowed towards the island. Before, however, we reached it, while I was sitting carelessly unarmed in the boat (for all our arms were left in the ship, caring little about them when our lives were in such imminent danger), I was all at once attacked by the two mariners, and without having any power to resist it, I was handcuffed and chained down to the boat. Clenarda, who now guessed the treacherous design upon her, was so overcome with grief, that she would certainly have thrown herself overboard if she had not been prevented by the pilot: then taking her aside, he whispered to her, "Fear nothing, sweet lady, calm yourself, and rest assured that what I have done is all for your own benefit. You must know, lady, that when Marcelio came to this deserted island, he spoke to me in private, and asked me to advise you to shoot on that island, intimating, that as he was enamoured of you, he wished to leave your sister on that deserted island, in order that he might be alone with you. When he seemed to wish not to accompany you, it was mere dissimulation, the better to conceal his passion towards you. I, who was acquainted with his treacherous design, was determined to prevent its accomplishment, and have therefore bound Marcelio, as you perceive, determining to leave him on the shore of an island close at hand, and afterwards to return myself with you to Alcida. Do not therefore be surprised, fair lady, at what I have done, and consider it is

only for your own benefit." Clenarda listening attentively to this story, had no difficulty in believing it implicitly, and taking a mortal hatred to me, was well contented that I should be left where Bartofano had determined. The ruffian looked at me with an air of triumph and exultation, and enjoying the vengeance he had taken, spoke not a word to me. I knew that Clenarda was little afflicted at my confinement, and I thus addressed her: "How is it, sister, that you are so little troubled at my distress, and that you have so soon dried up your tears? Set me free, that I may revenge myself of those base traitors." She told me that I was properly confined, because I had basely left Alcida: she then disclosed to me what Bartofano had informed her. On hearing this, my grief was redoubled, and not being able by my own strength to revenge myself, I abused them by my tongue. I spoke to Clenarda in such a convincing manner, that at length she perceived the treachery of Bartofano: she began to lament her fate with so much vehemence, and sent forth such heart-rending sighs, that the very stones (if there had been any there) would have melted; but she did not succeed in exciting the compassion of the hard-hearted ruffians. She reflected that the little boat now dancing on the waves was far distant from the unhappy Alcida: when she awaked, she would find herself alone; she would cast her eyes towards the sea, and find the boat gone, and all her companions vanished; she would run distracted along the shore, but her search would be in

vain. Imagine then, sweet shepherdess, what must be her feelings at this moment; imagine the bitter tears she shed, the sighs which escaped from her unhappy bosom! How many times she resolved to cast herself into the ocean! how often she repeated my name! But we were too far off to hear her cries; we only saw something white flying on the shore to induce us to return, but the traitor Bartofano would not listen to the proposal. We glided swiftly through the water until we reached the Isle of Yvica, where we disembarked, and I was left on the shore, fastened to an anchor which happened to be there. Some mariners, well known to Bartofano, and such as himself, were there; although Cleonarda endeavoured to excite their compassion to render her their assistance, all her attempts were in vain, and they only laughed at her imbecility: they gave Bartofano plenty of provisions, with which he again set sail, dragging Cleonarda after him. From that time to the present moment nothing has been heard of them. I was left upon the shore nearly dying with hunger, and tied like a dog with my hands and feet together. This, however, was little affliction to me, compared with the torment I suffered when I reflected on the situation of Alcida, forlorn and starving on the Isle of Formentera. At length, I so far worked upon the compassion of the mariners who were near me, as to induce them to give me something to eat: they untied me, and, at my earnest request, they launched a little boat, on board which some provisions were placed. We soon reached

the Isle of Formentera, but Alcida was gone, nor did she answer to my repeated calls. I thought she had cast herself in a fit of despair into the sea, or had perhaps been devoured by the wild beasts. I searched every cave and the most hidden corners in the island; I ran along the shore and over the rocks, but my search was useless. At length, on a small piece of rock, cut into the shape of a monument, I found some letters written with the point of a knife.

It is impossible for me to describe the sensations I felt, the deep wound which was inflicted on my soul on reading these letters, knowing them to be Alcida's writing: they described the treachery which she supposed I had been guilty of, and the neglect and hatred with which she thought I had treated her. My life became a burden to me, and I should immediately have put an end to my existence, if the mariners who accompanied me had not prevented it. They dragged me senseless to the boat, and having returned to Yvica, I was carried in their ship to Italy, and disembarked at the port of Gayeta, in the kingdom of Naples. There I learned the joyful news that Alcida was still living, and was told by some shepherds, that she had arrived there in a Spanish ship, which, passing by Formentera, found her there alone: here she had landed, and to conceal herself from me, had assumed the garb of a shepherdess. I, in order to seek her with more facility, have dressed myself, as you see, like a shepherd. I have travelled over that kingdom seeking her in every part, and have

found no trace of her: I have, however, since learned, that to fly from me, she has embarked on board a Genoese ship for Spain. I followed her track, and I also arrived in Spain. I have sought after her over the greater part of the kingdom, and have found no one who can give me the least information of my cruel love. This then, fair shepherdess, is the true history of my misfortunes; this is my tragedy, this the cause of my dejection, and will be in the end my death. If in the story there has been any prolixity, the fault has been yours, not mine, for you importuned me to relate it.

THE GREEN MANTLE OF VENICE :

A true Story; from the German.

(Continued from p. 37.)

AMONG the answers to the advertisement in the newspaper, was one from a young man of the name of Wilmsen, who had strong recommendations from a house in Basle, and who possessed many qualifications for the situation now vacant in the counting-house of Mr. Mellinger: he was well acquainted with business, and had conducted the French, English, German, and Italian correspondence, so that his knowledge of languages was various and considerable. He also wrote a hand like copper-plate, and what is more, was extremely handsome; though of course this was not mentioned in the letter. The obstacle to taking him was, that the young man required to board in the house, which had never been the custom of Mr. Mellinger. After having seen him, he consulted his daughter upon the point, who, with something of affected commercial haughtiness, declared that it was necessary first that she should see him too.

"He will be sure to please you," replied the father, little thinking of the danger to which he was about to expose Emmeline by

the introduction of Wilmsen into his house, and into the company of his daughter, and meditating only on what it would cost him in meat and drink. "He is very gentlemanly in his deportment, modest, and prepossessing. He speaks correctly, and will perhaps make our table a little more cheerful."

"Just as you please," said Emmeline; "we shall soon see whether it is so or not. We can let him have the green chamber (one of the best in the house); that will be good enough, will it not?"

"Quite, quite! His victuals will not cost us much, and you need only pour him out one glass of wine after dinner; more would not be good for his young blood." They then proceeded to arrange the whole course of his meals; the old gentleman enforcing that degree of frugality which had distinguished him through life.

The young man was initiated into his duties next morning; he took his seat at the desk, and his first duty was to announce to old Sponseri the unlooked-for death of his son, according to the instructions he received from Mr. Mellin-

ger, who expressed his great anxiety to please a correspondent who was worth a couple of millions. It concluded with the ordinary condolences. Wilmsen wrote the letter in a beautiful Italian hand, and read it over to his employer, who expressed his complete satisfaction at the style in which it was penned, and declared that it was all that he desired. In fact, a more perfect composition of the kind had never been sent out of his counting-house.

At dinner time, he took his new clerk into the dining-room, and introduced him to his daughter. Emmeline blushed and drew back as he bowed to her, for she recollected to have seen him before in the great church: he had knelt and prayed by her at the altar. She had carried in her memory the image of the handsome young man, without knowing how deep an impression it had made on her heart, and now she beheld the original. He sat opposite to her, and often fixed his eyes upon her, but whenever hers met his, they mutually let them fall upon their plates. "The young man is a little awkward," observed the old gentleman to his daughter, after the cloth had been drawn; "he let his fork fall twice, and the stain will never be got out of the table-cloth where he spilt the red wine as you handed him the cake."—"It was his want of education," answered Emmeline.—"How can that be?" cried her father: "he writes in as good a style as Gellert himself, and proves himself thereby a merchant born. However, the stain in the cloth vexes me, and I must own that he seemed to know very little

about business at Basle, for I was obliged to put every question twice, and then he answered me only in monosyllables."

"Time will shew that," added Emmeline, who knew much more about the matter than her father, and easily guessed the reason why Wilmsen had dropped his fork and spilt his wine, and why his thoughts were so abstracted when Mr. Mellinger asked him about the state of trade at Basle. A feeling now reigned in her innocent breast that she had never before experienced: she had gained her first triumph over her father, and the handsome clerk had listened much more to her than to him. On her part, she felt a tender impulse in her bosom that interested her deeply in favour of the stranger, whose whole deportment soon convinced her, that she had never seen his equal.

In the evening Wilmsen sent back the somewhat parsimonious meal ordered for him by Mr. Mellinger: it was not wanted, for he had ordered a feast at the first hotel in the city, to which he had invited all the clerks of the house. Stipps on the following morning gave his master a full, true, and particular account of what had happened. All kinds of delicacies had been provided in profusion, and three toasts especially had been given, and renewed with great enthusiasm, viz. Mr. Mellinger, his daughter, and "success to commerce." They were drunk amid the sound of drums and trumpets. Rich wines, but particularly champagne, had been most freely dispensed; but at ten o'clock Mr. Wilmsen had excused himself, as it was necessary to take care that

all was right in the house of his employer. The rest remained carousing until after midnight; and even old Tobias was made royal with the good cheer.

Mr. Mellinger was quite astonished at the news; he had never before had such a man in his counting-house: he could scarcely believe that his own and his daughter's health had been drunk amid the sound of drums and trumpets. "You shall give him two glasses of wine to-day," said he to his daughter as old Stipps retired; "it must have cost him something to do us this honour, and the people in the neighbourhood, no doubt, wondered how I got such a clerk into my counting-house."

The next day at dinner, Wilmsen was a little more at home; but, nevertheless, he did not always reply to what the old gentleman asked him. Emmeline said nothing at all to him, but her eyes often rested upon the young stranger for a minute together, almost without her being conscious of it. Mr. Mellinger took the opportunity of thanking him for the toasts of the day preceding, but Emmeline could not speak: she would willingly have done it, but she could not open her lips; she strove, but in vain, and vexed with herself, made some excuse for her embarrassment; but the moment once past could not be recalled, and it was now no longer possible. What must Wilmsen think of her? He had cast towards her a look of expectation, and she had been silent! She was vexed with herself the whole day for it.

In the evening, the frugal supply

of bread and butter given out for him by the careful Rosina was sent back again: he was going out, and the same excuse was made on most days.

One afternoon, a courier arrived from Venice, bringing the following letter from old Sponseri:

"I am very uneasy. Yesterday, I received your letter, in which you mention that my son is not yet arrived. Last night, I dreamt that my William, wrapt in the green mantle which he was accustomed to wear, came, like a ghost, to my bedside, and whispered in my ear: 'I am dead, father; but I delivered your letter to Mr. Mellinger, and I now lay his answer on the table. He has decently interred me. Thank him for the last honours thus paid to me. Now live as you ought: it is past midnight, and I must return to my dark cold grave. Father, the grave is a fearful place. You shall soon hear more of me.'—I waked, and the figure of my son was no where to be seen. In a short time I recovered, and smiled to remember that it was only a dream. It was impossible; death could not yet have seized my fresh-blooming vigorous son. His words were still in my ears, when turning my eyes to the table that stood near, I saw a piece of paper upon it. It was just like the letter I had seen in my dream. I was horror-struck. I rang for the servants, as if the house were on fire. A cold sweat hung upon me. 'Lights! lights! for God's sake, lights!' I cried in my agony of grief and terror. Lights were brought instantly, and snatching up the paper, I found that it was your receipt, and writ-

ten in a trembling hand! My senses forsook me. I can tell you no more, but I intreat you, my friend, to give me some explanation of this mystery. I would have come myself, but that I am ill in bed with dread of what has happened. Despatch your answer by a courier express, and tell me if I am deprived of every hope."

At the receipt of this letter Mr. Mellinger was motionless with astonishment. According to its date, William Sponseri, on the first night of his interment, had carried the receipt to Venice. By no human means, not even by the flight of a bird, could it be accomplished in the time. "I watch over all your deeds!" were the words of the mysterious green mantle on the night he appeared to Mr. Mellinger, and the rapid conveyance of this letter shewed that he possessed supernatural powers.

The unhappy father, in the agony of his distress, wrote to Mr. Mellinger all the particulars of his horrid dream, but though he expressed doubt, he remained himself in all the torture of conviction. So altered was he in his deportment, that his neighbours, and indeed the whole city, who had long known him for a mild and benevolent christian, who had witnessed his many acts of charity to poor artisans, and to all persons in difficulty, began to fear that the wits of old Sponseri were decayed. He was beloved by all his tenantry, and there was scarcely a poor man in the whole country who had not, at some time or other, experienced his goodness and bounty. In his dealings with lower tradesmen, he made them abate nothing; he erect-

ed a school for the children of the poor and industrious, and supported the widows of many whose husbands had been employed by him. He aided young beginners in business with his credit, and gained throughout the whole commercial world the reputation of one of the most honest, upright, and excellent of merchants.

But shortly after the catastrophe which we have mentioned, he sustained many very heavy misfortunes. In one town, by a fire, he lost not less than 50,000 dollars; and an enemy's corps seized upon timber belonging to him, and lying in one of the ports of the North sea, to the amount of 80,000 dollars more. A cargo of maize and capers destined for England was also taken; and the failure of two of his oldest correspondents in Amsterdam and Hamburg deprived him of a large share of his capital. All these disasters occurred within the short space of two months. On the arrival of such intelligence, old Stipps used to shrug his shoulders, and console himself with such general reflections as, that "fine weather cannot last for ever"—"things must mend when the worst is at an end"—"when need is greatest God's help will not be latest"—and so on. Wilmsen also shrugged his shoulders, and threw in some doubts as to the justice of such heavy visitations. Old Mellinger resisted such daring conclusions, and Wilmsen was obliged at last to satisfy himself by reflecting, that whom God loves he chastens.

At this period, when Germany was in the most humiliated condition, a large body of troops was

stationed in the vicinity. A courier was missing, who had been long expected, and who had disappeared without leaving the slightest trace behind. It seemed not improbable, from all that could be heard, that he had met with some desperate man, who had given him his passport into the other world. The postillion, too, who should have driven the courier the last stage, had also never since been heard of. The *gens-d'armes* were on the alert, searching in every place, and tracing every suspicious circumstance; and in less than a week afterwards, to the astonishment of the whole city, Mr. Mellinger, in open day, and in his own house, was seized, ironed, and carried to a dungeon, as the murderer of the missing courier.

It was well known that the old gentleman in his heart bitterly

hated the foe who had injured his trade, and spread misery over his country, but no one could believe that this hatred had carried him to the extreme of assassination. He had many enemies in the town, but no man could suppose that their animosity had induced them to go so far as to manufacture this false accusation, to bring him to an ignominious death, or at best to compel him by an immense bribe to retain his life and regain liberty. The accused himself, at the first moment of his arrest, lost all consciousness, so that no opinion as to his guilt or innocence could be formed from his behaviour. What would be the issue could not be guessed; and he was kept in such close confinement, that no man even dared to speak to him.

(To be continued.)

CURIOUS DRAMATIC EXHIBITION AND DESCRIPTION OF THE PRATER AT VIENNA.

By the Rev. T. F. DIBDIN.

THE plan of the *Repository* prevents us from entering into a regular review of the narrative of the late Tour in France and Germany by this eminent *bibliomaniac*. Our readers must not imagine that it relates exclusively to the primary object of the author's pursuit. From the following passage, extracted at random from the third volume, they will see, that so far from being confined to dry details of bibliography, the work embraces a great variety of interesting and amusing particulars, narrated in a manner that is always lively, and often highly piquant and original.

After describing the performances which he witnessed at the principal opera-house, the traveller thus proceeds:

The other opera-house, which is in the suburbs, is by much the larger and more commodious place of entertainment. Here I saw the marvellous ballet, or rather after-piece, called *Der Berg-geist*, and I will tell you why I think it marvellous. It is entirely performed by children of all ages, from three to sixteen, with the exception of the venerable-bearded old gentleman, who is called the *Genius of the Mountain*. The author of the piece or ballet is Friedrich Hor-

schelt, who, if in such a department or vocation a man may be said (and why should he not?) to "deserve well of his country," is I think eminently entitled to that distinction. The truth is, that all the little rogues (I do not speak literally) whom we saw before us on the stage, and who amount to nearly one hundred and twenty in number, were absolutely beggar-children, and the offspring of beggars, or of the lowest possible classes in society. They earned a livelihood by the craft of asking alms. Mr. Horschelt conceived the plan of converting these hapless little vagabonds into members of some honest and useful callings. He saw an active little match-girl trip across the street, and solicit alms in a very winning and even graceful manner. "That shall be my Columbine," said he; and she was so. A young lad of a sturdy form and sluggish movement is converted into a Clown, a slim youth is made to personate Harlequin; and thus he moulds and forms the different characters of his entertainment, absolutely and exclusively out of the very lowest orders of society.

To witness what these metamorphosed little creatures perform is really almost to witness a miracle. Every thing they do is in consonance with a well devised and well executed plot. The whole is in harmony. They perform characters of different classes; sometimes allegorical, as preternatural beings; sometimes real, as rustics at one moment, and courtiers at another; but whether as fairies or attendants upon goddesses—and whether the dance be formal or frolicsome—

whether in groups of many, or in a *pas de deux* or *pas seul*, they perform with surprising accuracy and effect. The principal performer, who had really been the little match-girl above described, and who might have just turned her sixteenth year, would not have disgraced the boards of the Paris opera, at a moment even when Albert and Bigotini were engaged upon them. I never witnessed any thing more brilliant and more perfect than she was in all her evolutions and *pirouettes*. Nor are the lads behind in mettle and vigorous movement. One boy, about fourteen, almost divided the plaudits of the house with the fair nymph just mentioned, who, during the evening, had equally shone as a goddess, a queen, a fairy, and a columbine. The Emperor of Austria, who is an excellent good man, and has really the moral welfare of his people at heart, was at first a little fearful about the effect of this early metamorphosis of his subjects into actors and actresses; but he learned, upon careful inquiry, that these children, when placed out in the world, as they generally are before seventeen, unless they absolutely prefer the profession in which they have been engaged, turn out to be worthy and good members of society. Their salaries are fixed and moderate; and thus superfluous wealth does not lead them into temptation.

On the conclusion of the piece, the stage was entirely filled by the whole juvenile *corps dramatique*, perhaps amounting to about one hundred and twenty in number. They were divided into classes, according to size, dress, and talent.

After a succession of rapid evolutions, the whole group moved gently to the sound of soft music, while masses of purple tinted clouds descended and alighted about them. Some were received into the clouds, which were then lifted up, and displayed groups of the smaller children upon their very summits, united by wreaths of roses; while the larger children remained below. The entire front of the stage, up to the very top, was occupied by the most extraordinary and most imposing sight I ever beheld; and as the clouds carried the whole of the children upwards, the curtain fell, and the piece concluded. On its conclusion, the audience were in a perfect frenzy of applause, and demanded the author to come forward and receive the meed of their admiration. He quickly obeyed their summons, and I was surprised, when I saw him, at the youthfulness of his appearance, the homeliness of his dress, and the simplicity of his manners. He thrice bowed to the audience, laying his hand the same number of times on his heart. I am quite sure that if he were to come to London, and institute the same kind of exhibition, he would entirely fill Drury-lane or Covent-garden—as I saw the house filled—with parents and children from top to bottom.

But a truce to *in-door* recreations. You are longing, no doubt, to scent the evening breeze along the banks of the Prater, or among the towering elms of the Augarten—both public places of amusement, within about a league of the ramparts of the city. It was the other Sunday evening when I visited the Prater, and when—as the weather

happened to be very fine—it was considered to be full: but the absence of the court and of the noblesse necessarily gave a less joyous and splendid aspect to the carriages and their attendant liveries. In your way to this famous place of Sabbath-evening promenade, you pass a celebrated coffee-house in the suburbs, called the Leopoldstadt, which goes by the name of the Greek coffee-house, on account of its being almost entirely frequented by Greeks, so numerous at Vienna. Do not pass it if you should ever come hither, without entering it—at least once. You would fancy yourself to be in Greece; so thoroughly characteristic are the countenances, dresses, and language of every one within.

But yonder commences the procession of horse and foot; of cabriolets, family coaches, German waggons, cars, phaetons, and landaulets, all moving in a measured manner, within their prescribed ranks, towards the Prater. We must accompany them without loss of time. You now reach the Prater. It is an extensive flat; surrounded by branches of the Danube, and planted on each side with double rows of horse-chestnut trees. The drive, in one straight line, is probably a league in length. It is divided by two roads, in one of which the company move onward, and in the other they return. Consequently, if you happen to find a hillock only a few feet high, you may from thence obtain a pretty good view of the interminable procession of the carriages before mentioned; one current of them as it were moving forward, and another rolling backward. But, hark!

the notes of a harp are heard to the left, in a meadow where the foot-passengers often digress from their own formal tree-lined promenade. A press of ladies and gentlemen is quickly seen. You mingle involuntarily with them; and looking forward, you observe a small stage erected, upon which a harper sits and two singers stand. The company now lie down upon the grass, or break into standing groups, or sit upon chairs hired for the occasion, to listen to the notes so boldly and so feelingly executed. The clapping of hands, and exclamation of bravo! succeed; and the sounds of applause, however warmly bestowed, quickly die away in the open air. The performers bow, receive a few krentzers, retire, and are well satisfied.

The sound of the trumpet is now heard behind you. Tilting feats are about to be performed: the coursers snort, and are put in motion; their hides are bathed in sweat beneath their ponderous housings; and the blood, which flows freely from the pricks of their riders' spurs, shews you with what earnestness the whole affair is conducted. There, the ring is thrice carried off at the point of the lance. Feats of horsemanship follow in a covered building to the right; and the juggler, conjurer, or magician displays his dexterous feats, or exercises his potent spells, in a little amphitheatre of trees, at a distance beyond. Here and there rise more stately edifices, as theatres, from the doors of which a throng of heated spectators is pouring out, after having indulged their grief or joy at the Mary Stuart of Schiller, or the — of

— In other directions, booths, stalls, and tables are fixed; where the hungry eat, the thirsty drink, and the merry-hearted indulge in potent libations. The waters are in a constant state of motion. Rhemish wine sparkles here, confectionary glitters there, and fruit looks bright and tempting in a third place. No guest turns round to eye the company; because he is intent upon the luxuries which invite his immediate attention, or he is in close conversation with an intimate friend or a beloved female. They talk and laugh, and the present seems to be the happiest moment of their lives.

All is gaiety and good-humour. You return again to the foot-promenade, and look sharply about you, as you move onward, to catch the spark of beauty, or admire the costume of taste, or confess the power of expression. It is an Albanian female who walks yonder, wondering and asking questions at every thing she sees. The proud Jewess, supported by her husband and father, moves in another direction. She is covered with brocade and flaunting ribbons; but she is abstracted from every thing around her, because her eyes are cast down upon her stomacher, or sideways, to obtain a glimpse of what may be called her spangled epaulettes. Her eye is large and dark; her nose is aquiline; her complexion is of an olive brown; her stature is majestic, her dress is gorgeous, her gait is measured, and her demeanour is grave and composed. "She *must* be very rich?" you say as she passes on. — "She is *prodigiously* rich," replies the friend to whom you put the question: for seven virgins, with

nosegays of the choicest flowers, held up her bridal train; and the like number of youths, with silver-hilted swords, and robes of ermine and satin, graced the same bridal ceremony. Her father thinks he can never do enough for her, and her husband, that he can never love her sufficiently. Whether she be *happy* or not in consequence, we have no time to stop to inquire—for, see yonder, three “turbaned Turks” make their advances. How gaily, how magnificently they are attired! What finely proportioned limbs! What beautifully formed features! They have been carousing, peradventure, with some young Greeks, who have just saluted them *en passant*, at the famous coffee-house before mentioned. Every thing around you is novel and striking, while the verdure of the trees and lawns is yet fresh, and the sun does not seem yet disposed to sink below the horizon. The carriages still move on and return in measured procession. Those who are within look earnestly from the windows, to catch a glance of their passing friends. The fair hand is waved here; the curiously painted fan is shaken there; and the repeated nod is seen in almost every other passing landaulet. Not a heart seems sad; not a brow appears to be clouded with care.

Such, or something like the foregoing, is the scene which usually passes on a Sunday evening, perhaps six months out of the twelve, upon the famous Prater at Vienna; while the tolling bell of St. Stephen’s tower, about nine o’clock, and the groups of visitors hurrying back to get home before the gates of the city are shut against them, usually conclude the scene just described. Here too, on the week-days, they have sometimes fire-works. About a fortnight ago, I was present at an exhibition of this kind, exceedingly splendid, for admission to which every one pays a paper florin. There were ten distinct pieces or representations, upon a surface of temporary scaffolding, perhaps fifty or seventy feet in length, by thirty high. The whole concluded with a representation of an Indian fort taken by a British frigate. It was cleverly managed; the report of the guns from the battery and ship being equally loud and incessant. Every thing was conducted in the most excellent order, beneath a cloudless sky, spotted with countless stars. As the larger Bengal lights were burning, the effect upon a multitude of perhaps five thousand spectators was exceedingly beautiful and interesting.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. LXVIII.

One man in his time plays many parts,
His life being seven ages. — SHAKESPEARE.

I HAVE some thoughts communicated to me upon old age, which I do not hesitate to communicate to my younger readers. Pleasure, no less than our ideas, may be distinguished into that which is apprehended by means of our reflection and senses. How low and

groveling the one! how exalted and superior is the other! Besides, sensual pleasure is fleeting and momentary, but that of reflection durable and lasting as our existence. Now, though old men lose, in a great measure, the pleasures of the latter, yet they enjoy those of the former in a superior degree to the young. The opinions that follow, though written in a plain way, are founded in experience, and may lead to the most useful considerations.

F — T —.

Every stage of life is a burden to those who have no fund of happiness within themselves; but they who derive all their felicity from this source, cannot possibly think any thing grievous that proceeds from the stated order of nature. In which class old age may, in a special manner, be ranked; the attainment whereof is the universal wish of mankind, who make it no less the subject of complaint, when obtained: so great is the mutability of their folly and perverseness. It has stolen upon us, say they, sooner than we could have imagined. But then who obliged them to make a false computation, as old age does not creep faster upon youth, than youth upon infancy? Again, would age be less burdensome should they live to eight hundred years, than it is at eighty? For the past part of life, however long that may be, can afford no satisfaction to comfort an old age ridiculous in itself.

Upon serious examination, then, I find certain causes why old age appears miserable: the first is, that it disqualifies us for business;

the second, that it enfeebles our bodies; the third, that it deprives us of all pleasure; and the fourth, that it borders upon death: let us examine then, if you please, what justice and weight there is in each of them.

Does old age render us unfit for business? For what business, pray? Is it such as requires the strength and vigour of youth? Are there then no occupations proper for old age, that may be managed by the rational part of man, even though the body be weakly? To affirm that old age is incapable of business, is the same as to maintain that a pilot is of no use in navigation; because, whilst some mount the shrouds, others run on the deck, or work at the pump, he sits quietly at the helm. An old man, indeed, cannot perform such actions as requires youth; but he does what is much greater, as well as better. It is neither by strength, swiftness, nor agility of body that affairs of great importance are transacted; but by prudence, authority, and good advice; which, far from being lost, are even much improved for the most part by age.

Would you but consult the accounts left us of past or former transactions, you will find that the greatest states have been ruined by young men, but supported and restored by the old. Thus in some play it is said,

“Sudden the fall of your once mighty state;
Unfold, I pray, the cause of its dire fate;”

the answer to which is chiefly what follows:

“Its counsellors were men of no repute;
Or unfledg’d striplings, that were fools to
• boot.”

For rashness is the characteristic

of youth, as prudence is of old age. But memory decays. This may indeed be the case if it is neglected, or naturally a bad one. —I never heard, however, of an old man that forgot where he had hid his treasure. They easily remember all that nearly concerns them, as obligations entered into, their own debtors, or those to whom they themselves are indebted.

What shall we say of lawyers, priests, and philosophers, who, though advanced in years, have remembered a vast multiplicity of things? Old men never lose their abilities, if diligence and application to study be not wanting: nor speak I this of men of fame and renown only, but likewise of those who live in a private and undisturbed retirement. Sophocles continued to write plays to an extreme old age; and because he seemed, for the sake of study, to throw off all regard for his domestic affairs, he was sued at law by his own sons; on which the old man is said to have read to his judges the play of *Edipus Coloneus*, which happened to be in his hand, and had been but lately finished: this done, he asked them if that poem could be the work of one who had lost his senses; when they unanimously stopped any farther prosecution against him.

I could name old country gentlemen, who are my friends and neighbours, and our own fellow-citizens, that were never absent from their estates. This, however, is nowise surprising in them: for there are none so old, but think they may live a year; nay, these very men take a great deal of pains about what they very well

know can never be of any service to themselves:

“ His trees he plants, the future age to serve.”

Now should any one ask an old country gentleman for whom he plants, he will make no scruple to answer, “As I have received benefits from my ancestors, I feel it a duty that I should likewise perpetuate them to posterity.”

At present, indeed, I no more desire the strength of a young man, for that is the second objection to old age, than I desired that of a bull or elephant when young. Whatever ability a man possesses, he ought to make a good use of it, and in all his actions exert himself accordingly. The want of bodily strength, however, is more frequently owing to the vices of youth, than to old age itself: for intemperance and debauchery in the former render the body exhausted and feeble before the latter arrives. I could never approve of the old proverb, so much in repute, that advises, if we would live to be old, to begin early to be so. As for my part, I had rather my old age be the shorter, than to act the old man before I really was so.

We ought to hold out against old age with courage, and compensate by our diligence for its inconveniences. We should struggle with old age as with a disease. The preservation of health demands our utmost attention: in order to which, we should use moderate exercise, and take so much meat and drink as is necessary to refresh and recruit, and not to oppress our strength. Nor is the body alone to be cared for; much more concern ought to be

taken about our mind and rational part: for even these will be extinguished by old age, unless, like a lamp, you feed them with oil.

As I approve of a youth that has something of the old man in him, so I am no less pleased with the old man that has something of the youth. He that follows this rule may be old in body, but can never be so in mind.

There remains another objection, that renders our advanced state of life full of anxiety and concern, viz. the approach of death, which cannot, in the nature of things, be far removed from old age. How wretched is the old man who, in the whole course of his long life, has not learned that death is to be despised!

Besides, who is there, though in the very flower of his youth, so infatuated, as to promise himself one single day's existence? And, indeed, this age is much more subject to mortal accidents: young men fall into distempers more easily, and sicken under them, and are cured with greater difficulty. Hence few arrive at old age.

Ay, but a youth may hope to live for a considerable time, which

an old man cannot. Such hopes are folly: for what is more inconsistent with reason, than to hold uncertainties for certain, and falsehoods for truth? An old man, indeed, has nothing to hope for: but even in this respect he has the advantage of a young man, as having already obtained what the other only hopes to arrive at. The latter wishes to live long; the former hath actually done so. However short the duration of life, it is abundantly long if spent agreeably to the dictates of virtue and honour. But should it be spun out longer, there is no more reason to be grieved on that account, than the husbandmen have, when, after the sweet season of spring is past, they see the summer and autumn advance: for the spring is a kind of emblem of youth, and exposes to our view the buds of the future fruit, for the reaping and ingathering of which the other seasons are accommodated. Now the fruit of old age is, the remembrance of those virtuous actions which have distinguished the former part of our lives. Happy, thrice happy are they whose reflection is furnished with them!

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Russian Air, with an Introduction, composed for the Piano-forte, and dedicated to the Misses Sims, by John Canidge, Mus. Doc. Cant.
Pr. 3s. 6d.—(Goulding and Co)

THE above piece has afforded us a high degree of satisfaction: it bespeaks the skill of a master well versed in his art, joined to a cultivated taste and an abundant fa-

cility of invention. The introductory adagio is written with much feeling and delicacy, and presents harmonic combinations of the higher order. We were not before acquainted with the Russian air which forms the ground-work of the principal movement. It is a tune of great simplicity, but not the less interesting on that account,

and its peculiar character vouches for the authenticity of its national origin. The superstructure which Dr. C. has raised upon so favourable a foundation abounds with ideas of great variety and elegance, at all times in good analogy with the theme; the modulations which he has interwoven, such as pp. 6 and 7, &c. are of the most select description; and the general harmonic colouring combines purity with adequate fullness and propriety. An episodic part in $\frac{3}{4}$ time, p. 7, particularly demands our notice: it is uncommonly soft and graceful; and the variations deduced from it are precisely such as a refined musical ear would anticipate from such a subject.

Theme, with Variations, an Introduction, and Finale, composed, and respectfully dedicated by permission to the Right Hon. Lady Elizabeth Frederica Manners, by Richard Sharp. Pr. 2s. 6d. —(Goulding and Co.)

This, we understand, is a *first attempt* at composition by a son of Mr. Sharp, organist at Grantham, and the respectability alone of the quarter whence we have the information could induce us to give credit to it. Whether we consider this essay with a view to harmonic correctness, or with regard to melodic invention; whether we judge of it in point of general taste and style, we are compelled to allow it a degree of perfection, which scarcely admits of any critical objections, and which the labours of many veteran composers of respectability do not exhibit. The introduction at once ensured our good will: it is a brief allegro, of

good keeping and melody; it breathes a proper spirit, and the harmonic treatment is workmanlike and tasteful. The theme of the variations (E b, $\frac{6}{8}$), probably of Mr. S.'s own inditing, partakes of the nature of a pastorale: its unaffected pleasing melody and rhythmical regularity leave nothing to be wished for; except perhaps the connecting semiquaver passages at the close of the periods, which may be deemed to trench upon the simplicity desirable in a mere theme. The eight variations which have been reared upon this subject possess every attraction and merit that can render this species of composition interesting. Without detailing their individual features, it may be sufficient to state, that the diversity of their character, and the frequent elegance of musical diction, keep the attention alive to the last. The bass evolutions of the 4th variation, the imitation of the subject by the left hand in var. 5. the florid and delicate adagio in var. 7. and the pretty polacca at the conclusion, the changes of tempo, &c. prove the high degree of advance which the author has gained in his art, and the good use he has made of classic models. In the adagio, perhaps, a less portion of decorative amplification and musical filigree might have been desirable; but the fret-work, abundantly as it has been interlaced, is tasteful and well finished.

The above specimen of Mr. Sharp's talents justifies great expectations from future efforts. We are rather eager to see something from his pen beyond mere variations. However well calculated these may be for a first trial, inas-

much as they afford a rich opportunity for varying, turning, and dilating ideas already propounded, it is not by variations that originality of invention, innate genius for melody, can best display itself.

Upon these further qualifications we shall be more fully able to give our opinion when we see a sonata of Mr. S.'s composition. What we have seen warrants us in anticipating the success of a higher effort of the latter description.

"Of all the days in mem'ry's list;" *the Words from the new Poems of John Clare, the Northamptonshire Peasant, humbly dedicated to the Rt. Hon. the Lady Sophia Pierrepont; the Music composed by F. W. Crouch. Pr. 2s.*—(Royal Harmonic Institution.)

This composition derives an additional interest from the humble station of the author of the text. The poems of John Clare are, we understand, in a course of publication; and as far as we may be allowed to judge of poetical merit, the specimens exhibited in this and the succeeding ballad, appear to be deserving of the public favour. The music of Mr. Crouch is every way entitled to our commendation; it breathes a degree of tenderness and feeling well suited to the import of the text; the ideas are in due connection with each other, and their harmonic sub-structure is generally correct, adequate, and effective. A slight objection might perhaps be offered at the beginning of p. 2. The F's in the three staves clash, in the nature of consecutive octaves, with the preceding leading note E, and the previous close on the chord of E; and as a new idea is propound-

ed, the beginning of it with a seventh (F ♯, 7) was not advisable, nor do the words seem to call for the plaintive minor tint. The melody, however, as it stands, would perhaps have been more advantageously supported by commencing the bass with B, 3; and proceeding with D, 6; E, 3 ♯, 6; to F ♯, 7, &c.

"Give me life's ease;" *the Words by John Clare, the Northamptonshire Peasant; the Music composed by F. W. Crouch. Pr. 2s.*—(Royal Harmonic Institution.)

A very chaste and affecting melody, well harmonized, easy in its flow, and eminently expressive of the sentiments conveyed by the text. The composer, we should conceive, might have brought the syllable "let" at "Let death" into the bar, without making it a leading note; and in the next line, the poet had no occasion for the word "but," which only disturbs the metre. The concluding symphonies, short as they are, appear to us entitled to special and favourable notice.

The celebrated Psychean Quadrilles, composed, and respectfully inscribed, by permission, to the Right Hon. the Countess Cowper, by R. Topliff. Pr. 4s.—(Clementi and Co.)

Upon the saltatory merits of these quadrilles, the figures of which are stated to have been devised by Mr. Sidney, it is not within our province or power to pronounce. The tunes are entitled to our favourable notice, excepting perhaps No. 3. which is rather common. *Le Zephire* and *la Jardinière* appear to us to be the best of the five quadrilles contained in this book: they possess great spirit and pre-

cision, requisites which in dances are especially desirable. A waltz, of some extent, concludes the collection, and concludes it well: it is of tasteful conception, simple and regular in its constituent parts, well calculated for the ball-room, and very fit for the musical practice of a beginner.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 10.—WALKING DRESS.

A CAMBRIC muslin round dress; the bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a flounce of scalloped work, disposed in deep plaits at some distance from each other, and the spaces between left plain; in the middle of each space is a muslin tab: this trimming is surmounted by another composed of full puffings of muslin, with lozenges between, and a rouleau of muslin at the top. High body, tight to the shape, profusely ornamented with work, and trimmed at the wrists and round the throat with scalloped lace. Spencer of cerulean blue *soie de Londres*: it is tight to the shape; the waist is the usual length, and it is finished with a full bow and ends of the same material, corded with satin in the middle of the back. The bust is formed, in a most becoming manner, by a fold of satin edged with a loop trimming of *soie de Londres*, which goes in a sloping direction from the shoulder to the bottom of the waist. The long sleeve is finished at the hand with satin folds and loop trimming: the epaulette is a mixture of satin and *soie de Londres*, disposed in an extremely novel and tasteful style, for which we refer to our print. Falling collar, finished with bands of satin and loop

trimming. Head-dress, a bonnet composed of white watered *gros de Naples*; the brim, of a moderate size, turns up a little, and is ornamented under the edge with a band of blue tufted gauze; a piece of *gros de Naples* goes round the crown, cut at bottom and top in the form of leaves, and edged with narrow straw plait. A full bunch of these leaves and a bouquet of *marguerites* are placed on one side of the crown, and a bouquet of *marguerites* only on the other. Broad white satin strings, tied in a full bow on the left side. Black kid shoes. Limeric gloves.

PLATE 11.—EVENING DRESS.

A figured lace round dress over a white satin slip: the body is tight to the shape, and the waist of the usual length; it is cut moderately low round the bust, which is trimmed with an intermixture of folds of net and pink satin. Full sleeve, composed of lace over white satin, intermixed in a tasteful and novel manner with small bouquets of moss roses. At the bottom of the skirt is a full rouleau of pink satin wadded; this is surmounted by bouquets of leaves in pink satin, arranged at equal distances from each other, and between each is an ornament, in the form of a star, composed of five small roses. A

rich satin sash, the middle white, the edges pink, tied in full bow and long ends behind, finishes the dress. The hair is arranged in light but full curls on the temples. Head-dress, a coronation hat, composed of *gaze de laine*. We refer for the form of this elegant hat to our print: it is finished at the edge with narrow pointed blond, and is ornamented with a diamond loop and a superb plume of white ostrich feathers, which droop a little to one side. Necklace, cross, ear-rings, and bracelets, diamonds. White kid gloves, finished with a full quilling of tulle. White satin slippers.

We are indebted to Miss Pierpoint of No. 12, Edwards-street, Portman-square, inventress of the *corset à la Grecque*, for both these dresses.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The principal alteration in promenade costume since last month is, that silk pelisses are now very little seen. Muslin pelisses, or robes richly finished with work, or else silk spencers, which are worn with muslin dresses, are very general. We have no observation to make about spencers, as the only elegant novelty of that description is the one we have given in our print. Cachemire and net silk shawls and scarfs are likewise very much worn over white dresses, which are now almost the only ones seen in the promenade; they are trimmed, as usual, with *pouillonné* flounces, or embroidery.

Bonnets are of the same materials as last month; but we notice that the brims are becoming evidently smaller. We have observed a few, but very few, bonnets of

open-worked straw, lined with coloured silk, and trimmed with flowers, either composed of straw or those of the season. White veils of transparent gauze begin to be a good deal worn: they have very rich woven flowered borders.

We should have much to say on the subject of full dress did our limits permit. Fancy and taste have both been exhausted to adorn our fashionable *belles* for the coronation; and never did the British fair appear to greater advantage than when, glowing with loyalty, and attired with the splendour befitting the occasion, they attended to witness that august ceremony. As our limits will not permit us to give a detailed account of the different dresses, we shall confine ourselves to such particulars as appear to us most striking.

The display of jewels, both in the Hall and Abbey, was extremely magnificent: coronets, tiaras, circlets, aigrettes, combs, &c. &c. of diamonds, pearls, and coloured gems, were mingled with feathers in the head-dresses. Among the coloured gems, the pink topaz was most prevalent. Pearl *bandeaux*, brought low across the forehead, were very general. The feathers were of the most superb description, and the plumes very full: they were mostly placed rather far back. A few ladies had their hair dressed without feathers, but the number was very inconsiderable.

The dresses, generally speaking, were composed of very costly materials. Lace over white satin, white and coloured gauzes over white and coloured satin, and figured satins and rich silks, both white and coloured, were all nearly in equal proportion. There were

also some silver tissues and silver lama dresses, which had a magnificent effect. We noticed but few coloured crape dresses, but there were a considerable number in white. The trimmings were rather distinguished for their magnificence than their novelty. There were a great many of blond, mostly embroidered in silver or steel; there were also several spangled trimmings, and a good many embroidered in flowers, done with coloured silks on gauze or tulle. Several beautiful trimmings were composed of *ruches* of silver gauze; some disposed in draperies, others put on plain. *Bouillonné*, either of transparent or silver gauze, mixed with artificial flowers, was also very prevalent; and we noticed several trimmings composed of flounces of blond lace, looped with artificial flowers. Stomachers were very general: many were embroidered in silver or steel, to correspond with the dress; some were ornamented with diamonds, and a great many with pearls. We observed, in several instances, a row of diamonds, pearls, or coloured gems round the bust of a dress; and where this was the case, the sleeves were usually looped with jewelled ornaments to correspond. There were a good many sashes of silver gauze and silver tissue; they were very broad, were dispersed in folds round the waist, and tied in full bows and ends behind. *Ceintures* of net steel were also very numerous: the greatest part of these had diamond clasps. We noticed likewise some white satin zones richly embroidered in pearls. One of the dresses struck us as being at once very beautiful and

appropriate to the occasion: it was composed of white figured satin; the bottom of the skirt trimmed with a deep flounce of blond, fastened up in draperies by bouquets, in which the rose, thistle, and shamrock were intermixed; this trimming was surmounted by a wreath of laurel in silver foil. The *corsage* was cut very low, but the bust was partially shaded by a blond tucker looped at each shoulder by diamonds. The sleeves were composed of full falls of blond over white satin. A broad sash of silver tissue, disposed, in the Parisian style, in folds round the waist and bows behind, finished the dress.

Another dress, which had a remarkably beautiful effect, was composed of blue satin: the trimming was a white gauze *bouillonné*, intermixed with silver shells; sprays, lightly embroidered in silver, and placed at considerable distances from each other, came from different parts of the *bouillonné* in a sloping direction: the trimming was very deep. The *corsage* was ornamented with a white satin stomacher, beautifully embroidered in silver; the bust was trimmed with blond, formed into puffs by large pearls. The sleeves were gauze *bouillonné*, mixed with silver shells, to correspond with the trimming of the skirt.

The prevailing colours were lilac, rose-colour, and blue; but a considerable number of the dresses were white. The feathers, with the exception of a few bird of paradise plumes, were also in general white; they were ostrich, and the plumes, as we before observed, very full and long.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, JUNE 18.

My dear SOPHIA,

NOTWITHSTANDING the cold and rainy weather, our fair-fashionables attire themselves in the light style usually adopted at this time of year. Muslin is at present the order of the day; percale is most in favour for the morning promenade; and in many instances, the high dress worn for the breakfast table, with a pelerine of the same material, forms the out-door costume: but by a whim as singular as it is ill judged, the bodies of gowns, even in dishabille, are made most unbecomingly tight to the figure; and as the waists have not decreased in length, this gives an appearance of stiffness even to those *belles* who have to boast of an easy and well turned shape; and where that is not the case, it renders the defects of the figure still more glaring.

Percale robes and petticoats are very much in favour; the latter has a deep flounce round the bottom, and the robe is just short enough to display a little of it. The robe meets in front, and is flounced round the bottom and up the sides; the body is made as tight as possible to the shape, the back broad between the shoulders, but tapering at each side. A small collar stands up close to the throat, and is finished with a triple frill, which falls over. Plain long sleeves, also made very tight, and trimmed at the hand with a double frill. I must observe, that the trimming is always of soft muslin, or of work. The pelerine is rather large; it wraps across in front, and the

ends, which are rounded, fall nearly a quarter of a yard below the waist in front: it is very little longer than the waist behind, and the end forms a scollop; it is cut out on the shoulder, so as to have in a great measure the appearance of an epaulette, and is trimmed round, to correspond with the dress.

A good many promenade dresses are also made round; these are trimmed with an intermixture of little flounces and work let in in waves. I have noticed in some of these dresses a very broad wave of work, which goes round the bust, and forms a high point, in the Grecian style, in the centre of the bosom. The collar in general falls over; it is cut in five points, which are always embroidered to correspond with the trimming.

Though pelerines are fashionable, they are not exclusively so: we see many *élégantes* in cachemire shawls; and some, though but a few, in black ones. There is a new kind of half-handkerchief, which it is very fashionable to tie loosely round the throat: the ground is plain, and is always of one colour; white is most fashionable: it is of wool, and extremely fine; the border is of cachemire, and for this reason, these little *sautoirs* are called *Bareges cachemires*: they are very much in favour, and you may tie them in whatever way you please, they never crease.

Percale pelisses, though not so much in favour for the promenade as the dresses I have described, are nevertheless genteel, and some of them are trimmed in a very pretty style. I will endeavour

vour to describe to you those that I think most tasteful. One of them has a broad border of rich open-work resembling lace at the bottom; this border is lined with bright green *gros de Naples*, and finished at each edge by a roll of clear muslin, with a green ribbon run through it. The pelerine corresponds with the bottom, but the trimming is narrower; the collar, which falls over, is eased at the edge with ribbon, and finished with work, as is also the bottom of the sleeve. This pelisse, when worn with a cambric muslin *capote*, or a close Leghorn bonnet, forms a very neat morning walking dress.

Another pretty style of trimming is a *bonillonné* of clear muslin laid on at the bottom of the pelisse, and a wave, with a coloured ribbon run through it, interspersed. A third sort consists of a trimming of clear muslin laid on full, and fastened down at regular distances by very broad leaves of coloured silk, covered with clear muslin, and edged with lace: this trimming, which has a very elegant effect, goes also up the fronts.

Bonnets continue the same size as last month, but they are no longer pointed at the brim. The materials are various, but all of them appropriate to the season. Straw and soft crape are the highest in estimation; next, are hats of gauze decorated with embroidery in straw, then cotton straw, and what is called rice straw, which, by the bye, is paper made to resemble straw finely plaited. Leghorn, which till now has not been in favour at this time of year, is also worn; and, lastly, silk and satin, which are less fashionable than the

other materials I have mentioned. As to transparent bounnets, we see hardly any but those made in soft crape, or in gauze embroidered with straw.

Flowers, which till now have been so long in favour for bonnets, are suddenly superseded by feathers, and there are almost as many different sorts of feathers as *chapeaux*: thus, for instance, a Leghorn hat is ornamented with four or five long flat white ostrich feathers placed upright in front of the crown. A plume of very fine marabouts adorns the hat of cotton straw, and they are always of a pale grey, in order to display the exquisite whiteness of the *chapeau*. Hats of rice straw, satin, and silk are decorated with *panaches* of Padua feathers; they are always white mixed with one other colour: rose, blue, and lilac are the hues most in favour. Curled ostrich feathers, round but not high, generally adorn the hats of soft crape. Those that are of gauze embroidered with straw are the only ones on which you see flowers, and they are always trimmed with bunches of lilies of the valley composed of straw. A whimsical *élégante* found the arrangement that I have just described to you very formal, and was besides, as she declared, tired of its long continuance; it has been in vogue eight days: so she set her wits to work to invent something new, and yesterday she appeared in a *chapeau* of tufted gauze over white satin; there was a sort of base round the bottom of the crown, in which was inserted, at regular distances, short full plumes of white Padua feathers, and between each a bouquet of lilies of the valley in yellow straw.

Before I quit the promenade costume; I must observe to you, that our girdles now are made of hair, or of hard silk to resemble hair, plaited in the same manner as the neck-chains which have been so long in use: they are fastened in front with a gold clasp.

Crape, satin, and *tulle* are all in favour in full dress. Gowns are made lower round the bust than they have been for some time: the folds on the bust, which were so long in favour, and so becoming to the shape, have disappeared; and the *corsage* is made so tight, as to display the exact proportions of the form. The sides of the back and the setting on of the skirt are done in such a manner as to form a welt: this marks the shape, and is certainly advantageous to the figure. Sleeves are generally made short in full dress, but if they are long, which is sometimes the case, they are tight to the arm, and always of a clear material, as crape, *tulle*, or *gaze de laine*. Our trimmings have little variety; they are either *ruches* or honeycombs: if the former, there are three very full ones, each placed at some distance above the other. *Ruches*, much smaller than those at the bottom, go round the bust and the bottoms of the sleeves, and they always correspond in colour with the dress. If the trimming is in honeycomb, it is also the colour of the gown, but is only put on the bottom of the dress, as the bosom and sleeves are trimmed with blond.

We are likely to have an entire change in the manner of dressing the hair; the full clusters of curls on the temples have been gradually giving way to bands crossed on the forehead in the Grecian style, and now we see scarcely any thing else.

The hair continues to be very much displayed in full dress; it is decorated with diamonds, pearls, and ornaments composed of gold and steel, or gold and coral. Hats of soft crape, and small caps, which are still pointed *à la Marie Stuart*, are also in favour; but they are more worn for social parties than in grand costume: they are trimmed with wreaths or bouquets of a small rose-coloured flower with five round petals, and a brilliant spot in the centre, of a deep garnet colour. I forget at this moment the botanical name of this pretty flower, but it is commonly called *Jacob's ladder*.

The colours most fashionable are, rose, lilac, and blue; green is also partially worn; and *ponceau*, though a colour very unsuitable to the time of year, is much in favour for ribbons, particularly for gauze ones.

You have often said that you were in my debt for fashions, but now, if you are not too indolent, I will give you an opportunity of paying me, by sending me a good long account of the coronation. Would I were with you to witness it! Such is, I believe, the wish of every truly English heart, as well as that of your

EUDOCIA.

CORONATION OF HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE IV.

CORONATIONS are ceremonies of so much splendour, and of such rare occurrence (and we ardently hope that they will continue to be so), that our readers would hold us inexcusable, if we did not attempt to give them some account of a solemnity so striking and august. Considerably more than half a century has elapsed since the last Coronation, and in the interval, the mode in which intelligence of this kind is communicated to the public has been almost completely changed. In 1761, newspapers, compared with the extent to which in our day they are published, were almost unknown; the articles of intelligence they contained were brief and few, and their circulation extremely limited. It was then that such publications as "The Gentleman's Magazine," or "The Annual Register," were the principal modes of communication with the public in matters of this kind; and one proof of the fact is, that such are now the chief sources resorted to for the purpose of reviving a knowledge of the splendid ceremonials. At the date to which we refer, a magazine was to be looked upon very much as a monthly newspaper; but as diurnal publications have increased, magazines have, in a considerable degree, altered the nature of their contents; and, occupied with original communications, or information regarding literature or the fine arts, they have now but little room for matters of mere description, in which they must be forestalled by journals which every day are read by many hundred thousand indi-

viduals in the metropolis only. We have alluded to these circumstances in some degree to excuse ourselves for the degree of brevity we have been obliged to observe even in our general descriptions, and our account must of course be more limited were we further to extend our introduction. As we had ourselves tickets both for the Hall and for the Abbey, we shall state nothing that is not warranted by our own personal observation.

It is well known that hitherto the weather has not been fine for the season, but the 19th July was rendered still more joyous by the peculiar clearness and brightness of the atmosphere. It was remarked of his late Majesty that he was almost uniformly fortunate in the days he selected for public solemnities; and in this instance his present Majesty was similarly favoured. We shall not attempt a particular description of the arrangements or constructions either where the Coronation actually took place, or where the banquet was prepared; not merely because they were such as have been observed since Charles II. ascended the throne, but because our readers must already be acquainted with them in sufficient detail. It will be enough to say, that in Westminster Hall, on the right side of the throne, was a box containing the Princesses of the Blood Royal, with their ladies, maids of honour, and attendants above them in a separate gallery; and on the left side of the throne, a similar box filled by the foreign ambassadors and their ladies in the most superb

habiliments. Their secretaries, persons attached to their suites, and a concourse of foreign nobility, were also present in an adjoining gallery.

The peeresses of the realm, in their own right and by marriage, with their daughters, filled a most extensive and commodious range of seats, also to the left of the throne: here of course they were unaccompanied by gentlemen, because the peers were engaged in the part of the magnificent ceremonial it fell to their share to perform. These illustrious ladies might be truly said to form

“ A bright crystal mirror for the world
To dress itself; ”

for never was good taste displayed in greater splendour, or set off with more incomparable beauty. The author whom Sir Piercy Shaf-ton was so fond of quoting, remarks of England, that “ there such women are found as are sung of in Florence, dreamed of in Rome, read of in Greece, but never found but in this island.” This assertion received a full confirmation, for beneath long lines of snowy and waving plumes (feathers being almost universal), many a wearer

—let such glances fly
As made stars shoot to imitate her eye.

In a few instances it must be owned, that the dress was slightly degraded by the extreme difficulty of gaining admission, even at the early hour of five in the morning.

Above the peeresses, and in two galleries opposite to them, as well as near the orchestra over the great gateway, were crowds of visitors, male and female; the males uniformly in court dresses with swords, and the females very richly habit-

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ed, though without lappets or trains. On the whole, on the entrance of his Majesty, before he went to the Abbey in the procession, including the great officers of state, the peers, the knights of the different orders, their esquires, the pages, heralds, train-bearers, and attendants, with the peeresses and visitors, there were not less than five thousand persons present, all clad in the most gorgeous costumes, habits of office, robes of rank, or court dresses. His Majesty entered the Hall at ten in the morning, and appeared to enjoy excellent health, and a flow of spirits that lasted from the beginning to the end of this happy and glorious day: he was cheered through the fatiguing parts of the solemnity by the heartfelt and joyous vociferations of all ranks and classes, both within and without doors.

The regalia having been brought in due form from Westminster Abbey by the dean and chapter, they were placed by Lord Gwydir, the acting lord great chamberlain, on the table before the throne, and as soon as some other ceremonies had been gone through, the procession moved to the Abbey. It consisted first of the herb-women, lead by Miss Fellowes: they were

—Le dame amaroze
Chi gettan fiori e rose

in the path of the King. They were followed by the dean and chapter, drums, trumpets, knights marshal, &c. The aldermen of London, the masters in chancery and law, officers of the crown, with the judges, succeeded; and after them came a vast variety of officers of the household, headed by the lord chamberlain. Barons, vis-

R

counts, earls, marquesses, and dukes, marched next according to their rank; and the Archbishops of York and Canterbury preceded the regalia, consisting of four swords, two sceptres, spurs, and the imperial crown. The lord great chamberlain walked almost immediately before the Royal Dukes and Prince Leopold. His MAJESTY himself came next, not under the canopy, which followed some paces behind. It has been said that this was incorrect, but it is only one of the many corrections of ignorance; for the King does not walk under the canopy until after he has been crowned in the Abbey. Pages, lords of the bedchamber, and other officers of state, with the yeomen of the guard, closed the procession, which was one of the most splendid ever seen, rivalling, if not exceeding, all that we have read of Eastern magnificence. The Turkish ambassador, who was present, and who has travelled in Persia, acknowledged, that he had seen nothing there to equal it. It occupied more than half an hour for the procession to move from the Hall to the Abbey, though the distance was considerably short of a quarter of a mile.

With the general nature of the solemn ceremonies in Westminster Abbey our readers are no doubt sufficiently acquainted: they consisted of the recognition, the offering, the coronation oath, the anointing, the investing with the purple robe, with the spurs, with the sword, with the armil, with the orb, the ring, and the sceptres, and finally the crowning of his Majesty. These high duties were chiefly performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury and by the

Archbishop of York, the latter of whom preached an admirable sermon. The text was peculiarly happy: it was from the 2nd Book of Samuel: "He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God; and he shall shine as light in the morning, when the sun rises; as the morning without a cloud." That his Majesty's reign may be cloudless, both in the figurative and in the actual sense, must be the ardent wish of every good subject: we may be firmly confident, that as far as personal conduct is concerned, nothing will ever occur to overcast the scene.

The preparations in the interior of the Abbey were upon the same grand and complete scale as in the Hall. The plate we have furnished gives a faithful representation of the whole interior as viewed from the gallery of the peeresses. A the coronation chair: B the seat, in the centre of what is called the theatre, where his Majesty received the homage of his subjects: C resting-place for his Majesty during the ceremony: D chairs for the Royal Family: E for the Archbishops of Canterbury and York: F the peers' seats: G the pulpit: H the foreign ambassadors' box.

The King, during the whole proceeding, was solemn without affectation, and grave without austerity:

— "his royal person did foretel
A kingly stateliness, from all pride clear:
His look majestic, seem'd but to compel
All men to love him, rather than to fear."

The King and his peers returned to Westminster Hall before four o'clock; after which, his Majesty retired to his chamber, and partook of some needful refreshment, and then returned to his throne, amid the loudest and most enthusi-



astic acclamations. We omitted to mention, that the most deafening shouts of joy followed the imposition of the crown in the Abbey, and the King's arrival in the Hall, immediately afterwards. Indeed, from the beginning of the day to the end, every opportunity was eagerly seized of displaying the fondest attachment and most devoted loyalty.

The peers dined during the interval of his Majesty's absence to refresh, and at about half-past five in the evening, the royal banquet was served up by the gentlemen pensioners, whose dress was peculiarly superb. Before each course was placed upon the table, the Duke of Wellington on a white charger, as High Constable of England, the Marquis of Anglesea on his favourite brown Arab, as Lord High Steward of England, and Lord Howard of Effingham (lineally descended from the peer of the same name who commanded against the Spanish armada in 1588), on a grey steed, as Earl Marshal, rode abreast up to the steps of the state, and there remained until the four and twenty golden dishes and covers were placed upon the table. The Dukes of York, Clarence, Cambridge, Sussex, and Gloucester, and Prince Leopold, sat at the same table with his Majesty. In the intervals of the feast, the band performed animating airs:

*Di combattetti d'arme e di lute
E ogni vaga armonia fan mescolanza.*

One of the most striking and novel portions of the august ceremony, was that which related to the king's champion, which character was supported by Mr. Dy-

moke, on behalf of his father, who claims the office as lord of the manor of Scrivelsby. This young man (not yet of age, and therefore objectionable without the permission of his Majesty,) performed his arduous and chivalrous part to the satisfaction of all present. As he rode up the Hall on his noble steed (attended by the Earl Marshal and High Constable), he brought to our recollection the following spirited description from Berni's *Boiardo*, canto ii. where the author is describing the appearance of the pagan hero Serpentino, on his entrance on horse-back:

*Il gran corsier con la briglia sostiene,
Ch' alzando i piedi salta furioso:
Di qua di là la piazza tutta tiene:
Gli occhi infiammati con il fren schiumoso.***

*Ben s'assomiglia al cavalier ardito
Che sopra li venia col viso acerbo
Di lucenti arme tutto ben guarnito,
Feroce in vista, e con atto superbo.
Da tutti que' ne vien mostrato a dito,
Che ben si vede andar di forte nerbo.
Ogni guerrier lo giudica a la vista,
Ch'altri che lui il pregio non acquista.*

We must here, however, as before, omit all particular description, and confine ourselves merely to saying, that his thrice-given challenge not being accepted, the gauntlet he had thrown down was restored to him, and he drank, in a firm tone of voice, "Health and a happy reign to King George IV." His Majesty in return pledged his champion with a chivalrous spirit and animated grace, becoming the occasion. The cup, valued at about 150*l.* became the property of Mr. Dymoke.

"The health of his Majesty," proposed by the Duke of York, was drunk with the most enthusiastic delight and long continued cheers,

while the air re-echoed with "God bless your Majesty," "Long live your Majesty," and many other similar testimonies of love and gratitude.

Several services were then performed by the Lord Mayor of London, the Duke of Athol, the Mayor of Oxford, and others; and this joyous and glorious day ended

with the anthems of "God save the King," and *Non nobis, Domine*.

The King left the Hall about eight o'clock, nearly two hours earlier than was expected, as his Majesty sustained the painful burdens of the day with much greater vigour than he was supposed to possess after a recent attack of the gout.

FINE ARTS.

STAINED GLASS.

A VERY fine specimen of the modern perfection to which painting or enameling on glass has been carried, may be viewed at Collins's manufactory, Temple Bar. It is a representation of the celebrated battle of Neville's Cross, and is intended as an ornamental window in a gentleman's mansion, near the site of that hard-fought contest. Nothing can present a finer historical illusion than a work of this kind, meeting the eye on the spot which is commemorated by the event, and where the mind is inspired with the enthusiastic association which cannot fail to be awakened by the surrounding local scenery. The present work unites the beauties of the old and new style: the relief is better than in the former, and the figures more defined; and there are some colours brought out which it was hitherto understood could not be obtained by our modern artists who have devoted their talents to this interesting branch of art. The design of battle scenes has invariably been remarkable for a monotonous uni-

formity: it cannot perhaps be otherwise, from the nature of a scene calculated only to display the frenzy of the passions in the most heated ordeal to which they are exposed in the progress of human events; but there is less of confusion in the design of this window than we have generally seen in such subjects; there is a great deal of vigorous conformation of figure and individual expression, which cannot be too highly commended: the colours are beautifully brought out, and the ruby hues are extremely grand. When this window is placed at the proper height intended for it, the effect, we have no doubt, will be greatly improved. We do not recollect to have seen enamel so finely executed in many of its essential parts, or so little left untouched in a work of such magnitude, and often, from the nature of the process, so exposed to difficulties and hazard.

As lovers of art, we have to thank Mr. Muss for this successful specimen.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

R. ACKERMANN proposes to publish *The History and Life of Johnny Quæ Genus, the Little Foundling*, a poem, in eight monthly numbers: each will contain three coloured engravings by Rowlandson, and thirty-two pages of letter-press by the author of the *Three Tours of Dr. Syntax*—in *Search of the Picturesque*—of *Consolation*—and of a *Wife*—the *Dance of Death*, and the *Dance of Life*.

R. Ackermann also proposes to publish early in August, in one vol. imperial 8vo. *A History of Madeira*, with a series of twenty-seven coloured engravings, illustrative of the costumes, manners, and occupations of the inhabitants of that island.

Mr. Noble of Liverpool, a gentleman of considerable and well merited literary reputation, author of a dramatic piece called "*The Persian Hunters*," is about to print a volume of *Poems*, original and translated: they include *Lumena*, or *Ancient British Battle*; *Ambert*, or the *Peasant of the Marne*; *Political Servility*, an *Epistle to Miles Mason, Esq.* and various miscellaneous productions, consisting of odes, sonnets, songs, &c.

A second edition of Mr. Bramsen's *Travels in Egypt, Syria, Cyprus, the Morea, Greece, Italy, &c.* in a series of letters, is preparing for immediate publication.

Sir George Naylor, Clarenceux King of Arms, we are informed, is preparing for publication, under the immediate sanction and by especial command of his Majesty, a full account of the Ceremonies ob-

served at the Coronation; illustrated with plates by the first artists, of the costumes worn by the peers and others composing the procession; and also with views of the Abbey, the time of the crowning the King, the performance of the homage by the peers, and of the Hall during the delivery of the regalia, the banquet, and the entry of the champion. The proceedings of the Court of Claims, and all the arrangements previous to the ceremony, will be detailed at large.

Some translations from the German of the celebrated Frederick Schiller, will appear in the course of a few days.

An Account of the Crowning of His Most Sacred Majesty King George IV. including the names of all the peers, knights, and principal officers who were engaged in that ceremony, will very shortly be published. The work will be embellished with a beautiful illuminated frontispiece, and will be printed by John Whittaker in letters of gold, in the same splendid style as the *Magna Charta* of King John, which has excited such general admiration. The ceremonial will be peculiarly interesting, not only as a fine specimen of art, but also as a family document of the greatest importance to all who were concerned in the late coronation, as the name of every person so employed will be printed in prominent characters, as a perpetual record and memorial of the honours they enjoyed. The work will be published for subscribers only, whose names will be received by the print-

er, J. Whittaker, 11, Little Queen-street, Westminster.

Dr. Bisset has in the course of publication, a new edition of his *History of the Reign of George III.*; and to it he has prefixed a view of the progressive improvement of England in prosperity and strength, to the accession of his present Majesty.

A work, in 12mo. under the superintendence of the Rev. C. Bradley, curate of High Wycombe, will be published in periodical numbers, under the title of "Select British Divines," accompanied with portraits. Nos. I. and II. will consist of Bishop Beveridge's Private Thoughts; and No. III. will contain Leighton's Theological Lectures and his Commentary on Peter: after which will succeed some of the works of Hall, Hopkins, Horne, How, Doddridge, Watts, W. Jones, Flavell, Charnock, Owen, Baxter, &c. This work will consist of a uniform reprint of all the most valuable pieces in devotional and practical divinity. The authors from whose writings they will be selected are those who have either been consistent members of the Established Church, or whose sentiments have been in strict accordance with the general tenor of its liturgy and articles. The pieces will occasionally be taken from those divines who were the ornaments of the English Church in the century preceding the last. A short biographical sketch of each author will be given. The work may be comprised in forty or fifty volumes, but any author may be purchased separately. Printed by A. J. Valpy and sold by Longman and Co. Rivington and Co. Ha-

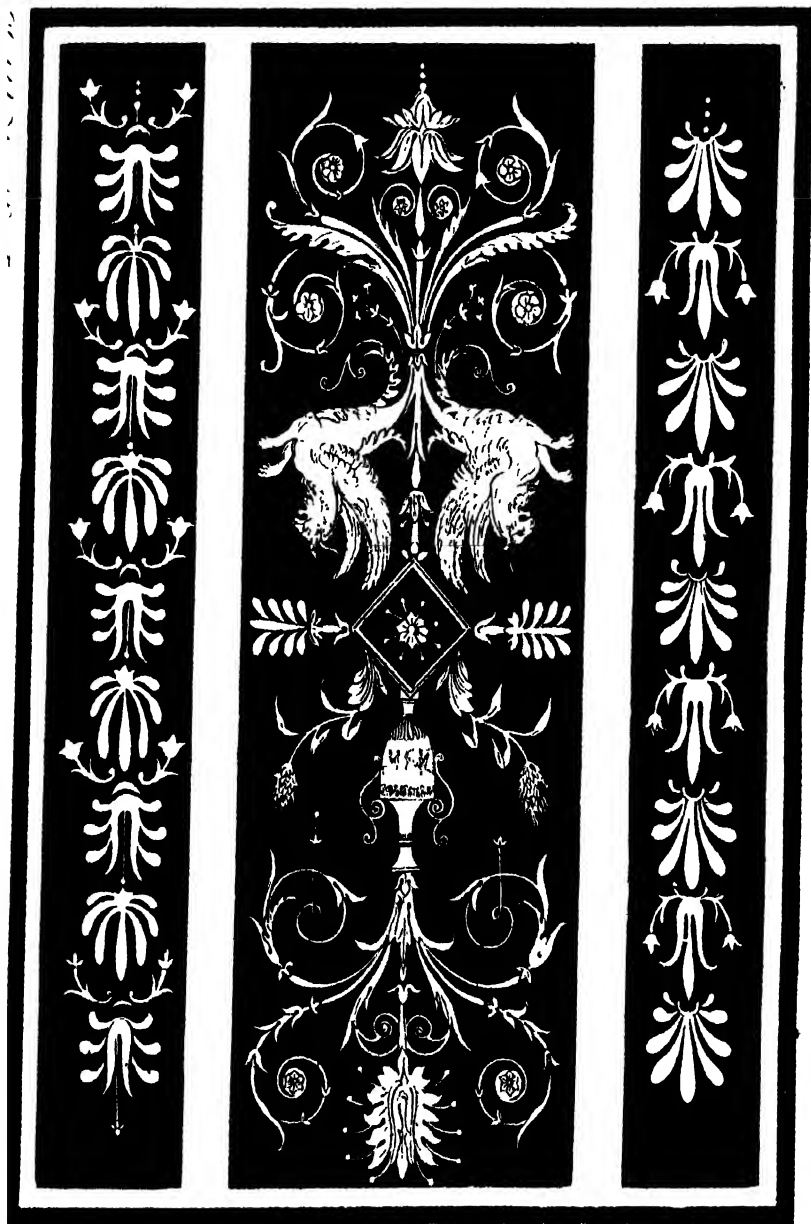
milton, Hatchard and Son, London; and all other booksellers.

The second part of vol. iv. of the *Encyclopædia Edinensis*, or Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and Miscellaneous Literature, to be completed in six vols. 4to. is on the point of making its appearance.

The value of the eye, and of the sense of which it is the seat, is universally allowed to surpass that of any other of the senses with which we are endowed; and the lover of his species must therefore sincerely rejoice at the improvement in the methods recently adopted for treating the diseases of that member, for restoring defective vision, and even for curing total blindness. The success which has attended the efforts of our medical men, and especially of that eminent practitioner, Sir William Adams, for the extirpation of ophthalmia from the ranks of our army, are strikingly demonstrated in the Report of the Ophthalmic Committee, lately presented to the House of Commons, which has recommended that the sum of 4000*l.* be presented to Sir William as a reward for the services which he has rendered to the public in this line.

Dr. Olbers has calculated, that, once only in a period of 8800 years, a comet will come as near to the earth as the moon is: once only in four millions of years, a comet will approach the earth within 7700 geographical miles; and if it be equal in size to the earth, will raise the water to the height of 13,000 feet (a second deluge): and only in 120 millions of years will such a body come in contact with the earth!

BLACK AND WHITE BORDERS.



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THE SECOND SERIES.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit, on or before the 15th of the month, announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

The continuation of Cornelia, from the Spanish of Cervantes, next month. It did not reach us early enough for the present Number.

We are much obliged to W. H. for the quotation he has sent us regarding the talents of Mrs. Siddons. Had the remarks been original, we should probably have inserted them.

The Songs by John Clare, the Northamptonshire Peasant, will appear in October. The gentleman who politely sent them has our thanks.

The Waiting-Maid's Tale, and other poems, have been received, and they are under consideration. We shall most likely be able to avail ourselves of some of them.

The Letters from Paris are upon a subject at present rather too much exhausted,

The Early Lyrical Specimens will be an acquisition, and we shall be glad to devote a few pages to their insertion.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.



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HINTS ON ORNAMENTAL GARDENING.

(Continued from page 63.)

PLATE 13.—A BRIDGE AND TEMPLE.

WHERE the banks of a stream which intersects the garden of a domain in an elevated class of decoration are precipitous, a bridge, as here represented, would form an agreeable feature of the scene, and according as the stream favourably deviated from a straight line, the view at the temple would be varied and interesting.

This design should be executed in stone, and upon a small scale; for such an edifice, when applied as ornamental chiefly, should be considered rather as a *bijou* than otherwise, and elegance of character be made to supersede the striking and bold effects necessary to buildings connected with the chief approach to the mansion.

When stone-quarries are on the estate itself, and the charge of

distant carriage therefore not incurred, these buildings may be erected at a moderate expense, and many architectural beauties introduced that are not within the reach of persons otherwise situated, without a vast expenditure. The circumstance of the expense attendant on land carriage only, has done more to prevent the use of stone, and consequently of adopting similar designs, than the consideration of the labour necessary to erect them, united with the additional charge of the material itself: from this cause they have often been built of wood or plaster; and the speedy decay of these have too much interfered with the good taste of introducing proper buildings in landscape or ornamental gardening.

MISCELLANIES.

A YOUNG MAN'S FIRST LESSON.

COUNT FINROSE was scarcely twenty-five when he lost a wife whom he loved with the tenderest affection. Her last words were a prayer to her husband to supply her place to their only child, a boy about a year old. Finrose solemnly promised to comply with her request; and so intent was he upon making up to the little Louis for his mother's loss, that he never entered into a second union, but devoted his whole time and thoughts to the education of his son.

His cares were amply rewarded: Louis, as he grew up, became all that a fond parent could wish; Finrose thought with delight that he was scarcely less than perfect. One day, when he expressed himself in this manner to his old acquaintance, Tranval, the latter said, "Louis would do very well if he were in other hands, but I already perceive in him the seeds of a failing which I am afraid you will nourish till it prove his destruction."

"For Heaven's sake, explain yourself!" cried Finrose, turning pale.

"Why, the boy has naturally more than a fair share of the milk of human kindness: I have observed that a caress, or even a kind word, makes a deep impression on him; and I think that bringing him up as you do with notions of disinterested regard for his fellow-creatures, which I know that you carry to a quixotic extent, he is very likely to become a martyr to this excess of philanthropy, which

requires to be restrained rather than encouraged."

"What," cried Finrose, "would you then have me teach my son to shut his heart against his fellow-creatures?"

"No; but I would have you teach him not to open it indiscriminately to every one whom he may consider worthy of a place in it. I would have him learn betimes, that men do not always feel what they profess, and that he must not expect to find a friend in every acquaintance."

"Ah!" cried Finrose, "the world will teach him that lesson but too soon. Never will I blight the fair promise of his youth by inculcating the odious lessons of suspicion and reserve."

"A little of both is, however, necessary in our commerce with mankind," said Tranval thoughtfully; "and I greatly fear you will one day have reason to regret, that you did not restrain Louis's blind confidence in his fellow-creatures."

The count made no reply, but in his heart he accused Tranval of over-caution, as well as of insensibility. He did not, however, express his thoughts, because he would not hurt the feelings of Tranval, whom he had known for several years, and who, though of a blunt and rather reserved turn, possessed many excellent qualities.

The temper of Finrose was as open as his heart, and he rejoiced in the early indications which Louis gave of possessing the same spi-

rit. He took care that even from his childish days he should be plentifully supplied with money; and as soon as he had attained his eighteenth year, he settled upon him such an income as he thought would amply suffice both for his pleasures and the indulgence of his benevolent disposition.

Till that period, Finrose had educated his son in retirement, but at eighteen he thought it time that he should be introduced to the world. He accordingly brought him to Paris, and Louis made his *débüt* on the great stage of life in a manner as creditable to himself, as it was satisfactory to his doting father.

Though a strictly moral, Finrose was not an austere man: convinced of the goodness of his son's heart, and the purity of his principles, he thought a strict scrutiny into his conduct unnecessary; and, in fact, from the natural openness of the disposition of Louis, he easily gathered the manner in which he passed his time.

Naturally lively, sanguine, and of a temper to participate largely in the happiness of others, life broke upon Louis in the most brilliant colours. He looked around, and saw nothing but virtue and felicity; the men were so amiable, the women so charming, and to crown all, every body seemed as well pleased with him as he was with them. Hardly indeed had he appeared in the world when he found himself surrounded with friends, and every day increased their number.

The count was at first delighted to see his son become the idol of every fashionable circle, but he speed-

ily found that this celebrity was attended with consequences which he had not foreseen. Among the good friends of Louis's, there were some who drew so largely upon his purse, that his expenses soon considerably exceeded his very handsome allowance. Too sincere to hide any thing from his father, he candidly acknowledged the cause that had emptied his purse: it was replenished again and again without reproach; but when the count saw that his son continued to empty it with as little thought or care about the future as if he supposed it was the purse of Fortunatus, he became seriously uneasy; and this uneasiness was heightened even to agony, when he found that Louis was entangled in the toils of an artful coquette.

Madame de Saunée was one year older than Louis, and a widow. She was of good birth, but she had very little fortune; the want of it would not have been an objection in the count's eyes, but from the observations he made upon her conduct, he feared that she was artful and unprincipled. The idea of her becoming his son's wife was insupportable; and yet he knew not how to prevent it, without appearing in the light of an unjust and tyrannic father. It is true he might command Louis to give her up, but that would not convince him of her unworthiness; on the contrary, he would regard her as a martyr to his father's prejudices, and his filial love would be weakened, if not destroyed, by what he would consider as gross injustice.

While the mind of the count was agitated by these reflections, a circumstance occurred which sug-

gested to him a plan for giving his son that worldly knowledge, that he too late found, however bitter, was still necessary.

Finrose chanced one day to be in the midst of a brilliant circle, where Louis was not present; somebody spoke of a heavy loss which the Marquis de Rouvigny had just sustained at play. All the company agreed that his affairs were in a very distressed situation, and that his ruin might be hourly expected. Some affected to speak of him in a tone of pity, others blamed his imprudence; the majority wondered with great *nonchalance* what would become of him; but Finrose observed, that no person appeared to feel any real sympathy for his misfortunes.

Rouvigny had many failings, but he had also some good qualities; and Finrose knew, that among the heartless group who contemplated his approaching ruin with such indifference, there were some to whom he had shewn himself a generous friend. The idea instantly struck him, that by feigning to be ruined, he might give Louis an opportunity of seeing the world in its true colours, and above all, of proving the affection of Madame de Saunée.

He soon arranged a plausible story, which he revealed with apparent reluctance to his son; but it required all the self-command he possessed to enable him to continue the deception, when he found the effect it produced upon Louis: impressed with an idea that he had contributed by his extravagance to his father's misfortune, he was so overwhelmed with grief and remorse, that for some time Finrose

strove in vain to console him. At last his naturally sanguine spirit surmounted in some degree the horror of this terrible discovery.

"Heaven be praised, my father," cried he, "we have at least lost neither our honour nor our friends; and you will soon see, that what the injustice of fortune has deprived you of, will be compensated by the exertions of friendship."

"What is it you mean, my son?"

"I cannot explain myself farther now; only promise me to keep up your spirits till my return: I will soon bring you good tidings."

Louis embraced his father, and hastened away. He recollected that a short time before, his friend the Chevalier de Mervé had been boasting of his influence at court, and he had not the least doubt that he would exert it to procure a post for his father. The air of smiling welcome with which de Mervé met him soon vanished when he learned from his abrupt and incoherent account, that his father was reduced to beggary. "I am really very sorry, my dear Finrose," drawled he, taking at the same time a pinch of snuff with a leisurely air, "for the misfortunes of your worthy father. I certainly will do my utmost to be of use to him; but, unluckily, at this moment my word is pledged to so many applicants, that I really fear it will be a considerable time before I can do any thing for him. However, you must keep up your spirits; you have a large circle of friends, and no doubt, among us we shall be able to do some little thing or other for him at last."

Poor Louis stood petrified for a moment. scarcely indeed could he

believe his senses; scarcely could he think it possible that he saw before him a man who had repeatedly sworn to him an eternal friendship, who had wished with the greatest ardour for an opportunity to serve him. He gazed upon the deceitful being with an expression in his countenance which made de Mervé shrink back in terror; but he had no cause for apprehension: contempt mastered rage, and Louis quitted him without deigning to give vent to his feelings in words.

A turn in the open air and a few minutes' reflection restored Louis in some degree to composure. His spirit was too sanguine to be wholly discouraged by one disappointment; but yet he hesitated to whom he should next apply. He soon recollected an old general who had shewn him very particular attention, and had often lamented that he evinced no predilection for the army; observing more than once, that he should feel particular pleasure in promoting his interest in that line. Louis had not been to see this kind friend for some time, but when they met in public, he received from the general many obliging reproaches for his absence, accompanied by pressing invitations to renew his visits. As it never struck young Finrose that his presence was desired merely for the purpose of throwing the general's handsome marriageable daughter in his way, he concluded he should find from the worthy officer that sympathy and assistance which he had been so cruelly disappointed of receiving from de Mervé.

He lost not a moment in hastening to his old friend; but, alas! he

was doomed to buy experience at a dear rate. The general had utterly forgotten both his wish to see him in the army, and his promise to serve him; and he had, besides, at that moment an engagement on his hands of so much consequence, that he really must beg Monsieur Finrose would excuse his quitting him abruptly.

We will not follow Louis to any more of his friends; suffice it to say, that every where he experienced disappointment and unkindness. Stung to the very soul at meeting with such unexpected treachery and ingratitude, he flew to his mistress, in the hope of finding a balm in her affection for his wounded heart; and the tenderness with which she appeared to listen to the detail of his misfortunes, seemed to justify this hope. "Heaven knows," cried she, wiping her fine eyes, "how sincerely I lament the cruel destiny of your worthy father, and how gladly I would do any thing in my power to ameliorate it; but, my dear Louis, I dare not deceive you: my small fortune would be wholly insufficient to support the count in the style in which he ought to live, and I should be miserable in seeing him and you, my beloved Louis, reduced to exist in comparative indigence. Oh, no! I never could support such a misfortune; and much as it costs me to renounce you, we must part."

Louis stood transfixed with horror and astonishment, but this last blow was more than his already burning brain could bear: he quitted the perjured traitress without a reply, and what the consequences of her perfidy might have been,

Heaven knows, had not his steps been arrested as he left her hotel by the voice of his father.

In fact, that anxious parent had not lost sight of him: this he rightly judged would be the grand trial, and he saw by the countenance of his son, that it had terminated as he expected.

He led the unresisting Louis home, where they found Tranval, with a face of anxious solicitude, waiting their arrival. Louis would have retired, "Stay, my son," cried the count; "it is not my intention to conceal any thing from my friend Tranval."

"Friend!" repeated Louis with a groan; while Tranval exclaimed, "Good Heaven, the story I have heard is then true? You are——" he paused, but the count finished the sentence—"ruined, you would say," added he: "'tis the truth. Some imprudence on my own part, and great treachery on that of others, have reduced my once splendid fortune to a mere nothing."

Tranval seemed about to speak, but he did not; he wrung the hand of his friend, and quitted them abruptly.

"There, my father," cried Louis, "there is another vile, heartless, pretended friend! and yet, no; I wrong Tranval, he never made professions."

"True," said the count emphatically, "he never did make professions. But don't let us talk of him. I will not ask you now the success of your application to your friends, for your countenance tells me they have failed: but, my son, let us not yield to despair; Heaven has not deprived us of every thing;

we have still each other's affection."

The warm embrace with which the count accompanied these words drew from the softened heart of Louis those tears which mingled grief and pride had till then forbade to flow. The count did not attempt to check their course; he knew that they would relieve the heart of his son, whom he could have instantly undeceived, but he had a reason, which will soon reveal itself, for continuing the deception a little longer.

An hour had scarcely elapsed, when the following letter was presented to the count:

"I ran away just now, because I could not find words to tell you, that things are not so bad as they seem. The world says I am not rich, but it lies, for I have more than I want: as a proof of this, I have made over to you the little estate in Provence, which you formerly took a fancy to, and wanted to purchase. Your acceptance of this shall be the test of your regard for me; for I swear to you, that if you refuse it, I will never more acknowledge you for my friend."

"Ah!" cried Louis, as he perused the letter which his father put into his hands, "how have I wronged the good Tranval! how mistaken have I been in him! Who would ever have supposed that a man so cold, so reserved, would be capable of such a noble action! But what do you mean to do, my father?"

"To hasten instantly to thank our good friend," said the count evasively, "and you shall accompany me." Louis readily complied. Tranval received them

with evident emotion, though he tried to hide it under his habitual bluntness of manner. He insisted upon their stopping supper; and Louis observed with gratitude and pleasure, that he shewed the count a certain tender attention, which was never observable in his manner during Finrose's prosperity.

When supper was over, the count acknowledged the stratagem he had practised upon his son and his friend. "I confess," said he to Tranval, "I never should have thought of trying it upon you, for I did not distrust you; but your appearance at that moment led me to carry my scheme farther than I at first intended, in the hope, which has been realized, of reconciling my son to mankind, by convincing him, that though difficult, it is not impossible to find a true friend."

"And now," cried Tranval, "since my tongue is loosed by the knowledge that you are really the rich Count Finrose, and not the poor undone devil which five minutes ago I supposed you were, I will add my mite of instruction to the lesson which Louis has this day received. Hark ye, sir, what right had you to suppose that these people were sincere in their professions? A real friendship cannot be formed in a short time; it requires long acquaintance, a mutual knowledge of each other's dispositions and sentiments, and

a certain congeniality of thought and feeling in the most essential points. Was this the case with you and your friends? You know it was not: they pretended to attach themselves to you, because they wanted to make use of you; and you liked them, because they flattered you. Look around you, my dear boy, with your eyes open: do what good you can to mankind in general; but open your heart to those only whom long experience has convinced you are worthy of a place in it. It is the business of a day to make acquaintance, but it is the work of years to find a friend."

"I confess my error," cried Louis with an ingenuous blush, "and you shall see that I will profit by this lesson: it has been a severe, but I will make it a useful one."

Neither the count nor Tranval noticed the bitter sigh which, in spite of Louis, forced its way at the conclusion of this speech: they rightly judged it was given to his perfidious mistress; but they both hoped that her perfidy would soon efface the impression which her beauty had made: nor were their hopes disappointed; Louis soon became heart-whole, and, taught by experience, he never again suffered himself to be entangled by the smiles of a coquette, or to become the dupe of professing friends.

THE TABLES TURNED, OR A WOMAN'S WIT.

WHEN any man is going to tell a story, || "Of wit and humour, to provoke your
 'Tis very injudicious thus to preface laughter;
 it:- Therefore attend to what I now will
 "With sermonizing stuff I will not bore hatch you."--
 ye, I who know something better what I'm
 But mine's a tale in which there is no after,
 deficit . Say only this: my story's from Boccacio;

That is sufficient, I am very certain,
To make you give some freedom to
my pen:

'Tis in that book oft hid behind the curtain,

You'll find it the sixth Day, and Novel
ten.

There are few men, methinks, who have
not read it, or

Heard of the stories, sometimes most
seductive;

And though you may condemn it, Mr.
Editor,

Yet give me leave to say, 'tis most
instructive,

And most amusing too; a great deal bet-
ter

Than thousand modern novels ladies
toss over;

And as much wisdom is in every letter
As in the most renown'd and sage phi-
losopher.

Not that I recommend our English ladies
To dip into its pleasing pages often;
And therefore every effort I have made is
Design'd its improprieties to soften;

Or not to introduce them to their notice,
By taking tales with which no one can
quarrel:

Therefore you may be sure that all I
quote is

Strictly decorous, and extremely moral.

Arezzo is an ancient town of Italy,
And in it there once dwelt an old rich
man,

With a young wife, who always behav'd
prettily

And honestly as any woman can.

This is not saying much for her, 'tis true,
(If any lady take offence, why let
her;)

But while she paid her spouse all honours
due,

She had seen husbands she liked rather
better.

'Twas not her fault so much as her mis-
fortune,

That she was married to this old To-
fano;

And when young suitors did the dame
importune,

As oft they would, Mona still answer'd,
"Ah, no!"

'Mong other qualities that made him
dearer

Was this, that he was very fond of
drinking,

Which made her shrink whenever he
came near her;

His breath was not the sweetest to
her thinking.

Night after night would he get drunk as
beast,

And then be put to bed to grunt and
snore;

While Mona wander'd forth, when thus
releas'd,

Alone, no doubt, but left ajar the
door.

Perhaps she lov'd the moon, or some pale
star,

Or rustling trees, or night wind breath-
ing past her:

Whate'er it was, she certainly was far
From doting on her lawful lord and
master,

Who in his cups was always not so sense-
less

As not to miss her, though he burnt no
light;

And 'gan to think she was not quite de-
fenceless,

Or wander'd without company at night.

In short, he grew quite jealous, and the
more so

Because she always handed him his
liquor;

And when his glass was empty, would
it pour so

Fast, as she strove to make him tipsy
quicker.

One evening he resolv'd to try to match
her,

And so pretended to be sooner drunk
Than usual, that he might be fit to catch
her,

When after dark through the street-
door she slunk.

He jump'd out of his bed soon as she
went,

And shut the house-door she had left
unlock'd;

Returning then, he waited the event,

When she should come, and by com-
pulsion knock'd.

Four hours lay old Tofano, restless, fret-
ting,

Doubting indeed if she would e'er
come back;

At last he heard her thund'ring to be let
in,

As if the house itself would go to
wrack.

"Open the door, good husband, and
come down;

You will not keep your Mona in the
street!

Or will you have her wander through
the town,

Expos'd to all the dangers she may
meet?"

"Where have you been?" he cried,
and op'd the casement;

"Where have you been, you hussy,
since I saw you?"

"My sweet Tofano, lessen your amaze-
ment,

I've only been to fetch the doctor for
you!"

"For me?"—"Ay, you; you've had a
frightful fit,

Only you were not sensible to know
it."

"Where is the doctor then? A woman's
wit

Is always ready, and you now must
shew it."

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"He will be here anon: he has to dress;
But I ran back as fast as legs could
carry me:

I saw how ill you were, could I do less?
Or wherefore, sweet Tofano, did you
marry me?"

"Peace, jade! 'tis false! You have been
gone four hours,

With all your haste at my alarming
sickness;

And if a fit had seiz'd on all my powers,
You might have come, methinks, with
greater quickness.

"Go! get you hence, for ever quit my
sight!

Your friends shall own that what I do is
best:

Where you have past four hours of this
night,

You may return for me and spend the
rest!"

"Thou barb'rous wretch!" she answer'd
in her fury,

"Ere to such causeless shame you
shall expose me,

You shall repent, and deeply I assure ye,
That ever for your wretched wife you
chose me:

"For I will cast my body in this well,
This dark deep well; if not, may all
beshrew me!

And when I'm found, that fact alone will
tell,

That into it in drunken rage you threw
me.

"You cannot fly, your goods will be
confiscate,

And in a dismal dungeon you shall lie,
(At no time were you worth a mouldy
biscuit,)

And like a murderer shall you surely
die."

With that she fain'd to weep, and loud
lamented,

As 'twas quite dark, to make her hus-
band hear:

T

But for all that he not one jot relented;
He knew her better than such threats
to fear.

"And can you see me die, most cruel
man?"

"I wish I could," he answer'd, "but
'tis night."

"Bear witness, Heaven!" she thus again
began,

"I die as innocent as virgin light!"

Thus having said, she wary felt her way
To the well-side, the window close
beneath,

And taking a huge stone that near it lay,
"Forgive me, Heaven," she cried,
"my guilty death!"

Then roll'd it down into the dark deep
water:

In the still night it made a fearful
sound;

Tofano started, for he had not thought
her

Quite such a fool, she would herself
have drown'd:

But the loud splashing prov'd her wits
had rambl'd.

He really now believ'd her gone past
hope;

Without his clothes, down stairs he quick-
ly scrambled,

And seiz'd upon a bucket and a rope.

"Oh! my poor wife!" he cried, and
left wide open

The door he had refused to let her in
at,

And while his way he to the well was
groping,

Mona slipt in, and shut it in a minute;

But still so softly that he never heard
her,

But kept on dragging for what was not
there,

Fearing that he should suffer for the mur-
der,

While Mona to the window hied up
stair.

"What are you doing?" said she, loudly
laughing;

"Why are you busy drawing water
now?"

You are not wont to take it when you're
quaffing,

For in your wine no water you allow."

To hear himself thus flouted much in-
cens'd him,

And in a passion ran to the house-door;

But to his sorrow, found it lock'd against
him,

Just as he serv'd his cunning wife be-
fore.

Force was in vain, so he his wife entreated,

And tried to laugh it off but as a jest;

But she so easily could not be cheated,

And thus in loudest tone her spouse
address'd,

That all the neighbours round about
might hear:—

"Go, drunken beast, and wallow with
the swine;

My bed this night thou never shalt come
near:

All men shall see thou art no spouse
of mine."

Tofano, rous'd, as angrily replied,

And all the neighbours, frighten'd,
jump'd their beds out

At hearing such a noise, and opening
wide

Their windows, in their nightcaps
popp'd their heads out.

"See, my good friends," thus she pro-
ceeded weeping,

"Behold this drunken tosspot of a
spouse;

Till now in some low tavern he's been
sleeping,

Then staggering comes at last to his
own house.

"You all well know how long I have
endur'd

Most cruel treatment from his beastly
hands,

<p>And now to try if he may still be cur'd By shame, in open street lock'd out he stands."</p> <p>Tofano, on his part, abus'd his rib, Telling the real story first and last; And she with a much coarser term than "fib," Back in his teeth the accusation cast.</p> <p>"It is a likely story, is it not, That I was out all night like one that's naughty, While I'm within, and he upon that spot? There I will keep you, sirrah, now I've caught ye.</p> <p>"But, my good friends, he fain would make you think, That crime is mine in which he is de- tected; But you well know how giv'n he is to drink, While I remain at home, despis'd, neglected.</p> <p>"Or night or day, no pleasure I enjoy; And if I praise myself, I pray excuse me:</p>	<p>When his wife's fame my husband would destroy, 'Tis time to shew how much he can abuse me."</p> <p>The neighbours saw that on fair Mona's side There was both simple truth and pro- bability; And soon the rumour spreading far and wide, His wife's relations came with great civility,</p> <p>And beat Tofano for his tale so soundly, That almost all his ancient bones were broken, And glad he was to own and utter round- ly, That all was false he had against her spoken.</p> <p>At his entreaty it was quite forgot, His wife forgave the insult on her ho- nour: If after she went forth, he saw her not, And never lock'd again the door upon her.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">P. W.</p>
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LIVES OF SPANISH POETS*,

With Criticisms.

BIOGRAPHY is of all kinds of composition the most entertaining, and upon the whole perhaps said to be the most instructive. It is peculiarly pleasing to listen to anecdotes, however trifling in themselves, of men who have been the greatest geniuses of their day: it gives an insight into their real character, which cannot otherwise be obtained, and their productions are read with increased pleasure and delight. Take, for instance, the poems of Cowper, or the works of Samuel Johnson; how much the public is indebted to Mr. Hayley for the life of the one, and to Mr. Boswell for the other! Who could have imagined that a man of the melancholy turn of mind which Cowper is known to possess, could possibly have composed such a piece as John Gilpin? With what feelings of pity do we read some of his most affecting lines, when we know that the poet is only de-

* This is the first of a series of articles which a correspondent, who has long made Spanish literature his study, has undertaken to furnish. We shall continue them from time to time, with as few intervals as possible, convinced that our pages cannot be occupied with matter more deserving attention, or at the present moment more inviting, recollecting how much of late Spanish poetry has been brought into notice and esteem.

scribing the acute anguish of his own mind! How differently do we contemplate the compositions of Johnson! While we are reading some of the most bitter passages in his criticisms, we cannot forget the moroseness of the character which wrote them.

*Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti
Si puero castigato, censorque minorum.*

Trifles cease to be such when they relate to great and distinguished characters. How valuable is that little anecdote of Cervantes! A French ambassador once complimented him on the great reputation he had acquired by his *Don Quixote*, and Cervantes whispered in his ear: "Had it not been for the Inquisition, I should have made my book much more entertaining." This observation might have been, and probably was, made by many of Cervantes' successors; and it has been justly said, that the Inquisition was a poniard aimed at the throat of literature. Even a sketch of the lives of those who have not peculiarly distinguished themselves is interesting to the general reader; but curiosity is still more excited by the perusal of the history of men who have been the most brilliant stars in the hemisphere in which they have shone, and whose names have been handed down from generation to generation with never-ceasing admiration. It is my intention here to give a short sketch of the lives of some of the most eminent Spanish poets, who, although (and I deeply regret the circumstance) little known in this country, have been the ornament of their own, and will never be forgotten by a true lover of Spanish poetry.

GARCILASO DE LA VEGA.

This is one of the earliest, most pure, and elegant writers Spain can boast of. He is a poet of whom it might be said without exaggeration,

His language is chaste, without aim or pretence ♪

'Tis a sweetness of breath, from a soundness of sense.

His poems are so few that they form a very small pocket volume, but some Spanish commentators have added copious notes, which far exceed the text in quantity — not perhaps in quality. Francisco Sanchez Brocense, Hernando de Herrera, and Tomas Tamaye de Vargas, have all commented upon our poet: the first has particularly marked the imitations from ancient writers; the second has published a diffuse commentary, conformable to the taste of the times in which he wrote; and the third, notwithstanding the example of his two predecessors, has contrived to collect together a greater mass of matter than either of them. They, perhaps not unlike the learned commentators on the bard of Avon,

————— would distinguish and divide

A hair 'twixt south and south-west side:

but the world is not much the wiser for these exertions.

Garcilaso de la Vega was born in the city of Toledo, in 1503, and at an extremely tender age was employed in the military service of the Emperor Charles V. His father was Garcilaso de la Vega, commander-in-chief at Leon, and ambassador at Rome from Ferdinand V. Our young hero accompanied the emperor in most of his military enterprises, and signalized himself as a good and valiant soldier: he particularly displayed his courage

and intrepidity in the defence of Vienna, and at the siege of Tunis: at the latter place he was wounded in the face and in the arm. At twenty-four years of age, he married Dona Elena de Zuniga. Soon after the siege of Tunis, he was banished by the emperor to an island in the Danube, for having interfered in the marriage of his niece. In 1536, the emperor took him to Piedmont, giving him the command of two companies of infantry, and at an attack on a tower near Frejus he was dangerously wounded. He was carried to Nice, where he died of his wounds, twenty-one days after they were inflicted, in the thirty-third year of his age. Such was the regret of the emperor for his loss, and his indignation against the garrison which was the cause of his death, that he put them all to the sword. Garcilaso was buried in the convent of Santo Domingo at Nice, and afterwards removed to that of San Pedro Martir, in Toledo, the sepulchre of his ancestors.

On account of the brilliancy of his imagination, and the spirit of his compositions, Garcilaso is called the "Prince of Castilian poets," and "the Spanish Petrarch" is added as a second epithet. To the friendship of Juan Boscan he owed much, and the high perfection which he attained is in a great measure to be attributed to that cause: his career, although short, was brilliant, and like one of the greatest painters of the old Italian school, though dying young, he has become the wonder and admiration of succeeding ages. It is a mistaken notion that Garcilaso was the first to introduce the endecasyllabic verse,

as it was well known long previous to the time when he flourished: he displayed the grace and beauty of that peculiar species of versification, and brought it much into public notice, which had been before little used, and scarcely understood. The sweetness of his style, the tastefulness of his compositions, and his judicious imitations of the best masters of antiquity, endeared him to his countrymen, and placed him far above other poets who lived about his time.

Dr. Nott, in the dissertation prefixed to his edition of the Poems of the Earl of Surrey, has noticed more than once the similarity between the writings of the Earl and those of Garcilaso de la Vega, pointing out their chief resemblances. He alludes particularly to the sonnet which Garcilaso wrote upon his brother, who died of a fever at Naples, beginning

No las Francesas armas odiosas

En contra puestas del ayrado pecho.

Although this sonnet contains some beautiful lines (he adds), yet it is inferior to Surrey's affectionate epitaph to his friend Clere:

Ah, Clere! if love had boasted care or cost,
Heaven had not won, nor earth so timely
lost.

The most celebrated piece of Garcilaso is his elegant little ode, "*A la Flor de Guido*." It is more polished and classically beautiful than any of his other pieces. The commencement is peculiarly poetical:

Si de mi baxa lira

Tanto pudiese el son, que en un momento

Aplacase la ira

Del animoso viento,

Y la furia del mar, y el morimiento.

By some it has been imagined that this sonnet was composed at the

request of Fabius Galeota, a Neapolitan captain, to his mistress Dona Violante Sansererino, who lived in a suburb of the city of Naples, called *il Seggio di Guido*; others imagine it was written for Dona Catalina: but it matters little for whom it was intended, if the world has the pleasure of reading it.

By far the larger part of Garcilaso's poems are pastoral pieces, not perhaps extremely amusing to the English reader. In the first eclogue, the two shepherds who support the conversation are Salicio and Nemoroso. It has been supposed that the latter was intended by Garcilaso for his intimate friend Boscan, in allusion to the word *nemus* being translated *bosque* (a wood) in the Castilian language. Besides these pastoral pieces, he wrote elegies, canzonets, sonnets, and other pieces: several of the sonnets are written upon Boscan, and are couched in the most affectionate language, reminding us more of the touching pathos of Goldsmith in his simplest poems, than any other English poet. One of these sonnets was written on board a galley, just previous to the siege of Tunis, and after speaking of the dreadful scene of murder and bloodshed among the Afric tribes, he thus pathetically concludes:

Vuelve y revuelve amor mis pensamientos,
Hierre y enciende el alma temerosa
Y en ceniza, y en ceniza me deshago.

The third canzonet is written upon himself, in allusion to his imprisonment on the island in the Danube by order of the emperor.

Do siempre Primavera
Parece en la verdura
Sombreada de las flores:
Hacen los ruiseñores
Renovar el placer à la tristura

Con sus blandas querellas,
Que nunca dia y noche cesan dellas*.

He proceeds to address the river Danube, which washes the shore of his island, in these graceful lines:

Danubio, rio divino,
Que por fieras naciones
Vas con tus claras ondas discurriendo.

This is an evident imitation of the lines of the poet applied to the same river:

Torvus ubi, et ripa semper metuendus utraque,
In freta per saxos Ister descendit alumnos.

He concludes by adverting to the sonnet which he is writing:

Pues no hay otro cansino
Por donde mis razones
Vayan fuera de aquí, sino corriendo
Por tus aguas y siendo
En ellas anegadas;
Si en esa tierra ajena
Por la desierta arena
Fucen de alguno acaso en fin halladas,
Entierrelas, si quiera
Porque su error se acabe en tu ribero†.

There is a sonnet of Garcilaso which has been imitated by Lope de Vega, and has been universally admired for its elegance and sweetness. It begins

Gracias al cielo doy, que ya del cuello
Del todo el grave yugo he sacudido.

It has been very excellently translated by Lord Holland, and I cannot forbear here transcribing it. The sonnet is evidently written by the unhappy poet after his release

* Where the lovely spring appears in constant verdure, and the ground is strewed with flowers, the melodious nightingales, with their sweet music, renew the thoughts either of pleasure or of sadness with never-ceasing harmony.

† For there is no other way through which my lines can pass, but through thy flowing waters, to be by them ingulfed; and if by chance they should be wafted on the barren shore, bury them, if thou wilt, in thy sandy bed, for there my error lies.

from his imprisonment by the emperor.

Thank Heaven, I've lived then from my neck
to tear

The heavy yoke that long my strength oppress'd :

The heaving sea which boist'rous winds infest
I now can view from shore, and feel no fear;
Can see suspended by a single hair

The lover's life, with fancied bliss possess'd,
In danger slumbering, cheated into rest,
Deaf to advice that would his ills declare :

So shall I smile at other mortals' ill ;
Nor yet, though joy to me their pains afford,
Shall I unfeeling to my race be found ;

For I will smile as one to health restored
Joys not to see his fellows suffering still,
But joys indeed to find himself is sound.

Garcilaso, however, did not always write in his native tongue : he has composed some Latin sonnets and epigrams, which have been much admired, and particularly an epigram upon his friend, addressed "*Ad Ferdinandum de Acuna.*" It

is particularly praised for its simplicity and chastity. I will conclude this notice of our poet by giving you the opinion of Quintana, in his "*Poesias Selectas Castellanas.*" "His taste," he says, "is more sweet and delicate, than strong or elevated ; he possessed a lively and fantastic imagination, a mode of thinking and expressing himself, just and noble, and there is an exquisite sensibility in all his writings. To this natural felicity, he added an intimate acquaintance with the classics, and a knowledge of the Italian school, which enabled him to produce compositions which gained him the applause of his countrymen in his own time, and the admiration of succeeding ages." FERNANDO.

REDING AND HIS ARMY.

(Extract from the *Journal of a Traveller.*)

ON the road from Richterswyl to Rothenthurm, in a craggy vale, is situated the little village of Schindelleggi. This was the spot where, on the evening of the 1st May, Aloys Reding received the heart-rending intelligence that the auxiliary forces of the Glarners, Uznachers, Gastlers, and Sargansers, had dispersed, and returned to their homes ; and that the Switzers, with their scanty reinforcement from Uri Zug, and the inhabitants of the Wallerau and Bach, had fallen victims to the overwhelming forces of France : but even this terrible news was powerless to shake the constancy of the heroic Reding and his little band of patriots. Calmly and sternly, as formerly Leonidas and his Spar-

tans devoted themselves at Thermopylae, Reding and his countrymen resolved to remain at their post at Schindelleggi ; death their only expectation—to avenge the shades of their murdered friends, and wreak vengeance for the ruin of their hitherto free and happy country, their firm resolve.

Surveying for a moment the countenances of his brave troops, and finding in every eye undaunted resolution, Aloys addressed them in the following energetic and simple language, which one of the survivors (a man named Schocke) communicated to me, as nearly as he could recollect, in the very words in which he heard it delivered : "Dear countrymen and comrades," said the hero, "our end

is fast approaching: surrounded on every side by bloodthirsty foes, and forsaken by our friends, the choice alone remains to us, whether we will continue steadfastly united heart and hand in the present hour of peril, as our famed forefathers at Morgarten, or purchase a miserable existence by crouching to the destroyers of our country. Our lot in the former case is death, inevitable death. Does any one among us fear to die, let him turn back; no reproach shall attend him from us: let us at least in this awful hour not deceive each other. Rather would I have one hundred heroes upon whom I could with confidence rely, than five hundred cowards, who, in the hour of trial, would shrink from their duty, cause confusion in our ranks, and leave the braver spirits victims to their fears and baseness. For myself, I swear that no danger, not even death itself, shall force me to desert my post: we may fall, but we will never fly. If this feeling prevails in your bosoms, let two men come forward from your band, and promise me the same in your names."

Silently listening, his men leaned on their firelocks. Now and then a tear stole unheeded down their manly cheeks. Suddenly the wild shout of a thousand voices echoed to heaven. "Yes, we swear to

stand firm, and never to forsake you." Two warriors sprang from the ranks, and after the ancient custom of their ancestors, stretched out their hands towards their general and magistrate, and swore under the blue canopy of heaven, to be true to their leader and to their country. And not one shrunk from the responsibility of his oath.

When Reding, on the 2d May, had hastened to sustain the conflict at Rothenthurm, the heroes he left behind for the defence of Schindelleggi defended their post, not with the intemperate and undisciplined rashness of shepherds just assembled from their cottages, but with the firmness and intrepidity of veterans grown grey in arms. One, who, early in the morning, had received a severe wound in the thigh, and during the day another in the body, continued at his post, until a third ball, which shattered his arm, deprived him of the power any longer to wield his weapons. The troops of the forest cantons lost in these actions, according to their registers, in all, 236 killed, and only 195 wounded. The number of slain in the French army, according to their own accounts, amounted to 2754: the number of the wounded could never be precisely ascertained.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

As I am but just returned from Paris, I must leave the letters of my correspondents which I have found on my arrival, unanswered till next month, because I cannot in conscience give advice without a little deliberation. Before I speak

of the result of my journey, I must say a word respecting the motives which induced me to undertake it. My advice, as every body knows, is now universally sought for, and implicitly followed by the inhabitants of the united king-

dom; but it has been suggested to me, that I ought not in conscience to confine my labours to my own country, but to give our neighbours on the Continent also the benefit of my experience and sagacity; and in order to do this effectually, that it would be necessary for me to go to Paris, where there could be no doubt, as soon as it was known that I was arrived, that my advice would be as much sought for as it is in London.

As I felt certain that I should be eminently serviceable to the Great Nation, I resolved to go, though by so doing I put myself to some inconvenience. As I knew the French king to be a man of excellent sense, I thought it very likely he might offer me the post of principal governor to the young Duc de Bourdeaux, an appointment which my regard for the interests of England made me positively determine to refuse; and as we all know that kings don't like to be thwarted, I considered it was very fortunate for me that the Charter was too firmly established to leave my liberty in any danger, otherwise I might have had the honour thrust upon me in spite of my teeth. I determined, however, to inform his Majesty, that though I could not undertake the education of the young prince myself, yet I should have no objection to assist him in selecting a man qualified for the task, and even to give this gentleman the benefit of my advice and opinion, whenever he might think proper to demand them.

I accordingly set out for France with my head full of these projects for its good, but unfortunately for

its interests; I have found no opportunity to put them in execution. Whether his most Christian Majesty has been too much occupied with state affairs to read my papers, or whether his ministers have studiously kept him ignorant of my arrival in his capital, I can't say, but he certainly has not applied to me, and I could not think of compromising my dignity as Adviser General of the United Kingdom, by making any overtures to him: that part of my project, therefore, has completely failed. Nor was I much more successful in the other. In fact, I soon found that mine is a profession which cannot be exercised in France, for two reasons: first, a Frenchman may be called a living comment on the perpetual motion, for I defy you to make him sit still and remain silent for five minutes together; so that you have no chance of inducing him to take advice, since you can't even get him to listen to it. Secondly, it is impossible to persuade him that he does not know every thing in the world better than any body else. These reasons will easily account for the little success I had with grown-up people; but I must confess that I found the children very docile: I can't tell, indeed, whether they followed my advice, but they always listened to it very patiently, when it was accompanied with *bons-bons*.

I must, however, acknowledge in justice to the French, that though they would not take my advice, they are an amiable and hospitable people. I received from them many acts of attention and kindness, and I might have received many more had my temper

been accommodating; for in order to stand perfectly well with a Frenchman, you must believe, or at least appear to believe, that they are the first people upon earth, and that their country, and every thing in it, surpasses all the rest of the globe. If you can do this, you are sure to be universally received with open arms; but if you cannot go quite so far, you may secure a certain portion of consideration by holding your tongue on some occasions, for a Frenchman always considers the patient civility with which you listen to him in the light of a high compliment to his talents, and that makes him very ready to speak favourably of yours: thus, for instance, I obtained a reputation for taste in the fine arts, only by listening to a three hours' dissertation on the paintings in the gallery of the Louvre, with which M. Virtu entertained me. And I have been told that Comte Pappillon tells every body that I possess a perfect knowledge of the French language, and an exquisite taste in poetry, merely because I did not interrupt him while he read to me an epic poem of his own composition, which he never could get any body else to listen to. But upon the whole my temper is too sincere to give me any chance of being an universal favourite; I found, indeed, much to admire, but something also to censure, and it is as impossible to persuade a Frenchman that there can be any thing to disapprove either in himself or his country, as it would be to make a lady believe that she wants beauty, an author that he wants wit, or a courtier that he wants

address. My journey, however, will not be wholly thrown away, if my readers will take the advice which I earnestly give them, either to content themselves at home, or to visit France merely *en passant*. It would be unjust to deny that it contains much which is well worthy the attention of an enlightened traveller, but as a fixed residence it can never be a desirable home for a genuine Englishman; he will look in vain for those social pleasures, those domestic comforts, that rational and delightful interchange of sentiment and opinion, which makes us at once happier and better. These enjoyments are perhaps peculiar to England; at least it is certain, that, from the marked difference of the national character, they are not to be found in France.

S. SAGEPHIZ.

I had just finished the above, when my old friend — was announced, and as I had not seen him for some time before my departure, I inquired what he had been doing with himself. "Why," replied he, "as a punishment for my sins, I have been to France; and unfortunately for you, I did not return till some days after you had set out, or else I think I should have prevented your journey, at least if you had had common sense."—"Why, then I am afraid you are not much pleased with your trip."—"Pleased!" repeated he with a groan, "pleased with being almost frozen, nearly starved, and what was worst of all, talked to death by a parcel of chattering puppies, who will never suffer any one to speak but themselves: truly I have great reason to be pleased!"

—“ These are heavy charges, indeed, which you bring against France; but you must be joking.”

—“ Not at all: I protest to you, that during the month I spent in Paris, I could neither talk, walk, eat, nor sleep with any degree of comfort.”

Though I could hardly help laughing at the rueful face with which he pronounced these words, yet as I saw by his manner that he was in earnest, I put on a look of commiseration, and desired to hear how it happened that he had been so unfortunate. “ I was prevailed upon,” cried he, “ by an old friend of mine, a French gentleman, who had resided several years in this country, to pay him a visit. I arrived in Paris about the beginning of May, and found him waiting for me at the diligence-office, where, instead of taking a hackney-coach to go to his lodgings, he begged I would suffer a *garçon* to carry my portmanteau, because, as the *Palais Royal* was not much out of our way, he wished to regale me with a peep at it. Though I would much rather have been regaled with my supper, I did not like to refuse him, and accordingly we walked through the *Palais Royal*, which he took care I should take an accurate survey of. Though the night was bitterly cold, he dragged me close to the fountain, that I might admire the play of the water; and I don’t believe we passed a single shop without his insisting on my stopping to look at the baubles in the windows. Well, at last we arrived at his lodgings, in praise of which he had been descanting at intervals all the way; and you may conceive my disap-

pointment, when instead of a snug room with a comfortable fire, I was ushered into a very large lofty apartment with a stone floor, waxed to such a degree that you could hardly set your foot on it without danger of falling. On one side were three or four doors leading into other apartments, and opposite to them were the windows, so constructed as to admit nearly as much air when closed as when open. At the upper end was an immense chimney, in which were a couple of logs, but you must approach very close to them indeed before you could discover that they were burning.

“ ‘ You see,’ said my friend, looking round with great complacency, ‘ that I am pretty well lodged here. I assure you that this apartment has been inhabited before now by royal personages.’ — ‘ I wish with all my soul,’ cried I, ‘ that it was inhabited by them at present, for I’ll swear a man might as well take up his residence in an ice-house. Why how can you, who had every thing so comfortable when you were in England, exist in such a frozen region?’ In short, I said all I could to convince him that his room was admirably calculated to give a man the ague, and to persuade him to get out of it as fast as he could, but my arguments were to no purpose: he assured me that his apartments were quite *comme il faut*; that boarded floors, carpets, and hearth-rugs were idle, or rather pernicious indulgences, which only served to enervate the frame; and as to his doors and windows admitting the air, it was so much the better, because it helped to ventilate the room. That he

was surprised I could complain of the chamber being too large and lofty, since that made it more healthful as well as magnificent. While he was in the midst of his harangue, supper was brought in, and if it had been intended merely to look at, I might have been very well pleased, for it certainly had a very pretty appearance; but what with the high seasoning of the different dishes, and the vinegar which was used most unsparingly in the sauces, I could hardly find any thing but bread, and, by the bye, that was a little sour too, that I could eat.

"A few glasses of excellent wine, however, warmed and cheered me a little; but my cold fit came on again when I retired to my bed-chamber, which was very fine and very uncomfortable. I never closed my eyes all night, for independent of the cold, my couch was a wretched one; they had given me mattresses, which it seems are more generally used in France than feather beds, and to me who find a good bed a real luxury, you may judge what a penance it was to turn and toss upon a mattress all night.

"Well, as soon as breakfast was over, we went out for a stroll; but Heaven defend us from a walk through the streets of Paris! What with their villanous stone pavement, that galled my feet at every step I took, and the being obliged to run every moment out of the way of the carriages, which, as you know, drive even close to the houses, I had quite enough to do to take care of my neck."

"The streets of Paris are inconvenient certainly," said I, "but

as to the danger, I don't think it can be very great, because accidents happen very seldom. But did not the sight of the public buildings, the gardens, and the works of art, recompense your trouble and fatigue?"

"No, to be sure it did not," replied he pettishly: "there are some things well enough certainly, but their cursed vanity leads them into such exaggerated praises of what they shew you, as well as into such impertinent comparisons between France and England, that I did nothing but squabble upon the subject from morning till night; that is, when they would suffer me to get in a word, which, to do them justice, was not very often."

"But how was that? You generally contrive I think to have your share of the conversation."

"Ay, in England, where people in general have too much politeness to keep all the talk to themselves; but the French have no conscience in that respect. I protest I began to think I should lose the use of my tongue if I did not make haste to get out of their confounded country."

As I was conscious that there was some little truth in this last complaint, and I knew besides that my friend was too indefatigable a talker for me to cope with, I did not attempt to argue him out of his prejudices; and I have inserted his adventures, because I thought they might be of use to quiet elderly gentlemen, who are much attached to their personal comforts, by inducing them, if they visit France, to do it in warm weather.

6. B. G. PHIZ.





PICTURESQUE TOUR IN THE OBERLAND.

PLATE 15.—VIEW OF THE JUNGFRAU.

FROM Lauterbrunnen to Grindelwald there are two totally different routes. Lower down the valley, from Zweylütschinen, and thence through the Lüscenthal, runs one which is passable for carriages; the other, up the valley and crossing the Wengenalp, is practicable for horses and pedestrians alone. The latter was explored for the first time, in 1771, by the Rev. Mr. Wytttenbach and Mr. von Konstetten, and by them recommended in the strongest manner to the traveller. It occupies about eight hours, is without danger, and is the most elevated of the mountain-passes of the Oberland. It affords a more sublime view than any other of the most majestic of the snow-covered mountains. The ascent for a league is steep to the straggling village of Wengen. The path then leads for a considerable distance over a tolerably level part of the mountain, towards the Trümletenthal, a deep ravine, which parts the foot of the Jungfrau from the Wengenalp, and is traversed by a furious torrent of the same name. Here the traveller is exactly opposite to the stupendous mass of the Jungfrau, towering above all its neighbours, from the Eiger to the Breithorn and the Büttlosa. On the summit of the Wengen is a herdsman's hut, where the weary pedestrian may obtain refreshments, enjoy at his ease the inexpressibly magnificent spectacle of the giants of the Swiss Alps, watch in perfect security the avalanches that are incessantly tumbling from their summits, and lis-

ten to the thunders occasioned by their fall. The road suddenly turns, and runs eastward for a league, keeping the Jungfrau and the two Eigers constantly in view, to the highest ridge of the Scheideck*, which is 4504 feet above the lake of Thun, or 6284 above the level of the sea. Hence it gradually descends into the extensive valley of Grindelwald.

The annexed view of the Jungfrau was taken at the distance of about a mile from the parsonage of Lauterbrunnen. On all sides it is surrounded with tremendous precipices; valleys of ice, vast deserts, and frightful chasms, furrow its immense surface, and form folds in the mantle of everlasting snow which covers its enormous sides. In vain would the man who is capable of appreciating the sublimity of this spectacle seek language adequate to the expression of his feelings, when, for the first time, the Jungfrau exhibits itself in all its majesty to his view. It is in particular when the mountain suddenly bursts upon the eye, either if a sudden change in the direction of the road, or the lowering of the neighbouring mountains, places him full in front of this colossus, or after a sudden dispersion of a cloud which has covered its most elevated regions—it is then that the abrupt appearance of its summit has something astonishing and magical. The eye is dazzled;

* In the Oberland, almost every ridge that separates two valleys is called a *Scheideck*, though it may have another denomination peculiar to itself.

it looks around for a point of support and of comparison, but none is to be found. One world ends, another begins, and that a world governed by the laws of a totally different existence. The summit of the Jungfrau, resplendent with celestial brilliancy, seems not to belong to this earth. What a repose in these vast deserts of ice, where ages leave fewer traces of their progress than years in these lower regions! The ideas of eternal duration, unlimited power, an inviolable asylum, take possession of the soul, and impress it more powerfully than elsewhere, with the feeling of the presence of that incomprehensible Being, who, with the same hand that of old laid the foundations of this colossus, and raised it aloft above the region of storms, will one day dash it in pieces like a potter's vessel. Before this mass, mankind appear a race of pygmies, whose redoubled efforts, for a thousand generations, would never penetrate that dazzling cuirass which the frost of ages has formed, nor overthrow a single one of the numberless rocks with which these regions of ice are studded. It seems to us that, if it were possible to reach this lofty pinnacle, the soul would thence soar without difficulty to the Creator of so many wonders. To whatever side we turn our view, it is met by traces of omnipotence and images of immensity, which indicate the invisible Author of these stupendous works.

The Jungfrau is so much surrounded with gigantic objects, that the impression produced by the first sight of it cannot be compared with that produced by lofty in-

sulated mountains, such as the peak of Teneriffe, Mowna-Roa in Owhyhee, or even such as are of far inferior magnitude, but remarkable for their situation, as Mount Athos, to which the ancients and some moderns have attributed an extravagant height, but which is now calculated not much to exceed four thousand feet. M. Ramond has observed, that the eyes of none but natives of Switzerland are competent to judge of certain dimensions which exceed all that the traveller has yet seen, so that his mind has no standard with which to compare them. Thus he often found, that instead of exaggerating heights and distances, he diminished them one half or two thirds, till long habit had taught him to extend his ideas, by furnishing him with larger objects of comparison.

It is indeed not till after the spectator has for some time contemplated the Jungfrau that he begins to appreciate its gigantic proportions. Some of its parts are distinguished by particular denominations. The conical point on the right is called the Monk (from its pretended resemblance to a cowl), or Silberhorn. The mass of rocks running to the left terminates in the Schneehorn. The peak in the centre, which is the least elevated of the three, is termed Jungfrau, by way of eminence, and the summit is called Jungfrauhorn. The term *horn* is applied to the loftiest peaks throughout this whole chain.

The Jungfrau rises to an elevation of 10,422 feet above the village of Lauterbrunnen, and 12,782 above the sea. Now Chimborazo, which is 20,142 above the ocean, being only 11,106 higher than the

plain of Quito, which is 9,036 feet above the same level, it is evident that the Jungfrau exhibits to the spectator, who contemplates it from the point of view from which the annexed design was taken, a pyramid very nearly as high as that presented to the inhabitants of the valleys outstretched at the foot of the giant of American mountains.

At the foot of the Jungfrau are seen several caverns, the most remarkable of which is called Chorbalm. In the dialect of the Oberland, *balm* signifies a rock which overhangs so much as to afford a shelter against bad weather. The same term is applied to grottos in the south of France and in Savoy, and seems to belong to a language anterior to the Latin and Teutonic.

On the left of our view is seen the torrent of the White Lüttschinen, which rises in the glaciers at the extremity of the valley of Lauterbrunnen, and which, a league lower down, mingles its current with that of the Black Lüttschinen, that springs from the glaciers of Grindelwald.

Nothing affords such a striking proof of the immense magnitude of the Jungfrau as the avalanches, which on hot summer days frequently fall from the declivities of its ice and snow-clad rocks to the number of three or four, nay even eight, in a single hour. On no spot in the whole Oberland can this spectacle be enjoyed in such magnificence and security as on the Wengenalp. Quietly seated opposite to the chaos of glaciers and fields of snow, the traveller, absorbed in silent contemplation, views in this abode of endless winter the empire of eternal death. He is thrilled with awe; he longs

to discover some trace of life; he feels as though he were the only survivor amid the ruins of the globe; the green turf at his feet is a refreshment to his eye, which sinks fatigued from the contemplation of the inanimate waste. A peal of thunder suddenly breaks upon the ear; while he looks up to heaven, and wonders that he cannot discover the smallest cloud in the firmament, he hears the reverberations. He is at a loss which way to turn his eyes, when on a bank of snow upon the Jungfrau he descries apparently a cloud of smoke, and imagines with astonishment that a volcano has burst forth amidst the icy desert. He remarks at the same time on a spot where but a moment before all was motionless, a broad silver stripe, falling like the foam of a cataract over the cloud. He is puzzled to conjecture what is the cause of this phenomenon. Where all nature seemed but now to be bound in the icy chains of death, streams suddenly appear to gush forth, and he could not possibly have overlooked them had they been there at first. The thunder meanwhile continues to peal, and those silver stripes are to all appearance much too insignificant, too fluid, and too distant, to occasion this rumbling. All at once, in the midst of this dubious watching, the supposed stream ceases to flow, and the thunder to roll: he discovers with surprise that the two were connected; he sees the cloud of vapour on the mountain's side disperse; the white snow upon the gray field below at length convinces him that it is the fall of an avalanche which he has witnessed.

Chateaubriand has observed, that

there is but one light in which mountainous regions are displayed in their natural magnificence, and that is moonlight. The traveller who has an opportunity of witnessing its effect upon the Jungfrau and its colossal neighbours, will find himself amply repaid for any inconvenience to which he may submit in order to procure this gratification.

The summit of the Jungfrau was

considered as inaccessible till the successful attempt was made to ascend it in 1812 by Messrs. Meyer, of Aarau. For a circumstantial and interesting account of their tour to the glaciers of the Oberland, during which they accomplished this bold enterprise, the reader is referred to the fourteenth volume of the First Series of the *Repository*.

RHYMING EPISTLE TO C. MACK, ESQ.

Describing an Excursion to LARGA and MILPORT, in the Western District of SCOTLAND.

ON last Friday, my Pegasus itching to trot,
In the steam-boat at Glasgow a passage I got,
Into which by a leap then I fairly did enter,
And seated myself 'twcen two belles at a venture :
The one, as it happen'd, was fam'd Lady Raith,
And the other a sweet pretty maid, by my faith :
The last was so lovely, so charming, and sly,
That often I thought of a kiss, by the bye ;
But so many folks in the cabin a-spying,
Precluded the hope, though she seem'd most complying.
In a corner demure sat Contractor Dulsop,
At his side a spruce Englishman dress'd like a fop ;
Here an Irishman sat with a child on his knee,
Saying, " Arrah, my honey, no porridge for thee !"
Four wives and their bantlings, two parsons, three lasses,
Some nine or ten male things, 'mong whom were some asses,

Made in the whole, I think, just thirty-one,
Some laughing, some flirting, some quizzing anon :
In short, a more curious assemblage ne'er met,
And most happy I was when I fairly did get
My feet on the streets of the town of Port Glasgow,
Where I met by good luck with the charming Miss Ascow ;
Sweet converse we had, and the smiles that she gave
Made captive the heart and the mind of her slave.
By the bye now, few towns Port Glasgow surpasses
In beauty—how lovely and fair are its lasses !
At that place, in his phaeton my friend Billy Ure
Took me up, and through Greenock we drove quite secure :
But woful mischance, as the deuce sure would have it,
In mounting a hill near that farm call'd the Clavit ;
By a wheel going off, our conveyance went down,
By which means your friend Johnny was bruised on the crown.

"No great matter," you'll say, "as no
 further mischief
 Occurr'd to occasion to either much
 grief."
 The carriage arighted, we soon made
 our way,
 And at Larga arrived on the eve of the
 day:
 But there to be sure no great welcome
 we met;
 The gemmen in dudgeon, the ladies in
 pet,
 Because we appear'd not to join the gay
 set
 Who assembled to dance, just the last
 night before,
 In the room call'd the Folly, that's built
 on the shore.
 The ladies derided, and so did the fel-
 lows;
 They told us to pack, or they'd soon
 blow the bellows
 Of discord, if quickly we did not re-
 treat,
 As for us no room was, no drink and no
 meat.
 My admission at last *per* great favour
 was granted,
 Because the next morning my quizship
 was wanted
 To go with a bevy of beauties to Mil-
 port,
 To fish by the way, and there dine with
 some comfort.
 Our excursion took place, and our num-
 ber a dozen;
 Six ladies were there who our hearts
 nigh did cozen,
 Most engaging, most lovely, most witty
 and young,
 And with truth I can say very glib in the
 tongue.
 A law soon was made—*she* who took the
 first fish
 Should be serv'd with a compliment—
 rather a dish
 Of rhyme by impromptu, or written *no-
 tandum*,
 In praise of her beauty or person *com-
 mendum*.

The beautiful Margaret the object soon
 gain'd,
 And here you've the lines which she
 thereby obtained.

IMPROMPTU

On Miss MARGARET N..... of A

O charming Margaret! how shall I
 Describe thy love-inspiring eye?
 Or paint, while admiration glows,
 That face where matchless beauty
 blows?
 For elegance of form or mien
 Where shall a lovelier maid be seen?
 The Graces sure I need not name,
 For they adorn thy beauteous frame.
 Ye pow'rs! improve the lovely maid
 With higher charms; her mind pervade;
 With love reciprocal be crown'd,
 Her happy days with purest bliss abound!

A curious occurrence I needs here must
 mention:
 Blithe Mary alertly, with 'killing inten-
 tion,
 Took in at one haul, you may say very
 odd,
 A beautiful whiting between two fine
 cod*.
 The charming Miss Napier having dropt
 down her line,
 At not having one nibble did fret and
 repine;
 Nine times she dropt down, nine she
 up drew again,
 But a fish she took not, all her art prov'd
 in vain:
 Then she said, "As I live, may I die,
 Mister C.
 But the luck is all yours—it is quite gone
 from me."
 Of this party, for lively wit, void of
 offence,
 I must here give the meed to fair W—l—
 l—ce; and hence

* Fishers have generally three hooks on
 each hand-line, by which means three fish
 are often taken at a haul: this happened to
 be the case with Miss Mary

To sweet Jessie complacency; can I neglect her?	Majestic as Juno here beauties are seen,
Belov'd by all ranks, others' whims can't affect her;	As lovely as Venus, of beauty the queen,
For she's ever courteous, engaging, and bland,	And enlighten'd as Pallas with wisdom I ween.
Strives each party to please, both by sea and by land.	M——V——c——r I must—nay, I cannot refrain
To Eliza bright wit, sense, and judgment conjoin'd,	Here attempt to describe thee, but language is vain.
Most winning in manners, and polish'd in mind.	What nymph on the plain so majestic is seen?
Of Kelly so charming, in doublet attired,	What elegance, grace, what expression and mien!
Pray what can I say, but by all she's admired;	Each trait that is lovely pourtray'd in thy face;
How graceful when mounted and coursing the plain!	In thy converse, wit, sense, and fine taste we can trace;
Not Dian herself, nay, nor one of her train,	Thy manners engaging, by genius inspired,
Can more gallantly move, none more dexterously rein	And by all who best know thee, by all thou'rt admired.
The proud courser, now neighing, now pawing the plain;	Here's the charming M——D——r——t, how graceful, divine!
And, oh! for her eyes, they are bright as the Morn's	As blooming as Hebe, admired as the Nine;
When blushing she rises, and nature adorns.	And the Graces attend her—her fair sisters three,
For her wit, I'm an ass, to describe it how vain;	Who are all just as lovely as lovely can be.
'Tis as bright as the diamond that cuts the clear pane,	Inspired by the fair, a few rhymes every day
And as sharp as the lancet that bleeds the blue vein:	Occur here, which now you shall have in array:
Oh! may I enjoy her lov'd converse again	But, alas! you may say of them all—Welladay!
O Larga! thy village was never so gay;	For a beauty the brightest that e'er trod our plain,
Bright Phœbus illumines, while sweet Love leads the way,	I shall trouble you only with one other strain:
And with mirth and in friendship we spend the short day.	Like a meteor she shone, but how short was her reign!
Ye mortals, what seek ye to Larga repair?	Oh! may she return here, and bless us again!
If beauty unrivall'd, you'll sure find it there;	Your's, JOHN CARNEGIE,

THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON.

A CORRESPONDENT, to whom we feel under many obligations, has sent us the following striking extracts from Evelyn's Journal on the great Fire of London, in continua-

tion of the subject which we introduced a few Numbers since.

2nd Sept. This fatal night, about ten o'clock, began that deplorable

fire near Fish-street, in London.—
 3d. I had public prayers at home. The fire continuing, after dinner I took coach with my wife and son, and went to the Bank Side in Southwark, when we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole city in dreadful flames, near the water side; all the houses from the bridge, all Thames-street and upwards towards Cheapside, down to the Three Cranes, were now consumed; and so returned, exceeding astonished what would become of the rest.

The fire having continued all this night (if I may call that night which was light as day for ten miles round about after a dreadful manner), when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very dry season, I went on foot to the same place, and saw the whole south part of the city burning, from Cheapside to the Thames, and all along Cornhill (for it likewise kindled back against the wind as well as forward), Tower-street, Fenchurch-street, Gracious-street, and so along to Barnard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paul's church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonished, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it, so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods, such a strange consternation was there upon them; so it burned both in breadth and length, the churches, public halls, exchange, hospitals, monuments, and

ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and street to street, at great distances one from the other; for the heat, with a long set of fair and warm weather, had even ignited the air, and prepared the materials to conceive the fire, which devoured, after an incredible manner, houses, furniture, and every thing. Here we saw the Thames covered with goods floating, all the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save; as, on the other, the carts, &c. carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strewed with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh! the miserable and calamitous spectacle, such as haply the world had not seen the like since the foundation of it, nor to be outdone till the universal conflagration of it! All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seen above forty miles round about for many nights. God grant mine eyes may never behold the like, which now saw above ten thousand houses all in one flame; the noise and the cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like a hideous storm, and the air all about so hot and inflamed, that at the last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forced to stand still and let the flames burn on, which they did for near two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds also of smoke were dismal, and reached upon computation near fifty miles in

length. Thus I left it this afternoon burning, a resemblance of Sodom on the last day. It forcibly called to my mind that passage, *Non enim hic habemus stabilem civitatem*, the ruins resembling the picture of Troy. London was, but is no more! Thus I returned.

Sept. 4. The burning still rages, and it was now gotten as far as the Inner Temple, all Fleet-street, the Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, Warwick-lane, Newgate, Paul's Chain, Watling-street, now flaming, and most of it reduced to ashes; the stones of Paul's flew like granadoes, the melting lead running down the streets in a stream, and the very pavements glowing with a fiery redness, so as no horse or man was able to tread on them, and the demolition had stopped all the passages, so that no help could be applied; the eastern wind still more impetuously driving the flames forward, nothing but the almighty power of God was able to stop them, for vain was the help of man.

It crossed towards Whitehall; but, oh! the confusion there was then at court! It pleased his majesty to command me among the rest to look after the quenching of Fetter-lane end, to preserve if possible that part of Holborn, whilst the rest of the gentlemen took their several posts, some at one part, some at another (for now they began to bestir themselves, and not till now, who hitherto had stood as men intoxicated, with their hands across), and began to consider that nothing was likely to put a stop but by blowing up of so many houses as might make a wider gap than any had yet been made by the ordinary method of pulling them

down with engines: this some stout seamen proposed early enough to have saved near the whole city, but this some tenacious and avaricious men, aldermen, &c. would not permit, because their houses must have been of the first. It was therefore now commanded to be practised, and my concern being particularly for the hospital of St. Bartholomew, near Smithfield, where I had many wounded and sick men, made me the more diligent to promote it; nor was my care for the Savoy less. It now pleased almighty God, by abating the wind, and by the industry of the people, when almost all was lost, infusing a new spirit into them, that the fury of it began sensibly to abate about noon, so as it came no farther than the Temple westward, nor than the entrance of Smithfield north; but continued all this day and night so impetuous towards Cripplegate and the Tower as made us all despair: it also broke out again in the Temple, but the courage of the multitude persisting, and many houses being blown up, such gaps and desolations were soon made, as, with the former three days' consumption, the back fire did not so vehemently urge upon the rest as formerly. There was yet no standing near the burning and glowing ruins by near a furlong's space.

The coal and wood wharfs, and magazines of oil, rosin, &c. did infinite mischief, so as the invective which a little before I had dedicated to his majesty, and published, giving warning what might probably be the issue of suffering those shops to be in the city, was looked on as a prophecy.

The poor inhabitants were dispersed about St. George's Fields and Moorfields, as far as Highgate, and several miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable huts and hovels; many without a rag or any necessary utensils, bed, or board, who from delicateness, riches, and easy accommodations in stately and well furnished houses, were now reduced to extremest misery and poverty.

In this calamitous condition I returned with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the distinguishing mercy of God to me and mine, who, in the midst of all this ruin, was like Lot in my little Zoar, safe and sound.

7th. I went this morning on foot from Whitehall as far as London bridge, through the late Fleet-street, Ludgate-hill, by St. Paul's, Cheapside, Exchange, Bishopsgate, Aldersgate, and out into Moorfields; thence through Cornhill, &c. with extraordinary difficulty clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was, the ground under my feet so hot that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. In the mean time his majesty got to the Tower by water, to demolish the houses about the graff, which being built entirely about it, had they taken fire and attacked the White Tower, where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten down and destroyed all the bridge, but sunk and torn the vessels in the river, and rendered the demolition beyond all expression for several miles about the country.

At my return, I was infinitely concerned to find that goodly

church St. Paul's now a sad ruin, and that beautiful portico (for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repaired by the late king,) now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stone split asunder, and nothing remaining entire but the inscription of the architrave, shewing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defaced. It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heat had in a manner calcined, so that all the ornaments, columns, friezes, capitals, and projectures of massy Portland stone flew off, even to the very roof, where a sheet of lead covering a great space (no less than six acres by measure) was totally melted; the ruins of the vaulted roof falling broke into St. Faith's, which, being filled with the magazines of books belonging to the stationers, and carried thither for safety, were all consumed, burning for a week following. It is also observable, that the lead over the altar at the east end was untouched, and among the divers monuments, the body of one bishop remained entire. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable church, one of the most ancient pieces of early piety in the Christian world, besides near one hundred more. The lead, iron works, bells, plate, &c. melted; the exquisitely wrought Mercers' chapel, the sumptuous Exchange, the august fabric of Christ Church, all the rest of the companies' halls, splendid buildings, arches, enteries, all in dust; the fountains dried up and ruined, whilst the very waters remained boiling; and many subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in

stench and dark clouds of smoke, so that in five or six miles traversing about, I did not see one load of timber unconsumed, nor many stones but what were calcined white as snow. The people who now walked about the ruins appeared like men in some dismal desert, or rather in some great city laid waste by a cruel enemy; to which was added the stench that came from some poor creatures' bodies, beds, and other combustible goods. Sir Thomas Gresham's statue, though fallen from its niche in the Royal Exchange, remained entire, when all those of the kings since the Conquest were broken to pieces; also the standard in Cornhill, and Queen Elizabeth's effigies with some arms on Ludgate-hill, continued with but little detriment; whilst the vast iron chains of the city streets, hinges, bars, and gates of prisons, were many of them melted and reduced to cinders by the vehement heat. Nor was I yet able to pass through any

of the narrower streets, but kept the widest; the ground and air, smoke and fiery vapour, continued so intense, that my hair was almost singed, and my feet insufferably surbated. The bye lanes and narrower streets were quite filled up with rubbish, nor could one have possibly known where he was, but by the ruins of some church or hall that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining. I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seen two hundred thousand people of all ranks and degrees dispersed, and lying along by their heaps of what they could save from the fire, deploring their loss, and though ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appeared a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty and council indeed took all imaginable care for their relief by proclamation for the county to come in and refresh them with provisions.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WOULD-BE AUTHOR.

Chap. XV.

LITERARY LOVERS—THE DISAPPOINTMENTS OF THE DELLA CRUSCANS—AND THE LION'S HEAD.

LABOURING in my vocation of editor and contributor to the Imperial Magazine, my time flowed in an easy current, for I was employed, and I little heeded the trifling vexations which occurred in the execution of my office; such as the complaints of those who deemed themselves most unpardonably offended by a non-insertion of their favours, and who, in the warmth of their feelings, castigated me with a severity that

seemed as if all feeling or sensibility were confined to themselves alone.

Among my poetical correspondents, were a lady and gentleman who contributed articles of much *della cruscan* pathos, and in lines not unworthy of some of our first poets; but not content with apostrophizing all the virtues and vices in the forms of madrigals, sonnets, and elegies, they at length composed panegyrical effusions on each

other's talents. The charms of the lovely "Medora" filled his paper; nor was the admirer of "Orlando" behind hand in her eulogiums. They continued month after month to hymn each other's praises (but whether to the additional advantage of the Imperial Magazine it is not for me to say), until at length Orlando, in a private note, demanded of the editor such particulars of the life and conversation of the fair incognita, as, had I been acquainted with them, I could not in honour have answered, under the seal of secrecy which I had imposed upon myself. I informed Orlando ambiguously, but him alone (in my notices to correspondents), that I could give him no information on this subject, and that nothing would tempt me to communicate any knowledge of my contributors. From this notice I soon received a letter couched in all the irritability of offended genius, declaring that "I had unnecessarily agonized his feelings; and, lastly, that for the future the poetry of Orlando should enrich some publication more worthy of his efforts." Such, however, was the popularity of his stanzas, that we found ourselves obliged to pay a venal bard for fabricating similar productions, as sombre as those of Orlando, and under the necessity of adopting his signature.

These literary forgeries, although they offended not generally the subscribers to the Imperial Magazine, did not satisfy Medora; she rated me for this piracy on her favourite bard, whose *double* I had forgotten to instruct in the art of praising her alone. She bitterly complained of the absence of the real Or-

lando's lines; and sonnets to absence, odes to a neglected muse, stanzas to disappointment, and calls on the poetic powers of the "original Orlando," filled our letter-box, until at length the "real Simon Pure," indignant at the attempt of an impostor to ravish from him his fair fame, again dipped his pen in ink, once more to apostrophize his beloved Medora with "If then Medora bids me strike my lyre."

I was not displeased at this; and as the defalcation of Orlando had affected our joint funds, my co-proprietor, Perriwinkle, was delighted, and the mercenary bard was dismissed, while the twin notes of "elegant sadness" enriched once more our poetical department. The flame, however, which had burnt in the hearts of these children of Apollo was not to be satisfied with poetic numbers. Medora, in a note to the editor, "soaring above vulgar prejudices," sought through my medium an interview with the matchless Orlando; and I, with the fear before my eyes of again offending, ventured to play Pandarus to this Triolus and Cressida. I found, however, the gentleman either really or pretendedly the most bashful of the two. The interview was at length arranged; and it was agreed, that the little back parlour of our publisher should receive these pure and unsophisticated children of Phœbus.

Disguised as a shopman, and arrayed in an apron, with a brown paper cap on my head, which sufficiently concealed the literary halo, or the laurel crown on my head, I took my stand to receive them, for my curiosity was powerfully excited to witness this interview. It

was at the precise hour of twelve, when a lady, bordering upon forty, and whom I afterwards found to be "the lovely Medora," entered the shop. Her face was enlightened by violent scorbutic coruscations; her dress was ridiculously youthful, and she sidled into the little back parlour with a sort of mincing pace, under the pretence of writing a letter. She affected, it is true, to hide her face with her ridicule, but not so much so but that I could see that it was made up for the occasion: at length, after writing, or pretending to write, she seated herself upon a counting-house stool, and with a fine edition of Petrarch before her, seemed silently waiting for some great event.

In about half an hour's time entered a little humpbacked man, who I little thought at that time was the sentimental Orlando. He, with a searching eye and faltering voice, and with the pronunciation of a tutor, inquired for the poems of Eion, which he begged permission to peruse in the shop while waiting for a person.

I motioned my hand to the back of the shop, and was about to retire, but not before I was fully convinced, that by some preconcerted signal between them, the love-moving Orlando and the enchanted Medora stood confessed. Such were the persons who, in the most mellifluous poetry, had so highly interested myself and my subscribers! I was astonished at their appearance, though it is very true, as I heard Orlando say, "the cocoa-nut has outside a hairy and unsightly appearance, but inwardly it holds a delicious liquid." •

To what took place at this inter-

view I was an entire stranger: they remained together not long, and departed at different periods. Their joint lucubrations were for some time continued, but they lost much of their sentimentality, and the amatory style insensibly vanished. Shortly after, Orlando died of a consumption, and Medora took another of our bards under her protection and *eulogization*, whom she sonneted *incog.* without condescending a single line to the memory of her once beloved Orlando, notwithstanding we had in plain prose given him almost every accomplishment both in mind and in body which we could conveniently bestow. The *protégé* of Medora did not always find a place for his effusions in our miscellany; he was deficient in the novelty of his epithets, contenting himself with borrowing them from his poetical patroness: they were couched in the

"Same ahs, the same ohs;

"Twas brother and sister, and sister and brother,

And they kept up the shuttlecock one for each other."

We soon, however, lost sight of both of our contributors: for Medora being about to publish "a volume of Poems by a Lady," could no longer afford to throw away effusions on the Imperial Magazine; and her *protégé* was called upon for all the commendatory lines he could muster; so that we heard of them no more.

Still, however, we had "Sonnets on Retirement and Solitude" by a young clerk in Friday-street; "Travels" by a young gentleman at Highgate; "Fragments on Liberty" by a *ci-devant* actress, at this time confined in St. George's Fields; "Essays on Matrimony

and Children" by an old maid; and one article "On the Value of Money" by a man who was never in possession of five pounds.

Perriwinkle I seldom saw, and I now lived to my heart's content. Shall I ever forget the jovial dinners I had at the Shakspeare, where I was reckoned a second Orpheus, or any thing else I chose, by those whose dinners I paid for? I was by turns a Clarendon and a Byron—a Fielding and a Milton. I often headed the table at the now forgotten Shakspeare. Shall I ever forget the hilarity of the moment, when becoming great as young Ammon himself, I poured a glass of

champagne in the lion's mouth, set up by Addison at I think Button's coffee-house, and which at that time was placed over the chimney at the Shakspeare; yes, in this mouth, the classical depository of Addison's contributors, did I pour the English Falernian. Alas! the Shakspeare and all my friends are now fled; and the Brazen Lion, sacred to Literature and to the Spectators, where art thou gone? Who now holds thee in possession? I shall see thee no more, though thy published contents were ever dearer to me than all the oracles of Delphos, or the brazen bust of Friar Bacon!

THE GREEN MANTLE OF VENICE:

A true Story; from the German.

(Continued from p. 102.)

At this moment of anxiety, young Wilmsen conducted himself with so much discretion, and shewed so great an interest in the affair, that Emmeline was no longer mistress of her feelings; she had long secretly loved the young man. She knew not the source of the extraordinary influence he had obtained over her father, but when the remotest opportunity of doing a good action presented itself, Wilmsen was sure to exert all his eloquence to induce the old man to enter into his views, and never failed by his arguments to obtain whatever he desired. A thousand times the gentle girl had betrayed the admiration he had excited, and she only feared that duty alone actuated him in his conduct, and that she herself was an object of perfect indifference to him.

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She could not conceal from herself that she was the most beautiful girl in the city; that her education and her accomplishments were undoubtedly of a superior class. Hundreds had been subdued by her charms, but this young man had ever maintained the same respectful distance, and the same apparent indifference; no word had ever escaped his lips which appeared to come from the heart. Vanity had whispered to her, that in his looks, at times, a greater degree of interest might be discerned, but he was still silent. Circumstances, however, now were changed. Wilmsen appeared in a new character. He warmly defended Mr. Mellinger from the slightest suspicion of guilt, and attributed his apprehension to some diabolical plot. He hastened as

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soon as possible to Emmeline, to offer her every consolation in his power to suggest. He pledged himself to save her father, cost what it would, and with respect to his affairs, he entreated her to confide everything to his care and diligence.

"Yes, Wilmsen, I have perfect confidence in you," said the weeping Emmeline, and unconsciously placed her hand in his; he raised it to his lips, and had not her heart been abandoned to grief alone, and her eyes blinded by tears, she would then have read in his looks the rapturous delight with which her innocent confidence inspired him.

Stipps entered with the information that Mr. Mellinger's guilt had been discovered by means of a child.

Old Mellinger had been accustomed to drive himself about in a single-horse chaise, and was this time accompanied by a little girl of six years old, the child of one of his clerks, whose prattle entertained him, and whom he generally called his little Charlotte.

Charlotte had returned home, and related to the child of a neighbour, that Mr. Mellinger had driven to the Ash-grove near Mühlgraben, and had there seen at a distance a courier all in green: he went so swiftly, that she only saw him for a moment, but Mr. Mellinger seized the moment when he passed them to jump out of the chaise, and rushing upon him, stabbed him to the heart.

A *gens-d'armes*, who was sitting before the door, listened attentively to the child's relation, and immediately gave information of it.

Emmeline hastened to the pa-

rents of the child, that she might question her herself; but she had been taken before the commandant, and no one, not even her mother, had been allowed to accompany her. Emmeline returned home disconsolate, and found Wilmsen busily engaged in arranging her father's papers. In a short time, the fearful intelligence arrived, that her father was to appear the next day before a military commission. Every one knows that this is considered nearly equivalent to a death-warrant. The wood mentioned by the little girl had been searched at the first, and the body of the courier was actually found there; not, however, as she described, pierced through the heart, but with several wounds in the head.

Every endeavour which Emmeline made to see her father proved ineffectual; bribes and entreaties were in vain. Old Tobias, who had been in the habit of drinking with the soldiers and the gaoler, tried all his influence to obtain a quarter of an hour's interview with his master in their presence; in vain. Emmeline returned broken hearted to her home. Wilmsen, from whom she looked for advice and consolation, was melancholy and uneasy, and appeared to evade her questions, whether he thought it still possible that her father could be saved; whether she should offer the half, or even the whole, of his property to the commandant; or whether she should throw herself at the feet of the marshal, and beg her father's life.

Night at length advanced, and no means appeared of saving the innocent old man from the death

which threatened him in the morning. The child was still detained by the commandant, and no entreaties of the mother, even on her knees, would prevail upon him to restore her to her. The unhappy Emmeline passed the greater part of the night without sleep, or if at times, overpowered by fatigue, she closed her eyes, the image of her venerable father bleeding on the scaffold was before her. At length, in some degree consoled and fortified by prayer, she slumbered; but scarcely had she enjoyed the blessing of sleep, when she was again awakened by an unusual bustle in the house; and immediately Rosina rushing into her room, exclaimed joyfully, "My master is free! he has escaped!"

Emmeline flew, trembling with delight, to hear the truth: the whole house was assembled; Wilmsen, who was awakened out of a sound sleep, treated the whole as a fable, but Betsey, the gaoler's daughter, had herself told Rosina from the street, as the latter, unable to sleep, sat at a window.

In a short time the house was surrounded by military; the commandant arrived, and caused so diligent a search to be made for the prisoner, that if he had been only as big as a mouse, he must inevitably have been found: the commandant himself assisted in the search, and finding it fruitless, he declared that the more he reflected, the more wonderful the escape of Mr. Mellinger appeared to him. "I demand to be informed," he cried earnestly, "does any one here know any thing of the Green Mantle of Venice?"

At these words, so totally unex-

pected, Emmeline, Rosina, and Stipps coloured so visibly, that the commandant, who watched them all narrowly, must have been blind not to have hoped to draw some information from them.

"Clear the room," he cried to those who accompanied him, and he was left alone with the officers and these three: he conducted Stipps and Rosina, half frightened to death, into an adjoining cabinet, and then entreated Emmeline to relate to him faithfully, all that she knew respecting the Green Mantle. She asked, trembling, how this mysterious apparition could have any thing to do with the liberation of her father. The commandant, while he could not conceal his astonishment that she, who was known to be better educated than any young lady in the whole city, should speak of the Green Mantle as of a supernatural being, reminded her, that to question was his province; and repeated his request that she would unfold to him all the circumstances of this, now for the first time, credible affair. She complied, and related to him all that she had heard of it. The commandant, when she had concluded, silently shook his head, and looked round on the astonished officers. Emmeline, overpowered by her agitation, was allowed to leave the room.

Stipps came next, and his story agreed with hers: at the desire of the commandant, accompanied by an officer, he fetched the letter written by the house of Sponseri to Mr. Mellinger. The commandant having read it, murmured; that according to it, the gaoler and his turnkey appeared less guilty.

Stipps was ordered to shew the

place in the church-yard where young Sponseri had been buried. "Should you know the body again?" asked the commandant.—"If the countenance be not changed, I should without doubt," answered old Stipps, while his blood ran cold at the thought of once more beholding the ghastly features. "Let the grave be opened," said the commandant to his adjutant: "take this person (pointing to Stipps), and let him state on his oath, whether it is the corpse of the same person who was buried as young Sponseri of Venice. Then examine the gaoler and the turnkey, and write down how they conduct themselves in the presence of the corpse. Let them also bring the button."

Rosina confirmed the other two: none of these had themselves seen the green mantle, excepting Stipps, when he assisted at the funeral. Tobias, whose name Rosina had introduced, was also called for, but could no where be found, after the strictest search. The commandant insisted that he must be forthcoming, and required that 10,000 dollars should be deposited in his hands, to be forfeited, if within a month Tobias were not produced alive or dead. Wilmsen smiled at hearing the price put upon the old man, who had been kept chiefly from motives of charity. As Mr. Mellinger had taken the key of the iron chest with him, he did not know where to procure the money, or whether, indeed, much was to be found in the chest, even if it were opened. The commandant, to the surprise and dismay of Wilmsen, produced the key with an air of triumph, stating that when Mr.

Mellinger was taken, it had been found upon his person.

At this sight Wilmsen lost all presence of mind, and the commandant exclaimed, "You did not expect me to be so well provided, young man!" Wilmsen was compelled to lead him and his officers into the counting-house, and to point out the iron chest. The commandant raised the heavy lid, and started back three steps:—a green mantle was the first object that met his eyes. In a cold perspiration, he demanded if Wilmsen had ever seen it there before. He replied that the clerks never knew what their master had in the chest.

"Take out that accursed mantle!" said the commandant, as if he did not like to touch it with his own hands. Wilmsen obeyed. "What is this?" cried the commandant, pointing with his stick to a paper that fell from the mantle. Wilmsen took it up, and would have read it. "It is not addressed to you," said the commandant, and snatching it from his hand, surveyed it in silence for some time. It was a fragment. He then took out another piece of paper from his portfolio, which, on comparison, was found exactly to correspond in shape and in handwriting. A third scrap was, however, still wanting to complete the whole. It was written in Italian, and the perplexed commandant rejecting the offer of Wilmsen, gave it to one of his attendants, who said that he understood a little of the language, to translate it. He did so as follows:

conscience; God overtakes—a fearful end

—last judgment. Tremble—eternal night of death.”
 “Pah!” said the commandant, as if wishing to appear indifferent, when in fact he was so overcome that he could not utter another word. “There is something else,” added the officer, looking at the back of the paper. He turned both fragments, and on that which had fallen from the mantle were these words:

“*Pallasch and Wollmar* —”

“Stay!” cried the commandant when he heard these names; “read it to me only.” The officer drew close to him, and read—

“*Pallasch and Wollmar are innocent. The punishment of Almighty God strike him who touches a hair of their heads!*”

“Come here, friend, and translate it,” said the commandant, almost out of his senses, handing the paper to Wilmsen. Wilmsen gave it thus:

“*Pallasch and Wollmar are innocent. The heaviest punishment of Almighty God strike him who touches a hair of the head of either of them!*”

“May lightning blast——!” the rest died on the tongue of the commandant. “Look at the handwriting.” Wilmsen saw that it was the same on both sides of the paper, but as he raised it to his face, drew back with loathing.—“They smell putrid, as if they had been buried in the hand of a corpse,” said he, shuddering with horror. The commandant turned in disgust from the sight, and he was now as cowardly as at first he had been blustering. One of his officers at length reminded him of the 10,000 dollars for which he came, and which they were to give as a

pledge for the production of Tobias. “The commandant,” cried Wilmsen with bitterness, “has now possessed himself of the chest, and the word *give* is no longer applicable: he can *take* what he pleases. What the chest contains, I know not; but let the commandant take what his conscience will allow, for *God will overtake with his judgments those who do injustice.*”

“*A fearful end,*” muttered the commandant through his teeth, as Wilmsen thus referred to the hieroglyphics that had dropped out of the green mantle: “*Last judgment*”—“*Tremble*”—“*Eternal night of death.*”—“I will not touch a shilling in this chest, and I will abate half the sum I demanded. That I must have, for the purposes of justice.” Wilmsen searched the chest, and finding that it contained not quite 4000 dollars, offered to give half of it as security, to be returned as soon as Tobias should be discovered dead or alive. The commandant accepted the proposal, and the officers counted and took possession of the 2000 dollars.

Meanwhile Stipps arrived with the adjutant, the gaoler, and the turnkey from the church-yard, and the adjutant produced the examination he had taken down. According to it, Stipps had recognised the buried corse as that of young Sponseri, and the gaoler Pallasch and the turnkey Wollmar knew it to be the same that had come in the night and released Mr. Melinger from his prison. “You are astonished,” said the commandant to young Wilmsen, who would not trust his ears at this declaration. “Now you will be able to judge

of my surprise at finding the diabolical green mantle in the chest. Either God or the devil is here at work." All the bye-standers crossed their breasts. "The green mantle itself," added the adjutant, "I have taken from the corpse;" and at these words, to the horror of the whole company, a soldier brought it forward in a mouldering condition. "The button," continued the adjutant, "which was lost from the mantle of the apparition last night, is actually missing from the mantle taken out of the grave, and is of the same pattern as the rest." The commandant silently shuddered, and the two mantles being compared, they were found to be of the same cloth, both had several buttons, and on both one was wanting.

"Let us hear no more of this dreadful story; the more we search, the darker is the mystery," said the commandant.—"Allow me to lay before you these pieces of paper," concluded the adjutant. "In the cuff I found a receipt, the answer to a letter: Mr. Stipps knows it to be the hand-writing of Mr. Mellinger; and in the pocket of the mantle I found this other document." All crowded forward, and who can describe their astonishment at finding that the fragment corresponded exactly with the other two pieces, of which one had dropped out of the green mantle in the chest, and the other had fallen from the apparition?—The writing had become very illegible: one of the officers and Wilmsen endeavoured to make it out, and at length it was read as follows:—

"Wretch! awaken thy conscience. God overtakes thee in the path of crime, to which I foretell a fearful end. The lamentations of those whom thou hast rendered miserable shall summon thee to the last judgment. Tremble, thou scourge of man! The first day of hell's torments is the eternal night of death!"

"Who says that?" cried the commandant, while his teeth chattered.—"The grave," answered Wilmsen solemnly. A long pause ensued.

"The first day of hell's torments is the eternal night of death," repeated the commandant. "Horrible thought! when then is the second day—when the night, and when the end? Observe," he added slowly, "a dead silence regarding all that has occurred here. Time may clear up the mystery." So saying, he and the rest left the house, after having delivered to Stipps the key of the iron chest. He ordered that the green mantle should be brought after him.

After he was gone, when old Stipps found himself alone with Wilmsen, he burst into tears. "What a day has this been!" he cried, throwing himself on the neck of the young man: "I am overwhelmed with terror and anxiety. Where is our old master?"—"Heaven be his guide!" said Wilmsen, folding his hands across his breast; "I am very anxious for him."

"But who can have saved him?" added Stipps; and at this moment Emmeline entered the room, followed by Betsey Pallasch, the daughter of the gaoler. "Now, my girl," she said, "as we cannot be overheard, tell us three all you

know. Speak the truth, and you shall have money, or whatever you wish for."

"Yes, honoured lady," she began with a mysterious air, "it could not be Satan, yet I can hardly think it was Tobias who last night, between ten and eleven o'clock, gave the soldiers so much liquor that they could hardly stand. Whether it was rum or rack, or some devil's drink, I can't tell, but the mere smell seemed to make them tipsy. He said, I mean Tobias, that they should drink his master's health, and have three times as much when he obtained his liberty. They said, laughing, that as his master would certainly be there to-morrow, they would rather drink to-day. Tobias then went away, and crying, wished me good night, and said, 'If that which I expect happens, you will see no more of me, Betsey.' I locked the

house-door after him, and brought the key to my father: but after what I had seen and heard, I could not go to bed, for I could not help imagining the old gentleman shot, and Tobias wandering over the world. I staid with my father, who was sitting with the turnkey, and both were talking of bloody wars and murders. My blood ran cold, and I felt as I had never felt before. The turnkey went to look after his people, who slept like the dead. My father told me twice to go to bed, but I could not for fright. When he ordered me the third time, I had laid myself upon the bench, and pretended to be asleep. The turnkey begged him to let me sleep there, as the night was so far advanced. It was better that I should be there for company."

(*To be continued.*)

TRANSLATION OF "IL PASTOR FIDO,"

By Mr. DYMCKE, the King's Hereditary Champion.

MR. EDITOR,

I SEND for your perusal a very small volume, printed in the year 1633, which is a curiosity, not merely because it is an early specimen of English pastoral poetry, but because it appears to have been the production of a member of the family of the Lords of Scrivelsby, the hereditary champions of the Kings of Great Britain. Perhaps the Rev. Mr. Dymock himself may be surprised to find that one of his ancestors, *tam Marti quam Mercurio*, wielded the pen as well as the sword, and published a translation of Guarini's "*Pastor Fido*."

In the "*Biographia Dramatica*," by Mr. S. Jones, is the following notice regarding the author and his work: "To a gentleman of the name of Dymock," so of old the name seems to have been spelt, "may be ascribed a translation from Guarini, of which two editions were printed in the 17th century. In the dedication of the first to Sir Edward Dymock, the translator (who is spoken of as his near kinsman) is mentioned to be then dead; and from the second to Charles Dymock, Esq. it may be inferred that he was that gentleman's father." With regard to the

inference here spoken of, it is probably a mistake by Mr. S. Jones, or Mr. Baker (who preceded him as editor of the "*Biographia Dramatica*,") as you will see immediately when you read the dedication of the printer of the second edition, in 1633, which is in the following terms:

"To the truly ennobled CHARLES DYMCK, Esq. Champion to his Majesty.

"NOBLE SIR,

"That it may appear unto the world that you are heir of whatever else was your father's, as well as of his virtues, I here restore what formerly his gracious acceptance made only his; which, as a testimony to all that it received life from none but him, was content to lose its being with us since he ceased to be. Thus had it still continued but that animated by you, whom all know to resemble your father as truly as he did virtue. To doubt of acceptance would be an injury to your good parts, which are so conspicuous, that while others busy themselves in heaping up titles, it shall be honour enough for me to be termed, your humble servant, JOHN WATERSON."

It is clear that the printer here alludes only to the dedication of the first edition, which was in 1602, to Sir Edward Dymock, father to Charles Dymock. Whether the Dymocks of that day were the patrons of literature, I know not, excepting from this small volume, and from the fact that R. Tofte, in 1615, dedicates to Sir Edward Dymock (or Dimmock, as he spells it) his work called "*The Blazon of Jealousy*," a translation from Aristotle.

Samuel Daniel, a poet of no mean note, and who held an office under Queen Elizabeth (I am not sure if he were not poet-laureate after the death of Spenser), prefixes a sonnet "to the right worthy and learned knight Sir Edward Dymock, champion to her majesty, concerning this translation of *Pastor Fido*." From the words "champion to her majesty," it is clear that it preceded the edition of 1602, which I have not seen. They are worth transcribing, connected as they are with a family whose name and duties at the late coronation have been so important.

SONNET.

"I do rejoice, learned and worthy knight,
That by the hand of thy kind countryman,
This painful and industrious gentleman,
Thy dear esteem'd Guarini, comes to light;
Who in thy love I know took great delight,
As thou in his, who now in England can
Speak as good English as Italian,
And here enjoys the grace of his own right.
Though I remember he hath oft imbas'd
Unto us both the virtues of the north,
Saying our coasts were with no measures
grac'd,
Nor barbarous tongues could any verse
bring forth:
I would he saw his own, or knew our store,
Whose spirits can yield as much, and if not
more."

Guarini, born in 1538, did not die until 1612, and from what precedes, it should seem that both Daniel and Sir Edward Dymock were acquainted with him. The first Italian edition of "*Il Pastor Fido*" that I have seen bears date in 1602, but it was doubtless printed much earlier. To Daniel's sonnet succeeds another by "the translator, dedicated to that honourable knight, his kinsman, Sir Edward Dymock." As the book is not now easily obtained, perhaps it may gratify the laudable curio-

sity of some of your readers if I extract that also.

"A silly bard hath fashion'd up a suit
Of English clothes unto a traveller;
A noble mind, tho' shepherd's weeds he wear,
That might consort his tunes with Tasso's
lute.

Learned Guarini's first-begotten fruit
I have assum'd the courage to rebear,
And him an English denizen made here,
Presenting him unto the sons of Brute.
If I have fail'd t'express his native look,
And be in my translation tax'd of blame,
I must appeal to that true censure's book
That says, 'tis harder to reform a frame,
Than 'tis to build from ground-work of one's
wit

A new creation of a noble fit."

This is certainly not a favoura-

ble specimen of the author's style, and as I send you the volume itself (which you will return at your convenience, as I set some store by it), you may perhaps find an extract or two worth quoting from the body of the translation*. I am, &c.

T. L. D.

HAMPSTEAD, July 16, 1821.

* At present, we have no room for additional extracts, but we shall furnish our readers with one or two short specimens in our next Number. We do not feel quite satisfied that the author was one of the Dymocks of Scrivelsby.—
Editor.

WHO WOULD BE AN OLD MAID?

ELIZA, at the age of fifteen, was possessed of a tolerable share of beauty, which she was persuaded, by the injudicious flattery of domestics and humble friends, to think more highly of than it deserved. The property of which she was to come into possession at twenty-one was but trifling; but at fifteen what young lady condescends to think of property, except indeed as it furnishes them with pretty dresses, pretty haubles, and other pretty things? Eliza began now to be very anxious for making her *début* in the fashionable world; something like a *penchant* for the assiduities of the gentlemen lingered in her mind; and from the age of fifteen to that of nineteen, she had divers dreams of love fluttering about her heart; sometimes it was love in a cottage—pure, disinterested love—always with a handsome man, particularly if one of that description had recently paid her any little attentions.

About this time, her fondness for
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dress and dashing increased considerably, and she became a coquetish beauty; nothing would satisfy her now but a stylish establishment, with at least three carriages: love in a cottage was altogether out of the question; she wondered indeed how she could even have thought of such a thing. At the age of twenty-one, she came into possession of her little fortune, and of course began to dash a little more than usual. The following year, she refused an offer of marriage from a most respectable man, because, truly, he was not fashionable enough for her; he kept no carriage but a plain gig, and was followed but by one groom, equally plain: it was true indeed that he had fifteen hundred a year, kept an excellent house, and (alas! how unfashionable!) paid his way regularly. But the reader sees how impossible it was that Eliza—the fair, the flattered Eliza—could condescend to ride in a gig! The poor gentleman was consequently refus-

ed, but whether he hanged or drowned himself on account of this piece of cruelty, was never ascertained.

This refusal seemed to increase her power so much, ~~that~~ she was determined to break as many hearts as she possibly could; and in pursuance of this most laudable determination, she flirted with every gay and fashionable young man she met with; but, lo! when she became five and twenty, she felt something very much like wonder and astonishment, that she was not married. How could it be? her glass still told her she was pretty, especially when well *rouged*. Still, rouged or unrouged, the mystic knot remained untied, and, as I said before, she wondered much at it.

She now tried what a little more sedateness would effect; she even began to think that a *large* fortune was not quite so indispensable in the holy state of wedlock as she used to do; she courted the company of *rational* men more than that of essenced exquisites. Year after year crept away; she was twenty-eight. Bless me, thought she, how snug and pleasant would a quiet tranquil marriage be, by licence for instance, in some out-of-the-way country church, where the connubial state might be commenced with a *good prospect*. But she thought in vain; no licence was bought; no country church improved her prospects; *single blessedness* was still her lot, yet it was a sort of blessedness she did not quite admire. Something very like despair of getting married began to take possession of her mind; she dressed more and gayer than ever; paid more to her perfumer this year,

especially for rouge and pearl powder, than for many previous years; and not only to the perfumer, but to the milliner and mantua-maker as well. Yet all would not do, and she began to think it was *remotely possible* that the censorious might call her an old maid: but thirty-two years does not make an old maid, every body knows that.

She became quite disgusted with waltzing and quadrilling about this time; she could not tell how it was, but *good* partners had become scarce. Strange, thought she, that the men, provoking creatures, should leave full grown, *sensible* women, to dance with mere infants, girls just come from boarding-school! However, so it was; and by way of being even with these misses, Eliza became all at once amazingly good tempered and conciliating towards the gentlemen; but good temper, blessing as it is, still left her in the lurch.

She heard other women praised, and that began to make her jealous. Eliza, *once* fair and flattered, became envious, and what was more, she actually quarrelled with a most particular and dear friend, who had participated in all her hopes and fears; and for what think you, gentle readers? why, for the high crime and misdemeanour of getting a husband before her. It certainly was provoking, and Eliza never spoke to her friend again. I shall leave your philosophical moralizers to settle the propriety or impropriety of such conduct, and go on with my history.

At thirty-six, Eliza thought herself much slighted by the world: why should they slight her—*her* who had formerly led every body,

but who was now scarcely allowed to follow another's lead? Slight her, however, they did, and she tried what a little retaliation would do. She started a species of amusement (no new game either), which was to talk of her numerous female friends who had married unhappily; their misfortunes gave her great consolation; they were married, and they were unhappy—she was still single, and of course *hap*—*no not happy!* *Forty* was now in the distance: what do I talk of?—*distance?* Why it was within twelve months march of her. This vexed her exceedingly, though she would not own either her age or her vexation; but, alas! the once good-natured Eliza became ill-natured, prying, curious, meddling, officious; and every year this disposition increased.

She tried, but not till she was turned of forty, what making love to a young man would do. It did nothing but make her ridiculous; it was almost her forlorn hope, and the disappointment left her sourer than ever; what honey she had left became mixed with gall and vinegar: she thought, till thought became agony, of the gentleman, the gig, and the groom, that she had refused about twenty years before.

Shall I proceed? Yes, I will; till her fiftieth year will I follow the fortunes of the no longer fair and flattered Eliza. Forty-two, three, four, and five, found her railing against the male sex, taking to tea, scandal, and cards; abusing the times and the age in which she

lived, and the increasing gaiety of the women, and immorality of the men. Forty-six saw her *a little bit of a Methodist*, and she shewed infinite regard for the Rev. Mr. Thundertext; but she had not enough of the good things of this world for him, and *he* too deserted her: with him went her last, *last* hope; all was now over; Love, the rosy but inconsistent god, had fled for ever! She became despondent; had some hankering after a strong rope and a willow-tree; but she took to snuff, and that drove the rope out of her head.

Determined to share what affection she had with some living, but not human creatures, she filled her house with dogs and cats; became a wholesale customer to the bawling barrow-woman, who called daily at her door; and *took in* a distant and dependent female relative to attend on her *canines* and *felines*, and at the same time to bear all her *little* humours, as she called them—which some folks would not have thought quite so *small*—that a disgust for the world, and all within it, had occasioned.

Young ladies, *remember*, that when a *good* man, with a gig and a groom, makes any of you an offer, it may *perhaps* be as well to accept it; for no doubt you may have heard the fag end of an old song, which says,

“ She who will not when she may,
When she will she shall have nay.”

though I believe it was originally written *he*, and not *she*; but parody is always allowable.

J. M. LACEY.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. LXIX.

-Ultima semper
Expectanda dies homini, dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet. - OVID.

But no frail man, however great or high,
Can be concluded blest before he die.

To meet death with intrepidity, says Dr. Johnson, is the right, and when accompanied with the feelings and sentiments of virtue, is a proof, of innocence. What are our views of all worldly things, when a sharp or tedious sickness has set death before our eyes, and the last hour seems to be approaching? The influence of greatness, the glitter of wealth, and the praises of admirers are no longer objects of our regard, but are lost to the good in those feelings which can alone afford them comfort — in blessing those who will feel themselves consoled by their benedictions, and in forgiving those enemies who disturbed that life which is hastening to its close. Such is the death of the righteous.

When we take the most distant prospect of life, what does it present us but a chaos of unhappiness, a confused and tumultuous scene of labour and contest, disappointment and defeat? If we view past ages in the reflection of history, what do they offer to meditation but crimes and calamities? One year is distinguished by a famine, another by an earthquake: kingdoms are made desolate, sometimes by wars, and sometimes by pestilence: the peace of the world is interrupted at one time by the caprices of a tyrant, at another by the rage of a conqueror. The memory is stored only with vicissitudes of evil; and the happiness,

such as it is, of one part of mankind is found to arise commonly from sanguinary success, from victories which confer upon them the power, not so much of improving life by any new enjoyment, as of inflicting misery on others, and gratifying their own pride by comparative greatness.

But by him that examines life with a more close attention, the happiness of the world will be found still less than it appears. In some intervals of public prosperity, or, to use terms more proper, in some intermissions of calamity, a general diffusion of happiness may seem to overspread a people; all is triumph and exultation, jollity and plenty; there are no public fears and dangers, and no complainings in the streets.

But the condition of individuals is very little mended by this general calm: pain and malice and discontent still continue their havoc; the silent depredation goes incessantly forward; and the grave continues to be filled by the victims of sorrow.

He that enters a gay assembly, and beholds the cheerfulness displayed in every countenance, when he finds all sitting vacant and disengaged, with no other attention than to give or to receive pleasure, would naturally imagine that he had reached at last the point of felicity, the place sacred to gladness of heart, from whence all fear

and anxiety were irreversibly excluded.

Such, indeed, we may often find to be the opinion of those who, from a lower station, look up to the pomp and gaiety which they cannot reach: but who is there of those who frequent these luxurious assemblies, that will not confess his own uneasiness, or cannot recount the vexations and distresses that prey upon the lives of his gay companions? The world, in its best state, is nothing more than a larger assembly of beings, combining to counterfeit happiness which they do not feel, employing every art and contrivance to embellish life, and to hide their real condition from the eyes of one another.

The species of happiness most obvious to the observation of others is that which depends upon the goods of fortune; yet even this is often fictitious. There is in the world more poverty than is generally imagined; not only because many whose possessions are large have desires still larger, and many measure their wants by the gratifications which others enjoy, but great numbers are pressed by real necessities, which it is their chief ambition to conceal, and are forced to purchase the appearance of competence and cheerfulness at the expense of many comforts and conveniences of life. Many, however, are confessedly rich, and many more are sufficiently removed from all danger of real poverty: but it has been long ago remarked, that money cannot purchase quiet; the highest of mankind can promise themselves no exemption from that

discord or suspicion by which the sweetness of domestic retirement is destroyed; and must be always even more exposed, in the same degree as they are elevated above others, to the treachery of dependents, the calumny of defamers, and the violence of opponents.

Affliction is inseparable from our present state; it adheres to all the inhabitants of this world, in different proportions indeed, but with an allotment which seems very little regulated by our own conduct. It has been the boast of some swelling moralists, that every man's fortune was in his own power; that prudence supplied the place of all other divinities, and that happiness is the unfailing consequence of virtue. But surely the quiver of Omnipotence is stored with arrows, against which the shield of human virtue, however adamantine it has been boasted, is held up in vain: we do not always suffer by our crimes; we are not always protected by our innocence.

A good man is by no means exempt from the danger of suffering by the crimes of others; even his goodness may raise him enemies of implacable malice and restless perseverance: the good man has never been warranted by Heaven from the treachery of friends, the disobedience of children, or the dishonesty of a wife; he may see his cares made useless by profusion, his instructions defeated by perverseness, and his kindness rejected by ingratitude; he may languish under the infamy of false accusations, or perish reproachfully by an unjust sentence. A good man is subject, like other

mortals, to all the influences of natural evil: his harvest is not spared by the tempest, nor his cattle by the murrain; his house flames like others in a conflagration, nor have his ships any peculiar power of resisting hurricanes. His mind, however elevated, inhabits a body subject to innumerable casualties, of which he must always share the dangers and the pains: he bears about him the seeds of disease, and may linger away a great part of his life under the tortures of the gout or stone; at one time groaning with insufferable anguish, at another dissolved in listlessness and languor. From this general and indiscriminate distribution of misery, the moralists have always derived one of their strongest moral arguments for a future state: for since the common events of the present life happen alike to the good and bad, it follows, from the justice of the Supreme Being, that there must be another state of existence, in which a just retribution shall be made, and every man shall be happy and miserable according to his works.

The miseries of life may, perhaps, afford some proof of a future state, compared as well with the mercy as the justice of God. It is scarcely to be imagined, that infinite benevolence would create a being capable of enjoying so much more than is here to be enjoyed, and qualified by nature to prolong pain by remembrance, and anticipate it by terror, if he were not designed for something nobler and better, than a state in which many of his faculties can serve only for his torment; in which he is to be importuned by

desires that never can be satisfied, to feel many evils which he had no power to avoid, and to fear many which he shall never feel: there will surely come a time, when every capacity of happiness shall be filled, and none shall be wretched but by his own fault.

In the mean time, it is by affliction that the heart of man is purified, and that the thoughts are fixed upon a better state. Prosperity, allayed and imperfect as it is, has power to intoxicate the imagination, to fix the mind upon the present scene, to produce confidence and elation, and to make him who enjoys affluence and honours, forget the hand by which they were bestowed. It is seldom that we are otherwise than by affliction awakened to a sense of our own imbecility, or taught to know how little all our acquisitions can conduce to safety or to quiet; and how justly we may ascribe to the superintendence of a Higher Power, those blessings which, in the wantonness of success, we considered as the attainments of our policy or courage.

Nothing confers so much ability to resist the temptations that perpetually surround us, as an habitual consideration of the shortness of life, and the uncertainty of those pleasures that solicit our pursuit; and this consideration can be inculcated only by affliction. "O Death! how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that lives at ease in his possessions!"

If our present state were one continued succession of delights, or one uniform flow of calmness and tranquillity, we should never willingly think upon its end: death

would then surely surprise us "as a thief in the night;" and our task of duty would remain unfinished, till "the night came, when no man can work."

I have known, and could name, essayists who have thought proper to apologize, when they have en-

deavoured to draw the attention of their readers to such solemn and affecting subjects as I have offered to the consideration of mine; but if I have fulfilled my own object, I have little to fear from their judgment.

F—T—.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Palinodia a Nice, in thirteen vocal Duets, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated, by permission, to H. R. II. the Duke of Sussex, by J. F. Danneley. Duets 11. 12. 13.—(Royal Harm. Institution.)

THIS book forms the conclusion of Mr. D.'s Odes to Nice; and we heartily give him joy on the completion of his arduous undertaking. His perseverance in inditing thirteen successive duets, addressed to the same damsel, stands unrivalled, as far as we know, in the annals of music: the task requires the patient devotion of a Petrarca.

The subject of No. 11. is lively, fresh, and altogether extremely tasteful: it contrasts well with the second part in C♯ minor, which might perhaps have been conceived in a less serious manner. We have on a former occasion adverted to some metrical inattentions, and the case occurs again in the present duet, in which the word "detestava" is very awkwardly handled and divided.

No. 12. presents some serious blemishes: the theme is pleasing enough; but in the progress of the duet, our ears are struck by strange combinations. Suspensions like those in bar 2, p. 2, and bar 14,

p. 4, are, to say the least, utterly uncouth; and the latter half of the 3d page (beginning from "pietà,") exhibits crudities beyond our powers of harmonic digestion.

The 13th duet is more satisfactory, indeed it is altogether replete with interest. Mr. D. is generally happy in his motivos; and here he has succeeded, both in the $\frac{2}{4}$ and $\frac{3}{4}$ subjects. The latter portion is full of spirit, only some misscanning disfigures the melody again; such as "äh l'ä | nör tño | prēmier | ò:" the words too are too much drawn out. The part in C♯ minor is good, and the egress out of that key well contrived. The various passages between the two voices are written with freedom and taste.

The first Attempt, an Introduction and Air for the Piano-forte, composed, and most respectfully dedicated, by permission, to the Right Hon. Viscountess Dungannon, by Thos. Millar. Pr. 3s.—(Mayhew and Co. Old Bond-street.)

As a first attempt, this performance has decided claims on our favour, although the merit which it possesses is not quite unalloyed with objectionable ingredients. Some of these we shall cursorily mention; as the indications of ta-

lent exhibited throughout the composition, impress us with a conviction of the utility of any friendly hint which it may be in our power to offer to the author. Our room of course admits of but a limited selection.

In the introductory movement, we perceive a considerable degree of taste and melody, but it wants rhythmical keeping; the periods are not sufficiently defined so as to convey what is termed a melodic sense. This is more particularly felt from bar 9 onward. The three terminating lines are satisfactory enough, but the C ♯ in the last should be D ♭; thus also, in l. 2, the A ♭ should be G ♯.—In the second movement we notice with approbation the varied representations of the theme, and the digressions engrafted upon it: the last line, however, in p. 3 forms an exception; it is in more than one respect faulty. Some creditable modulations present themselves in the 4th, and more especially in the 6th and 7th pages; and the manner in which Mr. M. plays with his subject, and turns it to account, is ingenious and fanciful. Perhaps there is in this region too great and premature a quantum of desultory *coda*-like evolution: the tail should be proportioned to the size of the being, and appear at the extremity. The minore treatment of the subject, p. 8, appears upon the whole to be conceived with proper feeling; but the harmonic support is not always the most apt: among these imperfections we will only mention the downright consecutive fifths in the last bar but one of that page,

and the unsatisfactory cadence at “*Rallentando*,” p. 9.

In thus candidly stating our sentiments, we trust what we have said will not have the effect of discouraging the author from future compositorial attempts. The specimen before us, we repeat it, is made up of many very promising materials. Mr. M. is in the right road; experience, and a matured study of the principles of the art and of good models, will, we make no doubt, ensure his success as a musical writer.

“*While birdies with their notes so sweet*,” the Words by John Clare, the Northamptonshire Peasant, humbly inscribed to the Right Hon. the Countess of Lindsey; the Music composed by F. W. Crouch. Price 2s.—(Royal Harm. Institution.)

The opinion which we have given upon two compositions of Mr. Crouch in the last Number of the *Repository*, is in a great measure applicable to the work before us: the melody, without being conspicuous on the score of novelty, is tender, regular, and well connected; and the harmony exhibits a pen familiar with the principles of the art.

“*The Laburnum Tree*,” written by Miss Charlotte Dight; composed, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, by George Frederick Harris. Pr. 2s.—(Clementi and Co)

The poetry of this song is of the most innocent cast; it sings the praises of a “Sweet laburnum tree;” and Mr. Harris appears to us to have succeeded in infusing into the music quite as much in-

terest as the subject could expect. The song is well written; the melody possesses in many instances a considerable degree of delicacy; the accompaniment exhibits a due variety of tints, is full and effective, and, in one or two places, cleverly contrived: a portion in C minor, and the concluding lines of the song, appear to us to be the most prominent features of attraction.

La Crème des Waltzes, a Selection of the most admired Waltzes, arranged as a Divertimento for the Piano-forte, by J. Monro. Nos. 1. 2. and 3. Pr. 2s. each.

This publication fully accomplishes the promise held out by its titlepage; it includes nearly all the good waltzes that have been current among us for some years past; each book contains six or seven, many of which are really beautiful, and none indifferent: the accompaniment and general arrangement are as effective and satisfactory as we could wish them to be, considering the general facility of execution which seems to have entered into the plan of Mr. M.'s selection, and which renders the work accessible to performers of very moderate abilities: this merit, joined to the circumstance of the work's forming a sort of *cornucopia* of good waltz music, cannot fail to render the books before us worthy of the attention of the student, and indeed of amateurs in general.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

The Enchanted Lyre.

Under this appellation Mr. Wheatstone has opened an exhibition at his music-shop in Pall-Mall, Vol. XII. No. LXXIX.

which has excited considerable sensation among the votaries of the art. The nature of it is briefly as follows:

The *form* of an antique lyre of large dimensions is suspended from the ceiling, apparently by a cord of the thickness of a goose-quill. The lyre has no strings or wires; but these are represented by a set of metal or steel rods, in the manner indicated by the lyre on the wood-cut which forms the cover of our Magazine, to which the reader's reference is requested. The lower part, or belly, of Mr. Wheatstone's instrument is considerably larger than what the proportions in our wood-cut exhibit, and instead of the square in the latter, our readers will suppose a circular area, 15 or 16 inches in diameter, resembling a blank dial-plate, made of white metal, or rather, perhaps, of wood silvered over. Each of the two horns of the lyre terminates in a funnel, exactly resembling the aperture of a short bugle, but the funnels are bent down, with the openings towards the floor. So much for the lyre.

The instrument is surrounded by a small fence of the following appearance: Three brass rods, or perhaps tubes, of the thickness of a finger, each about five feet high, support a circular hoop five or six feet in diameter. The hoop is covered with red velvet, and, with its covering, appears not above a quarter of an inch in thickness, while its breadth seems about an inch and a half. The hoop being divided into six equal parts, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, these parts are joined by thin cords, stretched inside of the hoop

from 1 to 3, 3 to 5, 5 to 1, and from 2 to 4, 4 to 6, 6 to 2; thus forming, by means of two triangles, a regular geometrical hexagonal figure of a star, and leaving internally a regular hexagon, surrounding the lyre, one half of which or more hangs below this hexagon, while the other half is above. But the lyre still hangs quite free, and at least 10 or 12 inches distant from any of the strings forming the hexagon. The whole apparatus is now described, and sufficiently perhaps to enable the ingenious reader to pencil it on paper, or to represent it to his mind's eye.

The company being assembled, Mr. Wheatstone, with a key applied to a small aperture in the dial-plate, as we called it above, gives a few turns, *representative* of the act of winding up, and music is instantly heard, and apparently from the belly of the lyre. The sceptical he invites to stoop under the fence, and hold their ear close to the belly of the lyre; and they, including ourselves, are compelled to admit, that the sound appears to be within the instrument.

But while giving this admission, the attentive auditor is instantly convinced that the music is not the effect of mechanism (a fact indeed which Mr. Wheatstone not only concedes, but openly avows, even in his notice). It is quite obvious that the music is produced by a skilful player, or perhaps two, upon one or more instruments. The music seems to proceed from a combination of harp, piano-forte, and dulcimer; it certainly at times partakes of the character of these three instruments; and, in point of tone, the difference sometimes

is considerably in favour of the lyre. The piano and forte appear more marked, the crescendo is extremely effective, and the forte in the lower notes is inconceivably powerful in vibration. The performance lasts an hour: various pieces of difficult execution are played with precision, rapidity, and proper expression.

It is evident that some acoustical illusion, effected through a secret channel of some sort or other, is the cause of our hearing the sound in the belly of the lyre. The lyre augments no doubt the vibration, but in other respects it seems to act as a mere representative: any other vibrating receptacle of a different shape would probably answer the inventor's purpose equally well.

How, then, is the sound thus conducted so as to deceive completely our sense of hearing? This seems to be the only question that can suggest itself on witnessing this singular experiment; it is the secret upon which Mr. Wheatstone rests the interest and merit of this invention; and to this question, no one, as far as we could learn, has yet been able to return an answer that could solve every difficulty.

It may be supposed that we have bestowed some thoughts upon the means of producing the effect above described; and, as far as the broad principle of the operation goes, we have reason to think the hypothesis we have formed is not very distant from the actual fact; but we refrain from stating our opinion, since, if it be correct, the publicity of it might be detrimental to the success of a really very ingenious invention, which

the proprietor as yet wishes to keep a secret; while, on the other hand, such a statement, instead of adding to the gratification of our readers, would probably lessen the pleasure which every curious mind derives from being left to its own sagacity in judging of the concealed causes of any physical phenomenon or contrivance. We wish our friends to go and give a guess themselves.

It may be proper to add, that Mr. Wheatstone states the present exhibition to be the application of a general principle for conducting sound, which principle he professes himself to be capable of carrying to a much greater extent. According to his statement, it is equally applicable to wind instruments; and the same means by which the sound is conducted into the lyre, will, when employed on a larger scale, enable him to convey, in a similar manner, the combined strains of a whole orchestra. An exhibition of the latter description Mr. Wheatstone pledges himself to accomplish, if supported by a very moderate subscription towards defraying attendant expenses. The terms we believe are 5s. for each person's admission to such a concert.

This promised extension of the principle of conducting musical sounds from one place to another, gives rise to some curious reflections on the progress which our age is constantly making in discoveries

and contrivances of every description. Water, earth*, fire are already meandering under our footsteps in every street in the metropolis. Air was only wanting to complete the circulation and conduit of all the four elements. Mr. Wheatstone's conductors of sound may be considered in the latter light. Who knows but by this means the music of an opera performed at the King's Theatre may ere long be simultaneously enjoyed at the Hanover-square Rooms, the City of London Tavern, and even at the Horns Tavern in Kennington, the sound travelling, like the gas, through snug conductors, from the main laboratory of harmony in the Haymarket, to distant parts of the metropolis; with this advantage, that in its progress it is not subject to any diminution. What a prospect for the art, to have music "laid on" at probably one tenth the expense of what we could get it up ourselves! And if music be capable of being thus conducted, perhaps words and speech may be susceptible of the same means of propagation. The eloquence of counsel, the debates in parliament, instead of being read the next day only —. But we really shall lose ourselves in endless speculation if we indulge any further in a pursuit of this curious subject. Enough for the present: on a future occasion we may perhaps offer a word or two more on this matter.

* In the sewers.

Death of the Queen.

ON Tuesday, Aug. 7, 1821, at twenty minutes past ten at night, died her Majesty CAROLINE AMELIA ELIZABETH, at Brandenburg-House, on the banks of the Thames.

She was born on the 17th May, 1768, and consequently completed her 53d year in May last. She was the second daughter of Charles William Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttele.

Her late Majesty was educated chiefly in the court of her father. In 1794, a marriage was negotiated between his present Majesty, then Prince of Wales, and the Princess Caroline of Brunswick; and arriving in England for the purpose of carrying the royal contract into effect, the marriage was solemnized at the palace of St. James on the 8th April, 1795.

On the 7th January following, the lamented Princess Charlotte of Wales (afterwards married to Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, on the 2d May, 1816,) was born at Carlton House.

A separation between his Majesty (then Prince of Wales) and the late Queen took place in the year 1796. Into the causes that led to this step it would be vain and needless, if not impertinent, to inquire. Her Majesty subsequently took up her residence in Montague House, Black Heath.

In 1806, in consequence of the disclosure of certain suspicious circumstances, his Majesty George III. appointed a special commission to investigate the painful subject, and to clear the Princess of Wales from the charges imputed. They were made the subject of a

detailed report, and the opinion of the privy council was delivered upon them in April 1807.

She left England for the Continent in 1814, her daughter, the Princess Charlotte, being at that time in her eighteenth year. During her residence abroad, chiefly in Italy, which lasted for six years, she lost her brother, the Duke of Brunswick-Oels, at the battle of Quatre-Bras, and her amiable and illustrious daughter, at once the pride and hope of the British nation.

After the demise of his late revered Majesty, on the 29th January, 1820, her Majesty appears to have contemplated a return to this country; and the carrying into effect of this determination forced on the investigation which so long and so painfully occupied the public mind.

Her Majesty's disorder was an inflammation of the intestines, which attacked her soon after her return from a visit to Drury-lane Theatre. From the first, the Queen seems to have entertained a persuasion that her disorder would be mortal. On the 4th and 5th August, the bulletins of the medical attendants declared that the symptoms were favourable; but on the 6th a relapse occurred; and on the 7th, at night, as we have already mentioned, her dissolution took place, in the presence of her physicians, her attorney and solicitor general, and various attendants. The royal corpse, according to a request contained in her Majesty's will, was conveyed to Brunswick, where it is to be interred in the ancestral tomb.



WALKING DRESS 2



EVENING DRESS.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 16.—WALKING DRESS.

A BLACK bombasine high gown; the body is made tight to the shape; the collar, which falls in the *pele-rine* style, is covered with folds of black crape, placed one above another. The long sleeve is rather tight, and is finished at the hand with folds to correspond. The epaulette is very full; it is composed of crape; the fulness is intersected by narrow bands composed of plaited crape, terminated at the bottom by small rosettes. The trimming of the bottom of the skirt consists of a number of folds cut bias, and placed one above another. The pelisse worn over this dress is of black *gros de Naples*; the body tight to the shape, and the bust finished in front with black crape braiding. The sleeve is of an easy width; it is adorned at the hand by a broad band of black crape, with a full rouleau at each edge. The epaulette consists of large puffs of crape, something in the crescent form, drawn through bands of silk. High standing collar, covered with crape. The bows which fasten the pelisse up the front are also of crape; they are very full, with pointed ends. The trimming of the bottom of the skirt, for the form of which we refer to our print, is likewise of the same material. Head-dress, a bonnet of black *gros de Naples* lined with white, and finished at the edge by a double rouleau of black crape; the brim is wide, but not very deep; the crown small, and rather

pointed at top: black crape flower, and *gros de Naples* strings. The cornette worn under the bonnet is of white crape, as is also the ruff. Black chamois shoes and gloves.

PLATE 17.—EVENING DRESS.

A low gown made of a new material, black crape figured with black satin; it is worn over a black sarsnet slip: the *corsage* is cut square, and low round the bust, which is decorated with a wreath of white crape leaves, and folds of the same material shade the bosom. The shape of the back is formed by a new brace of a singularly pretty make; it is in the figure of a heart behind, and finished at the bottom by a full crape bow: three bands, placed at some distance from each other, form the shape at the sides. Short full sleeve, confined to the arm by a crape band. The trimming of the skirt is composed of plain black crape intermixed with black *gros de Naples*, and silk buttons; it is of a perfectly novel form, as will be seen by our print. The hair is dressed low, and in full but light ringlets at the sides of the face, and very far off the forehead. A wreath of black crape roses goes round the head. Necklace and ear-rings, jet. Black chamois leather shoes and gloves.

We are indebted to Miss Pierpoint of No. 12, Edwards-street, Portman-square, inventress of the *corset à la Grecque*, for both these

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON
FASHION AND DRESS.

The melancholy event of her Majesty's death has obliged our fair fashionables to exchange the light and gay garb of summer for mourning dresses. The orders of the Lord Chamberlain for the court mourning are the same as usual: black bombasine, crape, long lawn, and plain muslin for dress; but owing partly to the time of year, and partly to the introduction within the last few years of black silk into mourning, we find that bombasine is less worn on the present occasion than sarsnet, lutestring, and *gros de Naples*.

Pelisses and high dresses are nearly in equal estimation for outdoor costume. The former are always made of black silk; *gros de Naples* is the favourite material; but we have seen several in levantine, *reps*, and other stout kinds of silk: they are trimmed with black crape. We have seen a few made in the French style, with pointed pelerines, and collars also pointed, which descend a little way in the neck. There is no alteration in the length of waists; the hips are in general ornamented with full rosettes of crape.

High dresses are worn a good deal trimmed; flounces, folds, and *bouillonné* are all in favour. We have seen some of the latter trimmings disposed in waves, each of which was finished with a crape rosette. Others, also disposed in waves, have the fulness confined at each point by three or four narrow folds of satin. Flounces are in general worn very broad, and headed by black satin rouleaus. Some gowns are trimmed entirely

with rouleaus, either of crape or satin.

Bonnets are either of black silk of the same kind as the dress, or of crape: we have noticed a good many of the latter. The crowns are of crape over black silk; the brim of crape only; they are finished at the edge with full *ruches* of the same material, and adorned with black crape flowers. Where the bonnet is not transparent, it is always lined with white crape. Black silk bonnets are frequently adorned with plumes of black round ostrich feathers.

Dinner gowns are cut in general low round the bust, but to prevent their exposing the bosom too much, folds of white crape are attached to the front of the *corsage*. The trimmings are similar to those we have already described in speaking of high dresses.

The evening dress given in our print is the only striking novelty that has fallen under our observation. Silk is but little worn for evening costume, it being generally of plain or figured crape. We have seen some dresses composed of black gauze over black sarsnet slips; one of these had a very tasteful though not perhaps a novel effect. The bust was ornamented with a stomacher in the form of a heart, composed of black satin, and finished at the edge with jet beads. The epaulettes were very full, and were also intermixed with jet. The trimming of the skirt consisted of a band of black satin chain trimming round the bottom, above which was a black gauze *bouillonné* in waves, the fulness of each wave confined by a jet ornament. In speaking of

the *corsage*, we forgot to observe, that a row of jet went round the bust, and a sash of very broad love ribbon was tied in short bows and long ends behind.

Cornettes are a good deal worn in half dress: they are always of white crape, and of a very simple form. A good many are made without ears; the flowers with which they are ornamented are in general of white crape.

Black and white crape turbans are very generally worn in full dress, as is also a small Spanish hat, made in black satin, and lined with white crape; it is turned up in front with a jet button and loops, and ornamented with a very full plume of black feathers.

Gloves and shoes are of chamois leather, or else black kid. Fans of plain black crape.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, Aug. 16.

My dear SOPHIA,

I HESITATED whether I should write to you this month as usual on the subject of dress, as I thought that your court mourning would render my descriptions useless; but I recollected that the trimmings of dresses, and also some of our millinery, would suit as well in black as in colours. As to the mourning that will be worn here, I cannot give you any account of it, because it has not yet generally commenced among the English, and no orders have been given by the French court.

Promenade dress consists of *gros de Naples*, *crêpe de Bareges*, and *percale*; but the last is considerably more in favour than either of the former. The trimmings, which, as I before observed, would answer for mourning, are of various kinds. I shall try to describe to you those which appear to me the prettiest and most novel; and first *ruches*:—methinks I see you open your pretty mouth to exclaim at my calling *ruches* a novelty; but I assure you they are so disposed as to have a very new effect: some

are laid on in crescents, and finished by a bow at each end; others form the shape of the letter X; several are disposed in stars and zig-zags. We see also a good many arranged in the form of wolves' teeth, and of the teeth of a saw. Thus you see there is variety enough in all conscience, and the effect is really pretty. I must observe to you, that these trimmings are worn only for silk and *crêpe de Bareges* dresses, and in both they are made of the same material as the gown.

The trimmings of *percale* gowns consist either of narrow flounces, of which there are several rows placed one above another, or else broad flounces disposed in deep plaits. When the trimming is of the latter description, there is generally a double flounce at the bottom, and that is surmounted by another, which is also double, and is laid on in waves.

Another very fashionable style of trimming consists of flowers and wreaths of leaves composed of clear muslin: this is a style of trimming which resembles embroidery, and which has nearly as much va-

riety. Full rouleaus, fastened at regular distances with narrow bands of the same material, are also in favour; there is one put at the edge of the skirt, and two or three over it, disposed in a serpentine form, or else in waves.

An attempt has been made, but unsuccessfully, by some of our fair fashionables, to shorten our waists: they are not, however, longer than when I wrote last. Where the dress is high, it is worn without any other covering: the collar, cut in five points, falls over the shoulder in the pelerine style, so as to display the whole of the throat; it has always a double, sometimes a triple row of trimming. If the dress is low, a black lace shawl, or one of cachemire, or else of *Barreges* with a cachemire border, is thrown over the shoulders. Within the last few days some of our most tonish *élégantes* have appeared in the Tuileries in white silk *bouffants*, crossed on the chest, and drawn through a golden slide enriched with coloured gems.

The materials for hats continue the same as last month, with the exception of silk and satin, which are now no longer fashionable. *Chapeaux* are something smaller than when I wrote last: the brims are of two sorts; one kind stands very much out from the face, and is very broad over the forehead; the other is of a close form. Many hats have no trimming at the edge of the brim, but we see several which are decorated with a full rouleau of gauze, formed into puffs by narrow bands of white satin: this kind of trimming is sometimes of *gaze de laine*, but it is frequent-

ly coloured, to correspond with the flowers on the *chapeau*.

If the *chapeau* is of a close form, it is finished at the edge with a double row of blond, one row of which is considerably broader than the other. Feathers appear to be more in favour than flowers; curled ostrich feathers are more fashionable than marabouts, and are worn in various colours. When the hat is trimmed with flowers, it is frequently decorated with a gauze scarf, which partially conceals a part of the bouquet. We see a good many hats trimmed with bunches of corn, one half green and the other ripe; the ribbon, which is generally of gauze, is also of these two colours. Some *élégantes* have a diadem of white marabouts, placed over a wreath composed of field-flowers mingled with ears of ripe corn.

Black gowns, though not now generally adopted in full dress, are still fashionable: they are composed always of black crape, and are worn over black silk slips. The most novel kind of crape is that figured with black satin leaves: these gowns are generally trimmed with black gauze *ruches*, disposed as I described them to you in speaking of promenade dress. There is also another kind of trimming, which now begins to be a good deal used for these gowns: it consists of black gauze *bouillonné* intersected with bands of black satin, which are interwoven so as to form lozenges, and placed at a considerable distance from each other.

The bodies of dress gowns are of three sorts—those that are quite

plain and cut very low; those that have the front *bouillonned*, and intersected with satin bands, so as to form a lozenge in the middle; and those that have a very narrow stomacher, with a fulness in each side of the front. All these may be said to be equally fashionable. Those that are very low have in general a small falling pelerine, which is either composed of lace or edged with it. Sleeves are worn very short and full, but we frequently see a transparent long sleeve, cut bias, and made, excepting the epaulette part, very tight to the arm. The girdle frequently corresponds with the gown, and then it is ornamented with a steel or diamond buckle. Gauze ribbons are also very much in favour for sashes; those of citron spotted with flame colour are the most fashionable, but they are not near so pretty as the butterfly ribbons.

Among our fashionable head-dresses are two, which would be

very pretty if made in either black or white crape: the one is a small hat, the crown of which is covered with folds intermixed with jet beads; the brim is cut in points at the edge; it turns up in front, and the points are so contrived as to form a star in the centre; a full plume of ostrich feathers droops to the left side.

The other is a *toque*, the front of which is formed in the shape of a diadem, and surrounded by low plumes of marabouts. This is one of the most generally becoming head-dresses I have seen. Flowers still continue to be a great deal worn in full dress. The hind hair is dressed low, but the curls on the temples are more full than they have been for some time past, and the braids across the forehead have totally disappeared.

Adieu, my dear Sophia! Believe me ever your affectionate

EUDOCIA.

THE SELECTOR:

Consisting of interesting Extracts from new popular Publications.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

(From "HAZLITT's Characters of Shakspeare's Plays.")

THIS is one of the most loose and desultory of our author's plays: it rambles on just as it happens, but it overtakes, together with some indifferent matter, a prodigious number of fine things in its way. Troilus himself is no character; he is merely a common lover: but Cressida and her uncle Pandarus are hit off with proverbial truth. By the speeches given to the lead-

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ers of the Grecian host, Nestor, Ulysses, Agamemnon, Achilles, Shakspeare seems to have known them as well as if he had been a spy sent by the Trojans into the enemy's camp—to say nothing of their being very lofty examples of didactic eloquence.

It cannot be said of Shakspeare, as was said of some one, that he was "without overflowing full."

B n

He was full, even to o'erflowing.
He gave heaped measure, running
over. This was his greatest fault.
He was only in danger "of losing
distinction in his thoughts" (to
borrow his own expression),

"As doth a battle when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying."

There is another passage, the
speech of Ulysses to Achilles, shew-
ing him the thankless nature of
popularity, which has a still great-
er depth of moral observation and
richness of illustration than the
former. It is long, but worth the
quoting. The sometimes giving
an entire extract from the unacted
plays of our author, may with one
class of readers have almost the
use of restoring a lost passage;
and may serve to convince another
class of critics, that the poet's ge-
nius was not confined to the pro-
duction of stage effect by preter-
natural means.

"Ulysses. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at
his back,
Wherein he puts alms for Oblivion;
A great-siz'd monster of ingratitude:
Those scraps are good deeds past,
Which are devour'd as fast as they are made,
Forgot as soon as done. Perseverance, dear
my lord,
Keeps Honour bright: to have done, is to
hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant
way;
For Honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast; keep then the
path,
For Emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue; if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forth-right,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost;
Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
O'er-run and trampled on: then what they
do in present,
Tho' less than yours in past, must o'ertop
yours:
For Time is like a fashionable host,

That slightly shakes his parting guest by the
hand,
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would
fly,
Grasps in the comer: the Welcome ever
smiles,
And Farewell goes out sighing. Oh, let not
virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was; for beauty,
wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating Time:
One touch of nature makes the whole world
'kin.
That all, with one consent, praise new-born
gauds,
Tho' they are made and moulded of things
past.
The present eye praises the present object.
Then marvel not, thou great and complete
man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs. The cry went out on
thee,
And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou would'st not entomb thyself alive,
And ease thy reputation in thy tent."

The throng of images in the
above lines is prodigious; and
though they sometimes jostle a-
gainst one another, they every
where raise and carry on the feel-
ing, which is metaphysically true
and profound. The debates be-
tween the Trojan chiefs on the re-
storing of Helen, are full of know-
ledge of human motives and cha-
racter. Troilus enters well into
the philosophy of war, when he
says, in answer to something that
falls from Hector,

"Why there you touch'd the life of our
design:

Were it not glory that we more affected,
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy
Hector,

She is a theme of honour and renown,
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds."

The character of Hector, in the
few slight indications which appear
of it, is made very amiable. His

death is sublime, and shews in a striking light the mixture of barbarity and heroism of the age. The threats of Achilles are fatal; they carry their own means of execution with them.

"Come here about me, you my Myrmidons, Mark' what I say: Attend me where I wheel: Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;

And when I have the bloody Hector found, Empale him with your weapons round about: In fellest manner execute your arms. Follow me, sirs, and my proceeding eye."

He then finds Hector, and slays him, as if he had been hunting down a wild beast. There is something revolting as well as terrific in the ferocious coolness with which he singles out his prey; nor does the splendour of the achievement reconcile us to the cruelty of the means.

The characters of Cressida and Pandarus are very amusing and instructive. The disinterested willingness of Pandarus to serve his friend in an affair which lies next his heart, is immediately brought forward. "Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way: had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter were a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris, Paris is dirt to him, and I warrant Helen, to change, would give money to boot." This is the language he addresses to his niece: nor is she much behindhand in coming into the plot. Her head is as light and fluttering as her heart. "It is the prettiest villain, she fetches her breath so short as a new-ta'en sparrow." Both characters are originals, and quite different from what they are in Chaucer. In Chaucer, Cressida is represented as a grave, sober, considerate personage (a wi-

dow—he cannot tell her age, nor whether she has children or no), who has an alternate eye to her character, her interest, and her pleasure: Shakspeare's Cressida is a giddy girl, an unpractised jilt, who falls in love with Troilus, as she afterwards deserts him, from mere levity and thoughtlessness of temper. She may be wooed and won to any thing, and from any thing, at a moment's warning: the other knows very well what she would be at, and sticks to it, and is more governed by substantial reasons than by caprice or vanity. Pandarus again, in Chaucer's story, is a friendly sort of go-between, tolerably busy, officious, and forward in bringing matters to bear: but in Shakspeare he has "a stamp exclusive and professional:" he wears the badge of his trade; he is a regular knight of the game. The difference of the manner in which the subject is treated arises perhaps less from intention, than from the different genius of the two poets. There is no *double entendre* in the characters of Chaucer: they are either quite serious or quite comic. In Shakspeare, the ludicrous and ironical are constantly blended with the stately and the impassioned. We see Chaucer's characters as they saw themselves, not as they appeared to others, or might have appeared to the poet. He is as deeply implicated in the affairs of his personages, as they could be themselves. He had to go a long journey with each of them, and became a kind of necessary confidant. There is little relief, or light and shade, in his pictures. The conscious smile is not seen lurking

under the brow of grief or impatience. Every thing with him is intense and continuous—a working out of what went before.—Shakspeare never committed himself to his characters. He trifled, laughed, or wept with them as he chose. He has no prejudices for or against them; and it seems a matter of perfect indifference whether he shall be in jest or earnest. According to him, “the web of our lives is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together.” His genius was dramatic, as Chaucer’s was historical. He saw both sides of a question, the different views taken of it according to the different interests of the parties concerned, and he was at once an actor and spectator in the scene. If any thing, he is too various and flexible; too full of transitions, of glancing lights, of salient points. If Chaucer followed up his subject too doggedly, perhaps Shakspeare was too volatile and heedless. The Muse’s wing too often lifted him off his feet. He made infinite excursions to the right and the left.

———“He hath done
Mad and fantastic execution,
Engaging and redeeming of himself
With such a careless force and forceless care,
As if that luck in very spite of cunning
Bade him win all.”

Chaucer attended chiefly to the real and natural, that is, to the involuntary and inevitable impressions on the mind in given circumstances: Shakspeare exhibited also the possible and the fantastical—not only what things are in themselves, but whatever they might seem to be, their different reflections, their endless combinations. He lent his fancy, wit, in-

vention, to others, and borrowed their feelings in return. Chaucer excelled in the force of habitual sentiment; Shakspeare added to it every variety of passion, every suggestion of thought or accident. Chaucer described external objects with the eye of a painter, or he might be said to have embodied them with the hand of a sculptor, every part is so thoroughly made out and tangible:—Shakspeare’s imagination threw over them a lustre

—“Prouder than when blue Iris bends.”

Every thing in Chaucer has a downright reality. A simile or a sentiment is as if it were given in upon evidence. In Shakspeare, the commonest matter-of-fact has a romantic grace about it; or seems to float with the breath of imagination in a freer element. No one could have more depth of feeling or observation than Chaucer, but he wanted resources of invention to lay open the stores of nature or the human heart with the same radiant light that Shakspeare has done. However fine or profound the thought, we know what is coming: whereas the effect of reading Shakspeare is “like the eye of vassalage encountering majesty.” Chaucer’s mind was consecutive, rather than discursive. He arrived at truth through a certain process: Shakspeare saw every thing by intuition. Chaucer had great variety of power, but he could do only one thing at once. He set himself to work on a particular subject. His ideas were kept separate, labelled, ticketed, and parcelled out in a set form, in pews and compartments by themselves. They did not play into one ano-

ther's hands. They did not re-act upon one another, as the blower's breath moulds the yielding glass. There is something hard and dry in them. What is the most wonderful thing in Shakspeare's faculties is their excessive sociability, and how they gossiped and compared notes together.

We must conclude this criticism; and we will do it with a quotation or two. One of the most beautiful passages in Chaucer's tale is the description of Cresseide's first avowal of her love.

"And as the new abashed nightingale,
That stineth first when she beginneth sing,
When that she heareth any herde's tale,
Or in the hedges any wight stirring,
And, after, sicker doth her voice outring:
Right so Cresseide, when that her dread stent,
Opened her heart, and told him her intent."

See also the two next stanzas, and particularly that divine one beginning

"Her armes small, her back both straight
and soft," &c.

Compare this with the following speech of Troilus to Cressida in the play:

"Oh, that I thought it could be in woman;

And if it can, I will presume in you,
To feed for aye her lamp and flame of love,

To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauties outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays.
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince
me,

That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! But, alas!
I am as true as Truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of Truth."

These passages may not seem very characteristic at first sight, though we think they are so. We will give two, that cannot be mistaken. Patroclus says to Achilles,

— "Rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid

Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,

And like a dewdrop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air."

Troilus, addressing the God of Day on the approach of the morning, that parts him from Cressida, says with much scorn,

"What! proffer'st thou thy light here for to sell?

Go, sell it them that smallé selés grave."

If nobody but Shakspeare could have written the former, nobody but Chaucer would have thought of the latter. Chaucer was the most literal of poets, as Richardson was of prose-writers.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

A Bibliographical Dictionary of English Literature, from the year 1700 to the end of the year 1820; by Mr. J. H. Glover, assistant librarian at Buckingham Palace, is preparing for publication. It contains a title of every principal work which has appeared in Great Britain during that period, together with the date of publication, its price, and the publisher's name,

as far as they can possibly be ascertained; alphabetically arranged under the names of their respective authors, and under the subject matter of each anonymous publication. Any apology for presenting to the public a new Bibliographical Dictionary must be unnecessary, when the great extent to which the study of literary history has been carried is taken into con-

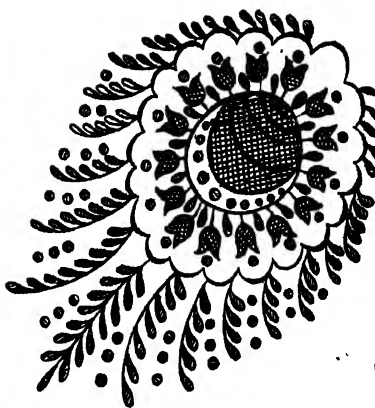
sideration; with the additional fact, that the plans of all preceding works, of similar tendency, have been either too limited or too extended; some of them embracing only particular portions of English, whilst others have attempted to add the whole range of foreign literature to that of our own country. The work now in preparation is intended to be exclusively devoted to the productions of British writers and translators, which have appeared in a distinct and separate form; and will not include such essays and dissertations as have been published in the Philosophical Transactions and other periodical works. A work of the nature here proposed, by which the whole of an author's productions may be seen at one view, unclogged with partial opinions or observations, seems to be a desideratum in English literature; whilst to have begun much earlier than the time proposed, would have been little more than repeating what is already before the public in a variety of shapes, and could therefore answer no useful end. The utility of such publications has been universally admitted on the Continent, and the present attempt it is hoped will be equally well received in this country.

The Medea of Euripides, literally translated into chaste English prose, with the Greek text of Porson, the metres, Greek order, English accentuation, and notes, by T. W. C. Edwards, M. A. being the first of a series, to be continued in single plays, is in the press. This edition is not equalled in beauty by any extant. The plan of the work is considered so excellent,

that the acquirement of a knowledge of Greek is rendered extremely easy by it.

The second number is on the point of making its appearance, of *The Architectural Antiquities of Rome*, displayed in a series of about 130 engravings, consisting of views, plans, elevations, sections, and details of the most celebrated ancient edifices now remaining in that city, and other parts of the Roman empire: they are accompanied by historical, descriptive, and critical accounts of the respective styles, character, construction, and peculiarities of each building, by Geo. L. Taylor and Edward Cresy, architects, and fellows of the Society of Antiquaries. The work consists of views, shewing the situation and present state of the most beautiful of the ancient Roman structures; with plans, elevations, sections, and details of all the peculiarities of their construction, sculpture, and ornament; the latter a quarter of the original size, all from most careful admeasurements and drawings on the spot; also restorations of the entire buildings, wherever they can be effected on sure grounds. The beauty and variety in the ornaments of these edifices are very little known, and many recent discoveries will enable the authors to give very interesting particulars as to their entire forms; so that they can promise much novel and useful information in the two latter departments, as well as in the others.

Mr. Curtis will commence his next Course of Lectures on the Anatomy, Physiology, and Pathology of the Ear, on Monday, Oct. 1.



Patterns for Corners of Handkerchiefs.

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THE SECOND SERIES.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit, on or before the 15th of the month, announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

We have been unavoidably obliged to postpone, until our next, the continuation of 'The Green Mantle of Venice.'

Chapter XVI. of the Recollections of a Would-be Author did not arrive in time for our present Number.

There is some originality in the apologue called Education, and we will endeavour to find an early place for it.

The Recantation of Voltaire is a curious article, and shall be inserted.

We are much obliged to the author of the epigram Talking by Steam. We shall be glad to see further specimens of his talents.

The article called Shakspeare's Life written by himself has come to hand. We have also received the quotation regarding Macbeth from "Heylin's Cosmography."

S. S. and Tabitha are inadmissible.

P. W.'s serious effort from Boccaccio, entitled 'The Lover's Heart, probably in our next.

We have not space to acknowledge separately several excellent poetical contributions.

We apologize for the temporary delay of our Musical Review. We will endeavour next month to make up for lost time.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.



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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. XII.

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N^o. LXX.

HINTS ON ORNAMENTAL GARDENING.

(Continued from page 123.)

PLATE 19.—PLAN OF A GARDEN.

THE annexed plate represents a small plot of ground arranged for the purposes of ornament and usefulness. The walks are disposed so as to obtain a lengthened and varied line, and by the alternate appendages of lawn, shrubbery, and flower-beds, interspersed with other features suited to rural embellishment, obtain that pleasing effect so much admired in the English garden.

If the spot of ground to be improved possess an irregular surface, and be pleasingly undulating, it has a considerable advantage over level ground; and where it is not naturally so, the change may be

produced at an inconsiderable expense, by a judicious attention to the means: any part being hollowed, and the excavated ground placed immediately at its side, it is evident that a double effect must be produced, and the valley seem to be deeper, and the mound proportionately raised. So by planting on these mounds, and by forming the hollows into lawns, walks, &c. the intention of irregularity will be still forwarded, and the spot improved. To sink the valley, and to raise the hill, is a maxim in ornamental gardening that cannot be dispensed with.

MISCELLANIES.

MILTON'S REFERENCES TO HIMSELF AND HIS TIMES
IN "PARADISE LOST."

MR. EDITOR,

I AM no great reader of the commentators on our poets, though I am a little acquainted with their biographers, and for ought I know, I may have been anticipated in some of the observations and references I am about to make: they relate to *Paradise Lost*, and to certain allusions the poet has introduced to himself, to his own feelings and opinions, and to incidents in his life and times. If they are new, I shall be the better pleased, and you and your readers the better satisfied.

It can hardly be disputed, I apprehend, that the character of Nimrod, in the twelfth book, is intended for Charles II. as the description, as lawyers express it, is upon all fours with the man. Milton speaks in the first instance of what he, and many others who thought with him, considered the happy state of England under the Protectorate, when the people dwelt
"Long time in peace, by families and tribes,
Under paternal rule;"

and then he goes on to point out the contrast after the Restoration:

—"Till one shall rise,

Of proud ambitious heart, who not content
With fair equality, fraternal state,
Will arrogate dominion undeserv'd
Over his brethren, and quite dispossess
Concord and law of nature from the earth;
Hunting (and men not beasts shall be his
game,)

With war and hostile snare such as refuse
Subjection to his empire tyrannous."

This was precisely the poet's opinion of the king, and the conse-

quences of the re-establishment of monarchy, however inconsistent it may be with our own notions of truth and justice. He goes on to single out the monarch even more circumstantially:

"A mighty hunter thence he shall be styled
Before the Lord, as in despite of heaven,
Or from heaven claiming second sovereignty;
And from rebellion shall derive his game,
Tho' of rebellion others he accuse."

Paradise Lost was printed six or seven years after the Restoration, and the last line obviously refers to the steps taken against the regicides and other persons concerned in the beheading of Charles I. the expulsion of his son, and the establishment of what was called a popular government. As to the degree of "persecution" which Milton suffered on the return of the legitimate king to his throne, I find that his biographers differ. There is a story told by Warton of a mock funeral of the poet, in order that he might be supposed to be dead; and the Rev. Mr. Todd adds, that the king, on discovering it, laughed heartily at the trick. Dr. Johnson argues that "Milton was not very diligently pursued;" and certain it is that he had no reason to complain of the treatment he received, for in the Act of Indemnity he was not incapacitated or excepted in any way. The above quotation may therefore be considered a little ungrateful, and is only to be accounted for by the poet's stern and sturdy disposition, which saw with disgust "the crew," whom "like

ambition joined," that came over with Charles II. This brings me to a passage, which, were it not too flattering, we might perhaps say the poet wrote with an eye to his own character and conduct. I mean that of Abdiel, at the end of book five:

- faithful found

Among the faithless, faithful only he;
Among innumerable false, unmov'd,
Unshaken, unseduc'd, untterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant
mind,
Tho' single.

It is to be observed, that the word *loyalty*, above introduced, is not to be taken in its merely modern signification, but as denoting a firm adherence to the right, as its etymology signifies:

"To stand approv'd in sight of God, tho'
worlds
Judg'd thee perverse."

I know not what the impression on the minds of others may be, but I know that I have always felt satisfied, that more blame of some kind or other is to be attributed to Milton's wife, Miss Powell, than his biographers generally impute to her. I do not mean that she was guilty of "wilful haunting of feasts" against her husband's consent, which Milton censures severely in a wife, in his "Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce," nor that she was in the habit of "frequenting theatres against her husband's mind:" but it is pretty clear that she was of a "headstrong behaviour," and that she was "stubborn in her opinions." Her father was a firm adherent of the royal cause, and suffered severely through it; and there is little doubt that his daughter entertain-

ed the same sentiments. and very likely maintained them with equal obstinacy, even after her marriage, which could not but be most offensive to Milton. I by no means can persuade myself, either from the tone of his writing, or from the cast of his features and their expression, that he was of a morose and severe disposition, although he was politically attached to a crabbed and stiffnecked sect, which often compensated for inward guilt by external sanctity. What delightful notions he entertained of the happiness of the married state, may be seen in the fourth book of his *Paradise Lost*, in that well-remembered passage,

"Hail, wedded love, mysterious law," &c. and unless I grossly deceive myself, I apprehend that he wrote both that panegyric upon matrimony, and the affecting description of the reconciliation of Adam and Eve in book ten, with reference to his own condition and misfortunes in this respect. After a separation of considerable duration, the poet generously at length accepted the submission of his wife, who had deserted him, and was reconciled to her:

- "fault

Acknowledg'd and deplor'd, in Adam wrought
Commiseration; soon his heart relented
Towards her, his life so late and sole delight,
Now at his feet submissive in distress;
Creature so fair his reconciliation seeking,
His counsel whom she had displeas'd, his aid:
As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost."

It is to be remembered, in justice to the wife of Milton, that there was not the slightest stain upon her reputation: her chief error was a non-accordance of disposition and opinion, by the obtrusiveness of which she had rendered herself an

object of pain—rather a nuisance than a pleasure. No wife can be long and truly happy who does not think highly of her husband: therefore it is that in book eight Milton represents Eve as preferring the discourse of Adam even to that of an angel:

“ Her husband the relater she preferr’d
Before the angel, and of him to ask
Chose rather.”

However, there might be another reason for this preference: the poet adds:

———“ he, she knew, would intermix
Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute
With conjugal caresses: from his lip
Not words alone pleas’d her.”

But quitting these matters, and returning again to politics, I may mention, that in the opening of book seven is another strong allusion to Charles II. and his riotous courtiers: *

———“ Still govern thou my song,
Urania, and fit audience find, tho’ few:
But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian
bard
In Rhodope.”

And again in the preceding book:

“ Oh, Heaven! that such resemblance of
the Highest

Should yet remain where faith and reality
Remain not.”

I need not dwell on the frequent allusions to various other circumstances connected with the times, and especially to church affairs: the following quotation from the early part of the last book, is clearly directed by the poet against his own country:

“ Yet sometimes nations will decline so low
From virtue, which is reason, that no wrong,
But justice, and some fatal curse annex’d,
Deprives them of their outward liberty,
Their inward lost.”

Milton’s notices of his blindness are too well known to need any pointing out. The subject of his *Samson Agonistes* was recommended by this defect; but I do not intend to dwell upon it, or upon his minor pieces, from which, however, so much personal knowledge of the poet may be gained. On a future occasion I shall call your attention to the poems of Shakspeare, independent of his plays, with a purpose similar to that of the present letter. I am, &c.

A. A.

Aug. 23, 1821.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

SIR,

I DO not write to solicit your advice, for advice in my situation can be of no service; other motives induce me to unfold to you my unhappy story: a wish to ease my heart by pouring out its sorrows, and a desire to caution the young and thoughtless of my own sex, from sacrificing their happiness at the shrine of mercenary wedlock.

I was an orphan, brought up by an aunt, who regarded wealth and happiness as synonymous terms: I easily imbibed an idea that it was necessary for me to marry a man of fortune; but as I was not naturally of a mercenary disposition, I shrunk from the idea of bestowing my hand on one who had no other recommendation than his wealth; and an acquaintance which I formed soon after I attained my

seventeenth year, strengthened this sentiment. Would to Heaven I had suffered myself to be guided by it! I might then have been as happy as I am now miserable.

The friend of whom I have just spoken was a young lady about my own age. She had a brother a few years older than herself, who was then beginning to study the law. I knew their circumstances were so narrow that they could but just keep up appearances; yet Celora always seemed happy. I was surprised to find, that though she partook of no expensive amusements, she was more cheerful and contented than those who lived in a round of pleasures. When we became intimate, I acknowledged to her that I wondered how she could support a life which to me seemed so monotonous; and though her arguments did not convince me, that riches do not add to happiness, yet her example shewed me, that it is possible to be happy without being rich.

My friendship with Celora naturally led to an acquaintance with her brother: for some time I regarded him merely as an uncommonly pleasant and intelligent young man, but by degrees he stole upon my affections, and my heart was entangled before I was conscious of it. A declaration of love from him first opened my eyes to the nature of my sentiments, but my pride forbade me to indulge them. Hartley was poor; in marrying him I must renounce all that I had been taught constituted felicity, and I shrunk with terror from the idea of burying myself, even in the morning of life, in poverty and obscurity.

I acknowledged to Hartley my reasons for rejecting him, and he combated them with every argument that love could suggest. "I cannot indeed," cried he, "support you in splendour, but my income is even now competent to procure the decent necessities of life. I may look forward with a rational hope of rising in my profession; and need I say, that the possession of your hand would render me doubly solicitous for the acquirement of wealth, since it would afford me a means of adding to your happiness?"

His arguments, and the tenderness with which he urged them, shook my resolution; but my aunt, whom I unfortunately consulted, completely counteracted their effect. She reminded me, that it must at all events be many years before he could realize by his profession more than a bare competence. She painted in the most lively colours the inconveniences of a narrow income, and the mortifications to which my change of situation would subject me. In short, in a moment fatal to my future peace, she prevailed on me finally to dismiss him.

In about a year afterwards I was addressed by a very elegant and fashionable man of considerable fortune. I was envied by all my young acquaintances for having attracted his notice, and my aunt congratulated me warmly on the prospect of a marriage even beyond her hopes. I could not, however, partake of her pleasure, for the image of Hartley was still fresh in my recollection, and neither the mind nor the manner of his rival could be compared to his.

Yet there was nothing decidedly objectionable in him: his person was handsome and elegant; he seemed of a good-natured, easy temper, and passionately fond of me. The advantages of the marriage were sounded in my ears from morning till night by my aunt, who used every argument she could think of to persuade me that happiness must wait upon our union. I must own that I was rather worried than convinced by her arguments, but I had not strength of mind to resist them. I became his wife, and for a short time I thought that in the splendour which attended me, and the incessant round of amusements I enjoyed, I had found felicity; but, alas! I soon awakened from this dream, to the bitter certainty that I was a wretch for life.

The first thing that opened my eyes to my situation was an illness which confined me for some weeks to my own apartment. I had perceived for some time before that my husband's behaviour was less affectionate, and that he was often absent; though I felt some pain at this change, yet I was too much occupied with dissipation to suffer it to dwell upon my mind: but when I found that he left me during a lingering illness to the care of servants, for my aunt had gone abroad, I became seriously alarmed. Vain, however, were my endeavours to regain his affection, I soon found that he was incapable of feeling a real attachment. A libertine in principle, he had been attracted only by my person, and he married me only because he knew he could not obtain me on any other terms; but indifference

speedily followed passion, and he roves from one mercenary beauty to another, without shame or remorse. I can have no hope of reclaiming him, since, alas! I have but too much reason to know that he is as void of feeling as he is of principle.

But you will naturally say, I did not marry for love, and I have still the wealth for which, with shame I own, I sold myself. 'Tis true I have, and, oh! that every one who may be tempted to make a similar sacrifice, could know, could feel as I do, the insufficiency of wealth to procure happiness, or to compensate for the want of those social ties, without which existence is misery! Though surrounded with splendour, and regarded by the multitude as the most fortunate of women, I am a prey alternately to mortification and *envie*, and my life passes either in misery, or at the best without enjoyment.

A little incident which occurred a few days since has made me feel more keenly than ever, how happy I might have been but for my own fault. One morning while I was giving some orders at a jeweller's, a violent storm of rain came on, and a gentleman and lady took refuge from it in the shop. I was standing with my back to them as they entered, but I recognised immediately the voice of Hartley, who I knew had been for some time married. Never shall I forget the manly tenderness of his manner towards his wife. A few drops of rain which had fallen upon her shawl alarmed him with the idea of her taking cold; he hastily snatched it off, and hurried as soon as the storm was a little abated in

search of a hackney-coach to convey her home. I cannot paint to you his fond anxiety about her; and the tenderness of her tone and manner convinced me that their feelings were reciprocal. I

MONIMIA.

JOHN OF LORRAINE.

(Founded on a Novel by BOCCACCIO)

JOHN of Lorraine was a woollen-weaver,
And dwelt in Florence city :
He took him a wife, and did believe her
As honest as she was pretty ;
But she turn'd out a vile deceiver
Of John, and the more the pity.

Tho' John was not reckon'd very wise,
Yet he had money in plenty,
And if his age to sixty might rise,
His wife's was hardly twenty ;
With other strange contrarieties,
Which I need not present ye.

John lived at Florence, she at a farm
He own'd at no great distance ;
While he was away, she thought it no
harm

To get the kind assistance
Of a young man, in case of alarm
'Gainst thieves to make resistance.

'Twas fit then to keep his courage up,
To guard the goods and chattels ;
She therefore took care he always should
sup

On chickens and ham, and what else
The farm could afford ; and she added a
cup,

T'encourage him in his battles.

What battles they were, to tell you true,
If I heard I could not reveal it ;
But on robbers I'm certain he never drew
His weapon, or made 'em feel it :
That he was a visitor John never knew,
So carefully did they conceal it.

No wonder if John came but now and
then,

Tho' he might have got from Florence :
Tho' one of the kindest and best of men,

He was his wife's abhorrence,
And she always dispatch'd him back
again

With excuse, or abuse in torrents.

Yet John sometimes, when his heart was
stout,

Would insist he was not a stranger ;
And Tessa his wife a way found out
To shun of his presence the danger,
By turning a jackass's head about
On a pole, instead of a manger.

When the skull look'd to Florence, 'twas
understood

That John of Lorraine there tarried ;
And Fred'rick came, as of he
should,

To protect the wife John had mar-
ried :

If it turn'd t'other way, then he thought
it good

To remain, or their plan had miscarried.

If Fred'rick by chance found the portal
lock'd

When the jackass's head stood rightly,
As the wife had agreed, at the back-house
he knock'd,

And she open'd the door most politely :
Thus poor simple John was laughably
mock'd

By the dame and her visitor nightly.

One night John made bold to take a bed
At his farm, and his wife consented :
He could thus hardly dream of the visits
of Fred,

Who for once must be discontented ;
But she either forgot to turn the head,
Or by accident was prevented.

She was not prevented, nor did she forget,
 To prepare a nice supper for him,
 And under a peach-tree she had it set,
 That from his fatigue might restore him;
 And then into bed did reluctantly get
 With her husband, tho' she did abhor
 him.

They were both fast asleep (for she never
 thought

Of the unturn'd head of the jackass),
 And John had begun to snore and snort,
 As if dead drunk with Bacchus,
 When a noise waked Tessa: it was in short
 Young Fred'rick at the back-house.

She knew the sound, but dared not stir,
 And Fred'rick knock'd the bolder;
 At last John rous'd, and said to her,
 (Not dreaming he ought to scold her,)
 "What noise can that be, Tessa, my
 dear?"

And hunch'd her on the shoulder.

Tessa pretended that soundly she slept,
 In hopes to save her bacon;
 But as John with more vigour his hunch-
 ing kept,

She was forced at last to waken,
 And close to her husband's side she crept,
 As if afraid to be taken.

No answer she gave, till a second knock,
 Much louder than the first one,
 Made John to start, for he doubted the
 lock—

"Twas quite enough to burst one:

"My dearest," cried Tessa, "that ter-
 rible shock

Is made by a fiend of the curst one.

"You must know, my love, tho' I never
 told,

That this our house is haunted
 With ghosts our churchyards cannot hold,
 To whom the devil has granted
 They shall wander at midnight quite un-
 controul'd,

Until they are disenchanted.

"Oft 'neath the clothes I've hid my head
 When thus to come their use is."

"Fear not," cried John, and rose in his
 bed,

Not seeing through her excuses.

"Fear not, my dear wife, for I this night
 said

The *intemerata*—*te lucis*,

"With other prayers, and the bed I
 cross'd

With crosses at each corner;

So we need not dread or devil or ghost,
 But safely wait till morn, or

The crowing cock, which spirits fear
 most,

To his grave shall be his warner."

"My sweetest John, your advice," said
 Tessa,

"Is good, but mine is better.

Last week I went to my father confessor,
 To whom I am a debtor,

And to a holy sister (Heaven now bless
 her),

For whom I had a letter,

"For a powerful charm to use at need,
 To lay or fiend or spirit;

And back to their graves they post at
 speed

The moment that they hear it:

If we use it now, 'tis sure to succeed,
 And therefore I prefer it.

"'Tis true I ne'er have used it yet,
 Because I was so lonely;

But now down stairs we both will get,
 I'll try it before you only."

Poor John agreed, not suspecting deceit,
 For his wife he had never known lie.

Down stairs they crept to the back-house
 door,

Where Fred impatient waited;

John stood behind, his wife went before,
 And pell'd the bolt, that grated.

"Now cough," she said, "and spit on
 the floor,

That its force may be abated."

John cough'd and spat as he was bid,

The tool of his wife's treason:

In the darkness of night was Fred'rick
 hid,

And quickly guess'd the reason.

John could not see what Tessa did,

But cough'd fit to split his weason.

Then Tessa thus spake: " Begone and
flee,

Thou wand'ring ghost or goblin!
Thy meat's at the foot of our peach-tree;
Away, and cease thy troubling:
A flask of liquor is there for thee,
'Tis whiskey brought from Dublin.

" Now cough again," she cried, " good
John,

Now cough both long and loudly,
And the fearful spirit will soon be gone,
And quiet in his shroud lie."
He cough'd again, and when he had done
He bang'd the door to proudly.

Fred went to the tree, and there he
found

The supper Tessa had sent him,
And being hungry, he sat on the ground,
And found it well content him;
Altho' the head had not been turn'd round,
His coming did not repent him.

They hasten'd to their bed amain,
And slept the whole night after :

John never dreamt that he could complain
Of Tessa, for few were craftier.

When she and Fred met together again,
Poor John and the ghost were their
laughter. P. W.

CORNELIA.

(*From the Spanish of CERVANTES.*)

(Continued from p. 67.)

" You're deceived, Don Juan," replied the stranger; " I trust they are friends." As they approached, his conjecture proved to be right; and after whispering something to one who appeared their leader, he turned to Don Juan, and again acknowledging that he was indebted to him for his life, requested he would now leave him to the care of his servant, assuring him he should shortly hear from him. As they were parting, the stranger discovered that he had no hat. " I have probably lost it in the scuffle," said he; " let us look for it." Don Juan examining the one he had picked up as before-mentioned, and perceiving that it was not his own, shewed it to him. " It is mine," replied the stranger, " but oblige me for the present by keeping it: I have particular reasons for requesting this favour of you; besides, you ought to wear it as a trophy." Don Juan acquiesced, and took leave without having been able to form any probable

conjecture who the young gentleman he had rescued might be. He had no doubt, however, that he was a person of distinction; for, besides the respect which the others paid him, one of them took his own hat off, and presented it to him, which he accepted without the least hesitation.

Don Juan had scarcely gone a hundred yards before he met Don Antonio. " Ah! my dear friend, I have found you at last," exclaimed the latter; " I have been seeking you all over Bologna. Since we parted, I have met with the most singular adventure, and been in no little want of your advice and assistance."—" Come, let us hear it," replied Don Juan: " however extraordinary it may be, I think I have one to tell you which is no less so; but go on, I am all impatience."—" Well then," resumed Don Antonio, " a few minutes after you left home, I hastened to join you, and was walking very fast towards the spot at

which we had agreed to meet, when I perceived a lady covered with a long veil, apparently desirous of accosting me. Curious to know what she might have to say, I slackened my pace, so as to give her time to join me; and scarcely was she within hearing, when she demanded, in a weak voice, interrupted by tears, if I was a stranger, or a citizen of Bologna. I replied, that I was a Spaniard. 'Thank Heaven!' exclaimed she, 'which has directed me to you. I adjure you by that generosity and honour which are the characteristics of your nation, to protect me; take me to some place of safety immediately, to your own home; you shall there know who the unfortunate creature is who is thus compelled to trust her honour and reputation to the mercy of a stranger.' As I could not refuse to comply with her request, I took her hand without further conversation, and brought her home through the bye streets, to elude observation. One of our servants opened the door, and having sent him away, and taken every precaution that my charge should not be seen by any one, I brought her in, and no sooner had she reached the room, than she fell senseless on the ground. I flew to her assistance, and removing her veil, discovered the most lovely countenance eyes ever beheld. She soon recovered, and on regaining her senses, questioned me most anxiously whether I knew her. 'No, madam,' I replied; 'I never had the felicity of beholding such matchless beauty till this moment.'—'Alas!' exclaimed she, 'it is to that fatal gift I owe all my un-

happiness. But, noble sir,' continued she, 'complete your generosity: return instantly to the place where I met you; you will I fear find some persons engaged in a desperate combat; try to separate them, but do not engage on either side; both are alike dear to me.' I obeyed, and left her, and am now endeavouring to discover the persons about whom she is interested."

"What you have related," replied Don Juan, "is doubtless very extraordinary; but you shall now hear my adventures, and judge whether they are less singular." He then recounted minutely every circumstance which had befallen him during this eventful night, and assuring him that the quarrel dreaded by the lady was already terminated, added, that as nothing further could be done that night, they had better return home. "I long," continued he, "to see your lovely unknown, and if she answer to the picture you have drawn, I shall glory in sharing with you the office of her champion."—"I doubt," replied Don Antonio, "whether she will see you; for I must tell you, that she has bound me by a promise not to permit any body to see her, or enter the room where she is. We must, however, try to induce her to make an exception in your favour." Thus conversing, they reached their house, and on opening the door, Don Antonio perceived by the light of the torches that the hat which Don Juan wore was ornamented with a coronet of precious stones, of considerable value; and the latter, who had little doubt in his own mind as to the quality of the young

nobleman he had rescued, was confirmed in this opinion by the richness of the gift, and the obliging mode in which it had been pressed upon him. "This is a trophy worth wearing," said Don Antonio. "Well, this has been a night of adventures; I wonder what will be the result of all these strange events." So saying, he took a light from one of the servants, and entering the room in which he had left his fair charge, found her still in tears, and sighing bitterly.

Don Juan, who had a great curiosity to see her, followed him, and put his head in at the door as he fancied quite unobserved, but the jewels in his hat reflecting the light of the lamp, soon betrayed him; and the fair unknown casting her eyes that way, and recognising the hat, joyfully exclaimed, "Ah! my lord duke, is it you? Come in, I entreat you."—"Dear lady," said Don Antonio, "your grief has bewildered you; there is no duke here."—"What!" resumed she, "was it not the Duke of Ferrara whom I saw this moment at the door? Yes, I am sure it is he; I know his hat; it is impossible I can be deceived."—"You are really mistaken," rejoined Don Antonio, "and if you wish to see the wearer of that hat, you have only to give me your permission to let him come in."—"I consent," replied the fair stranger: "yet, if I should really find myself in error, I shall be the most wretched of beings." Don Juan, on hearing these words, immediately made use of the permission thus extorted, and entered the room with his hat in his hand; but the grief of the lady

on beholding him, surpassed all description. "Alas! sir," exclaimed she, "I implore you not to leave me longer in suspense! Do you know the fate of the real owner of that hat? Does he yet live? or are you commissioned to bring me the news of his unhappy death?"—"Take comfort, fair lady," said Don Juan: "the owner of this hat still lives, and I trust is in safety." He then related to her every thing that had befallen him. "The Duke of Ferrara," concluded he, "for I suppose that is the title of the nobleman I have been so fortunate as to rescue, has happily escaped the malice of his enemies, and I feel but too happy in having been the means of preserving the life of any one in whose welfare you are interested."—"I thank you most sincerely, sir," said the lady: "forgive my agitation; I am but too nearly interested for the duke, and if you will listen to the recital of my misfortunes, I feel assured I shall never repent of having placed confidence in such brave friends." She was about to commence, when the woman to whose care Don Juan had intrusted the infant which had been so mysteriously confided to his protection, passing by the door of the apartment, the child began to cry; and the lady starting up, exclaimed, "Surely I hear a child's voice!" They explained to her in part the circumstances which had introduced the little stranger to their notice; and on her expressing a wish to see one whose destiny appeared in some degree to assimilate with her own, they ordered the nurse to dress the infant in the rich clothes in which it had been delivered to Don Juan, and

bring it to them; the same idea occurring to both, that probably the nearest connection might exist between two beings thus at once so singularly thrown on their protection. Meanwhile some refreshment being brought, the lady took off her veil, and our two young Spaniards were obliged to confess they had never before beheld such a lovely countenance. After partaking of a slight repast, she resumed her story.

“ If you have been any length of time in Bologna, you have doubtless heard of Cornelia Bentivoglio. Alas! my unfortunate charms have been too much celebrated, my solitary mode of life given rise to too much curiosity, for you to have been in ignorance of my existence. I was left an orphan at a very early age, and have hitherto resided at the house and under the guardianship of my brother, who, contrary to the usual custom, never permitted me to mix in the world. I should here have spent my life in tranquillity and innocence, accustomed as I was to solitude, had I not been requested to assist at the wedding of one of my cousins, where I met the Duke of F——. It was the first time I had ever been in the company of men, the first time I had ever heard those flatteries, and I listened to them with all the credulity of innocence, ignorant of deceit, and blindly confiding in the virtues of others. I will not try your patience by relating all the stratagems we made use of to attain the object of our mutual wishes. Ardently attached to each other, every thing was sacrificed to promote, as I fondly fancied, our union.

To be short, he succeeded in persuading me to be his without waiting for the legal sanction we could scarcely hope to obtain, and in a short time I found I was likely to become a mother. I requested my brother's permission to spend some time with a relation in this city, and thence wrote to the duke a faithful account of the wretched situation in which our unhappy passion had placed me. I told him I dared not return to my brother's house, whose just anger I dreaded, and that it was now time he should prove to me and to the world, that I had bestowed my affections on a faithful lover, not on a vile seducer. The duke replied in the tenderest manner possible, assuring me, that feeling my situation admitted of no delay, he was determined to hazard every thing, and carry me off by force to Ferrara, where he would publicly acknowledge me as his wife. This very evening was the one fixed upon for the attempt, and I was waiting with the most anxious impatience in the garden for the signal agreed upon between us, when I heard the noise of armed men in the adjoining street. Little was necessary to alarm me, and you may imagine my terror at hearing the voice of my brother. I flew to the room where my infant was lying, and hastily delivering it to the care of a faithful servant, who had already made arrangements for confiding it to one of the duke's gentlemen, left the house by a secret door, hoping to meet the duke, and warn him of the neighbourhood of his enemies; but unable to find him, and not daring to return home for fear of meeting with

some of the emissaries of my exasperated brother, I imprudently wandered on to the spot where Heaven directed you to my assistance. Your generous protection is my only hope under my accumulated misfortunes; bereft of husband and child, an outcast from

my family, at least I may claim your compassion, if I have failed to awaken your sympathy." On concluding her recital, the unfortunate lady again burst into a flood of tears.

(*To be continued.*)

EARLY LYRICAL SPECIMENS.

A FRIEND and correspondent, well acquainted with the poetry of our ancestors, has undertaken to furnish us with a series of lyrical specimens, by writers whose productions are of considerable rarity, and whose merits are therefore little known. We avail ourselves of his offer, and trust that in succeeding Numbers he will shew as much taste as he has in the choice of the songs for this month. He has, he says, been careful to prefer productions that have not yet, to the best of his knowledge, been selected or criticised since the date of their original publication. Biographical notices he conceived almost needless in the present state of information regarding the lives of the greatest ornaments of our literature—our poets. His design will embrace a period of about one hundred years, from the early part of the reign of Elizabeth, to the death of Charles II. He has added the name of the author, and the reign in which he flourished. We have been the more glad to avail ourselves of his offer, because we think full justice has not been done to the lyrical compositions of our ancestors.

• THE ARRAIGNMENT OF A LOVER.

At *Beauty's* bar as I did stand,
When false *Suspect* accused me,

"George," quoth the judge, "hold up thy hand,

Thou art arraign'd of flattery;
Tell therefore how thou wilt be tried?
Whose judgment here thou wilt abide?"

"My lord," quoth I, "this lady here,
Whom I esteem above the rest,
Doth know my guilt, if any were:
Wherefore her doom doth please me best.

Let her be judge and jury both,
To try me guiltless by mine oath."

Quoth *Beauty*: "No; it fitteth not
A prince herself to judge the cause:
Will is our justice, well you wot,
Appointed to discuss the laws.
If you will guiltless seem to go,
God and your country quit you so."

Then *Craft*, the crier, call'd a guest,
Of whom was *Falsehood* foremost sere*;
A pack of pickthanks were the rest,
Which came false witness then to bear.
The jury such, the judge unjust,
Sentence was said I should be trust†.

Jealousy, gaoler, bound me fast,
To hear the verdict of the bill:
"George," quoth the judge, "now thou art cast,
Thou must go hence to heavy hill‡,
And there be hang'd all by the head:
God rest thy soul when thou art dead!"

Down fell I then upon my knee,
All flat before dame *Beauty's* face,
And cried, "Good lady, pardon me,
Who here appeal unto your grace:

* Companion. † Hanged.

‡ The place of execution.

You know, if I have been untrue,
It was in too much praising you!

"And tho' this judge will make such
haste

To shed with shame my guiltless blood,
Yet let your pity first be plac'd

To save the man that meant you good:
So shall you shew yourself a queen,
And I may be your servant seen!"

Quoth *Beauty*: "Well! because I guess

What thou dost mean henceforth to be,
Altho' thy faults deserve no less

Than justice here hath judged thee,
Wilt thou be bound to stint all strife,
And be true pris'ner all thy life?"

"Yea, madam," quoth I, "that I shall;
Lo, *Faith* and *Truth* my sureties!"

"Why then," quoth she, "come when
I call,

I ask no better warranties."

Thus am I *Beauty's* bounden thrall*,
At her command when she doth call.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE. (*Eliz.*)

RESOLUTION.

Change thy mind since she doth change,

Let not fancy still abuse thee;

Thy untruth cannot seem strange

When her falsehood doth excuse thee:

Love is dead, and thou art free;

She doth live, but dead to thee.

Whilst she lov'd thee best awhile,

See how she hath still delay'd thee,

Using shows but to beguile

Those vain hopes that have betray'd
thee.

Now thou see'st, altho' too late,

Love loves truth, which women hate.

Love no more, since she is gone;

She is gone, and loves another:

Being once deceiv'd by one,

Leave her love, but love none other.

She was false, bid her adieu:

She was best—but yet untrue.

Love, farewell, more dear to me

Than my life, which thou preservest:

Life, all joys are gone from thee;

Others have what thou deservest.

* Prisoner.

Oh! my death doth spring from hence—
I must die for her offence!

Die—but yet before thou die

Make her know what she hath gotten:

She in whom my hopes did lie,

Now is chang'd, I quite forgotten;

She is chang'd, but changed base—
Baser in so high a place.

EARL OF ESSEX*. (*Eliz.*)

THE CONTRAST.

The earth, late chok'd with showers,

Is now array'd in green;

Her bosom springs with flowers,

The air dissolves her teent:

The heav'n's laugh at her glory,

Yet bide I sad and sorry.

The woods are deck'd with leaves,

And trees are clothed gay,

And Flora, crown'd with sheaves,

With oaken boughs doth play;

Where I am clad in black,

The token of my wrack.

The birds upon the trees

Sing out with pleasant voices,

And chant in their degrees

Their loves and lucky choices:

But I, while they are singing,

With sighs mine arms am wringing.

The thrushes seek the shade,

And I my fatal grave:

Their flight to heav'n is made,

My walk on earth I have:

They free, I thrall; they jolly,

I sad and pensive wholly.

THOS. LODGE. (*Eliz.*)

LOVE'S CHANGE.

Fie, fie on blind fancy,

It hinders youth's joy:

Fair virgins learn by me

To count love a toy.

When Love first learnt the A B C of de-
light,

And knew no figures nor conceited
phrase,

He simply gave to due desert his right;

He led not lovers in dark blinding ways:

* This song, the date of which is not
known, was in all probability written in re-
ference to Queen Elizabeth.

† Sorrow.

He plainly will'd to love, or flatly answer'd No;

But now who lists will find it nothing so.
Fie, fie then on fancy, &c.

For since he learnt to use the poet's pen,
He learnt likewise with smoothing words to feign,

Witching chaste ears with trothless tongues of men,

And wronging faith with falsehood and disdain.

He gives a promise now, anon he swear-eth No: .

Who listeth now to prove, shall find his changing so.

Fie, fie then on fancy,
It hinders youth's joy :
Fair virgins learn by me
To count love a toy.

ROBERT GREENE. (*Eliz.*)

VICISSITUDES OF HALF-A-GUINEA.

(Continued from p. 73.)

BEFORE Lady S——'s departure, she presented Maria with 10*l.* and promised to see her speedily again. She then returned home, and retired to her own apartment, to ruminate on the discovery she had just made. Till that moment she knew not half the love she felt for her ungrateful husband; but the pangs which this new instance of his licentiousness inflicted upon her, convinced her, that, in spite of his falsehood, he was still as dear to her as ever.

"But I will tear him from my heart," thought she, as the recollection of all that the unhappy Maria had suffered rushed upon her mind. "I will not, I ought not, to love a barbarian who would cruelly abandon the victim of his arts to perish. Poor unfortunate girl! bitterly indeed hast thou expiated thy guilt; but from this moment at least thou shalt be a stranger to the evils of poverty." In fact, in a few days my benevolent mistress settled a decent income upon Maria and her boy, and placed her in a comfortable lodging at a short distance from her own house.

It happened that the mistress of

this lodging-house had let an apartment the very same day to a lady of easy virtue, who was then kept by a married man: this circumstance was perfectly unknown to my mistress and Maria, who, from the decent exterior of the landlady, had not the least idea that she would harbour any improper person; and as the gentleman made his visits with great privacy, and Maria was fully occupied with needle-work and the care of her child, she remained ignorant of the matter. Lady S—— visited her almost every day; in fact, she soon became so passionately fond of the child, that she could not bear to be long absent from him; but as she found that the likeness which struck her so forcibly would be equally obvious to her servants, she always left her carriage at a short distance.

It happened that one day Lord S—— was passing at the moment when she entered the house. He was surprised to see her alone and on foot, but still more so when going on a little further, he met his own carriage, and was told by the coachman that he was waiting as usual for his lady. The words

"as usual" struck Lord S—— forcibly, and a kind of vague suspicion, which yet he was ashamed to own to himself, took possession of his mind. At dinner-time he asked Lady S—— suddenly whom she had been visiting that morning at No. 6 in — street. She blushed deeply, and answered, with some hesitation, that she had called there to speak to a young person who was working a dress for her. This, in fact, was partly the truth, for Maria was then really so employed; but her ladyship's confusion and embarrassment added to the suspicions of Lord S——: he recollected that there was a little circulating library nearly opposite to No. 6, and thither he hastened at an early hour the next morning, in order to make inquiries.

It happened that the circulating library was kept by an old maid, who was one of the most censorious and malignant of her whole sisterhood. She was no stranger to the character of the mistress of the house in question, and though from her having so recently changed her lodgers, she had not been able to learn any thing respecting her present inmates, yet she very charitably concluded, from what she knew of the landlady's principles, that they were, as she herself expressed it, no better than they should be; and as it happened that the gentleman, who I have already told you visited Maria's fellow lodger, came generally a few minutes before or after Lady S——, it struck this woman that he came to meet her for a criminal purpose; and though she was too guarded to tell this to Lord S—— as a positive fact, yet she said quite

enough to rouse his jealousy to the highest pitch. He quitted the shop abruptly, lest he should betray his feelings, and hastening home, he provided himself with pistols, and returned to watch the moment in which he might surprise his wife in the arms of her paramour, and take ample vengeance on the violator of his honour.

Never before did time seem so tardy as it did that day to the miserable S——, while he waited for what he conceived would be the confirmation of his dishonour. At last he saw the supposed gallant enter, and in a few minutes after Lady S—— knocked at the door, and was admitted. *

Although this was no more than he expected, yet it threw him into a state little short of frenzy: he rapped violently at the door, and as soon as it was opened, rushed into the parlour; but not finding there the objects of his search, he ran up stairs, and throwing open the door of the first room he came to, beheld Lady S——, who came forward, with a mixture of terror and surprise in her countenance, to meet him.

"Ha!" exclaimed he, "base, infamous woman! do you then think to evade my vengeance, or to conceal your crime? By Heaven you shall do neither! I will proclaim you to the world the adulteress that you are."

As he spoke, he advanced to a door of communication with another apartment, which he tried to force open, but it was locked on the inside.

"If you have the spirit of a man," cried he to the supposed paramour, "open the door this in-

stant, or I will shatter it in a thousand pieces, and drag you from your lurking-place with the ignominy you deserve!"

This threat produced the desired effect, and Maria, leading her child by the hand, came out.

At this unexpected sight Lord S—— stood aghast. He gazed on her for a moment in silence, and then said, "Maria! is it possible?"

"Yes, my lord," cried the unfortunate girl, who, in recognising her seducer, comprehended at once all the generosity of the injured Lady S——'s conduct to her. "It is Maria, the wretched deceived Maria, who, but for the benevolence of your angelic lady, must, as well as your infant, have perished."

For some seconds Lord S—— did not attempt a reply, but the workings of shame and contrition were very visible in his countenance. At last, turning to his lady, he said, in a low and subdued tone, "Almeria, I cannot, I dare not ask you to forgive me."

Lady S——, who had by this time a little recovered from her terror and astonishment, answered coldly, "My lord, I have forgiven much, but this last insult is indeed too great for human patience to bear. To be thus cruelly suspected, without even a shadow of reason, of a crime which the whole tenor of my life ought to have convinced you I was incapable of—to be exposed! insulted! no, my lord, I cannot pardon it."

"Enough, madam," cried Lord S——, in a tone of mingled grief and mortification; "you answer me as I have deserved. Farewell!" and he moved towards the door, but Maria intercepted him.

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"Hold, my lord!" cried she; "you must not go. Be not deceived by a momentary resentment, for if ever there was true love in the human heart, it is in that of Lady S——."

"Be silent, Maria! I command you," exclaimed her ladyship.

"No, madam, I cannot, I must not be silent, when your happiness perhaps depends upon my speaking. I must tell Lord S—— what your pride would oblige you for ever to conceal from him: that though humanity induced you to relieve the wretched Maria in the first instance, yet it was love for him that led you afterwards to her dwelling. Yes, my lord," continued she, seeing Lord S—— look incredulous, "the truest, purest love that ever warmed the breast of a human being. What else could have brought her ladyship daily hither, to lavish as she did the fondest, the most maternal caresses upon this child?"

Struck to the very soul by this undoubted proof of a tenderness which his conscience told him he had so little deserved, Lord S—— sunk upon his knees before his lady. Maria withdrew with the boy, and it was a considerable time afterwards before her benefactress recalled her.

The glowing check of Lady S——, and the tears of pleasure which still sparkled in her eyes, gave Maria an assurance that Lord S——'s pardon was sealed. He had acknowledged every thing to his wife, and that generous woman was anxious to exculpate him from the charge of purposely abandoning Maria. Libertine as he was, he had not that crime to answer

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for. When he found that the deceived girl still urged his performance of a promise, which it was impossible for him to keep, he determined to break off his connection with her; but anxious to prevent her knowing who he really was, he inclosed bank notes to the amount of 500*l.* in a letter, in which he advised her either to return to her uncle, or to establish herself in some small way of business. This letter he gave to his valet, who knew all the particulars of the affair, with directions to deliver it into Maria's own hands, and to bring him word how she behaved on reading it. The fellow, tempted by the opportunity of converting the money to his own use, kept that and the letter, and gave Lord S—— such an account of her behaviour, as satisfied him that she meant to return to her uncle; and as his lordship was entirely ignorant that she was likely to become a mother, he ceased in a very short time to think about her.

The noble pair returned home together, each happier than they had long been; but there was this difference in their sensations: Lady S——'s felicity was pure and unmixed; while her lord's happiness was considerably damped by self-reproach.

In taking some money out of her purse the next day, my mistress dropped me without perceiving it on the carpet, and I rolled under a set of drawers, where I lay close to the wall during a period of more than seven months. How

often, while I was cramped up in this state of inglorious obscurity, did I curse the malignant fate which placed me beyond the reach of the carpet-broom; for, from the position in which I lay, there was no chance of its ever invading my retreat; and as I was not then an adept in the mysteries of house-cleaning, I knew not that the happy period must at last arrive when the taking up of the carpet would place me once more in the situation of a companion and a friend to mankind.

It is true, I could not be said to be in absolute solitude during the whole of that period; for, as the accident happened in my mistress's dressing-room, I had her company and that of my lord occasionally during the first three months; and I could perceive from the manner of both, that the adventure I have just related had caused a very happy change in their domestic life.

Though I was pleased with this circumstance, yet it could not console me for the *ennui* which the monotony of my situation brought on. At last, when I was just beginning to despair of relief, for the family had been for some time out of town, and the apartment was rarely entered by the single servant who remained to take care of the house, I was one day most agreeably surprised by that sort of bustle and throwing every thing into confusion, which your notable housewives call putting the house to rights.

A DREAM.

(By the Hon. DAINES BARRINGTON.)

THE following letter was written at the time it bears date, and was addressed to the editor of a periodical paper, entitled "The Museum," which was printed for Dodsley. I did then intend it should have followed two dissertations in that work, which asserted the superiority of our English to the French authors; but from some circumstance which I do not now remember, it never reached the editor. I need not inform the reader, that the idea of this engagement between the writers of the two nations is taken from "The Battle of the Books."

D. B.

 OXFORD, May 12, 1746.

Mr. DODSLEY,

Nothing which hath lately appeared in print, hath given me greater satisfaction than the superior merit of our English authors to the French, which hath been so ingeniously supported in one or two of your Museums. After the perusal of them, the agreeable reflection so naturally resulting to an Englishman, produced in me the following dream. Methought I was conveyed into a large library, in which I heard a confusion of French voices, which, by the frequent repetition of the word *Museum* with anger, I imagined to proceed from discontent at your late criticisms. Seeing, however, no person in the library, I was examining, with no small astonishment, whence this uproar arose; and was not a little surprised, you may imagine, to find that each

book had the faculty of expressing itself for its author. After I had tolerably reconciled myself to this unusual manner of intercourse, I found that I was not mistaken in my first conjecture: for Descartes, desiring that he might be heard, after having with difficulty obtained silence, spoke in the following words: "I need not mention to you the indignities offered to the whole French nation, and to me in particular, by the author of the Museum: shall my ingenious hypotheses be destroyed by Newton, whose low genius was obliged to depend entirely on experiment for his reputation? This tedious, circumspect manner of philosophizing may suit well with the phlegmatic temper of an Englishman, but let the French vivacity and genius never be reproached with having had recourse to such low and mechanical means of discovering the truth. I would dwell longer on this, but resentment will not suffer me: my advice, however, is, that we immediately take signal vengeance on the author of our disgrace. The English, as they are so deeply concerned, will undoubtedly support him with all their force: therefore let us immediately make choice of a general, and dispose of our strength in such a manner as to execute our design in spite of opposition. Believe me, we cannot fail of success, for I will engage that our engineers shall play such quantities of *materia subtilis* upon them, that they shall dread us as much as nature does a vacuum." When he had

ended, the French by their shouts approved of his proposal : but then every one thinking that he had the justest pretensions to the command, there arose a second confusion of voices, each proclaiming his own deserts to the assembly. This continued for a considerable time: many at last finding that there would be no end to this dissension, unless they agreed to fix upon some person of distinguished merit, Racine, with the consent of the major part of the assembly, proposed Boileau. What induced them to make choice of him for this important charge was, that he had composed some excellent rules for military discipline, which, if they strictly adhered to, they could not well fail of defeating their enemies. Every one now waving their particular pretensions, Boileau was upon the point of being declared generalissimo, when Descartes, with great indignation, reproached them for not making a proper distinction between a rhymer and a philosopher. " You cannot but be sensible," added he, " that the English will pitch upon Newton for their commander; and who is capable of opposing him but myself? I have already prepared one of my largest vortexes to receive his attack with, in which I will make him so giddy, that he shall for ever repent denying the existence of them." He concluded with saying, that any one who opposed his just pretensions must expect a more dreadful fate than that which he had just threatened to Newton. The French, who most of them thought that he was able, and would not fail, to execute his menaces, insisted no longer on their former choice, and Boileau himself, who was rather more proper for celebrating the actions of his monarch, than performing any himself, sneaked away, and left his adversary in quiet possession of the command. Descartes no sooner found himself master of the authority he aspired to, than he disposed of his troops in the following manner: He resolved himself to lead on the centre of the army: Corneille had the command of the right, and Boileau of the left wing; the former of which had in his division Racine, Malherbe, the Comtesse de la Suz, Racan, and many others; the latter had Moliere, Rabelais, Scarron, and Voiture. Descartes himself placed on one side of him Voltaire's *Henriade* and Chapelain; on the other, Ronsard and Marot; and being desirous of having some intelligence concerning the strength and disposition of the English, he pitched upon Voltaire as the properest person for that purpose, who engaged to acquit himself in this trust to the general's satisfaction. It was not long before he returned, and informed him in what part, and by what means, the enemy might be attacked with the greatest probability of success. " There is Shakspeare," said he, " who hath the command of the English right wing: now there are some parts of his troops, which, if they were not mingled with bad ones, it would be impossible for the whole French army to sustain the shock of. I should advise, therefore, that you give orders to your engineers to charge the artillery which is to be pointed against him with the unities of time and place, which can-

not fail of producing its proper effect." This advice had its weight with Descartes, who began to inquire further how formidable he thought his antagonist Newton. Voltaire seemed very unwilling to make any reply to this question, but being much pressed, answered him in the following manner: "I have often with attention considered the surprising greatness of that man, and you must pardon my freedom when I tell you, that if you were to join to your assistance all the philosophers that ever existed, they would not be able to withstand even a small degree of the force he is capable of exerting." It is impossible to express the indignation of Descartes at this reply; he turned from him without vouchsafing an answer, and joined the other generals, who were waiting his orders. He there accused Voltaire of an inclination to desert; said that he could not put sufficient confidence in him to intrust him with any command, and desired their advice in what manner he should be treated. Racine, who was sensible of their want of an epic poet to make some small stand against Milton, gave it as his opinion, that the *Henriade* being the best poem of that kind in their language, should be allowed to remain in the place where Descartes had first placed it; which, as it was very near himself, would allow of his keeping a watchful eye over it during the engagement. This was approved of, and now every thing being thus settled, orders were given to charge.

The English, in the mean time, did not want intelligence of the attack designed by the French:

there were no factions or cabals raised about the person to be fixed upon as general; for every one, with a kind of reverential awe, intreated Newton to accept the post: he modestly complied with their request, and begged that Milton might be joined with him in the command. Milton did not decline this honour, and, on account of his loss of sight, desired that Addison might be appointed to assist him, for he found that he was infinitely stronger when that able critic was near. The whole army was led on in the following manner: Newton and Milton took their post in the centre, in which were Bacon, Locke, and Spenser. Shakspeare commanded the right wing, and had in his division, Rowe, Otway, Dryden, Waller, Cowley, and Gay. Pope had under his command in the left wing, Congreve, Swift, Butler, Jonson, and many more. I have forgot, I believe, as yet mentioning one particular circumstance, which was, that after Descartes first spoke, each book had occasionally taken upon itself the shape of its author. The engagement had now begun. Descartes advanced with great intrepidity, but his troops, every step he took towards Newton, visibly decreased, and his vortexes, on which he had so much relied, immediately disappeared. I was a good deal surprised at this sudden change; but looking towards Newton, I saw that he had a shield of adamant presented to him by Natural Philosophy, which, the moment any thing false, though never so ingenious, struck against, it was immediately reduced to its proper state of *nothing*. Newton,

being content with having humbled Descartes' arrogance, took pity on his condition; and no enemy in the field being of consequence enough for him to honour with a defeat, he chose, like Edward III. to be only spectator of the fight, and view with pleasure the valour of his countrymen. Locke, who was behind Newton before, now being the first in the line, attacked Mallebranche; and drove him presently from the field; then, together with Bacon, finding no more enemies remaining, he retired towards Newton, where it was easy to perceive in their conversation, the reciprocal esteem these great men had for each other. Milton, the moment he was informed by Addison that Voltaire was preparing to attack him in front, whilst Brebeuf and Chapelain flanked him, could not help laughing at their insignificance, and said, he should do right in sending Sir Richard Blackmore's *Prince Arthur* to engage them: but as the enemy had the presumption by this time to begin the attack, he desired Addison only to play the description of the artillery of Satan upon them, which immediately occasioned a rout. Spenser met with as great success against Marot and Ronsard. Many of the Italian allegorical poets were seen hovering round him, and preventing any prejudice that might otherwise have been done to him by his antagonists; particularly Ariosto, who descended from an upper shelf upon an unruly hippogriff, and presented him with an enchanted dart, that nothing could withstand, whilst he at the same time proclaimed him the chief of allego-

rical poets. Thus every thing in the centre was obliged to give way to the superior merit of the English. The engagement in the two wings, during this time, was extremely obstinate. The right wing of the French, as before mentioned, was commanded by Corneille, as that of the English was by Shakspeare: Shakspeare, immediately upon the sound of the trumpet, advanced to attack his adversary, but notwithstanding he behaved with the greatest resolution, he did not meet with all the success he had promised himself; for the artillery, charged with the unities of time and place, made a terrible havoc among his troops. Addison, observing this, desired leave of Milton that he might assist him; which being granted, he charged the English artillery with an essay against bombastic declamation in tragedy. This had as terrible an effect upon Corneille as the other had on Shakspeare: upon this, the battle was renewed with still greater obstinacy, but neither being able to obtain a decided advantage over the other, though Shakspeare had the superiority, Corneille proposed a cessation, and presented Shakspeare with his *Cid*, who in return gave him his *Othello*, and both retired to their different parties, fully convinced of each other's abilities. Racine all this while maintained his post against the united forces of Otway and Rowe: his were all select troops, which were headed by the *Athalie*, and formed altogether a kind of Macedonian phalanx, that could not be broken through. Dryden, seeing this, was advancing at the head of six battalions to the assistance of

his countrymen; but upon his coming pretty near the enemy, being hasty levies, they immediately went off, and left him disconsolate, to maintain the attack alone. Newton, in the mean time, perceiving that there was no impression made upon the enemy, sent Sir William Temple to instruct the English writers of tragedy how to attack Racine in the most advantageous manner. Temple, with an eager zeal for the honour of his country, gave Otway a sword, round the blade of which was engraved some short but excellent objections against representing Turks and Romans with the manners of a Frenchman. This was of signal service to Otway, for Racine could not prevent its driving some of his greatest heroes from the field; but, notwithstanding this, with his remaining force it was impossible to put him in disorder, so excellent a discipline and regularity had he kept up among his troops. Homer, who had all this while been spectator of the fight, thinking that the struggle had already lasted too long, sent Talphibius and Idæus, in order to put a stop to the contest; which, by their mediation, was effected, to the satisfaction of both parties. And now the Comtesse de la Suz, Malherbe, and Sarrazin, advanced against Waller, Cowley, and Gay: the tender Waller could not, however, be prevailed upon to engage any of the fair sex with weapons that did not suit their delicacy, and answered all the countess's attacks with elegant and melting couplets, which made such an impression on the lady, that a mutual passion soon banished all national resentments. The dis-

pute between Malherbe and Cowley was infinitely more warm. Cowley's Pindarics attacked with great briskness, but their fire, however, was not by any means regular, which is indeed agreed upon by most masters of military discipline to be the properest method for those kind of troops to charge. Malherbe, however, stood the shock tolerably well, when Pindar presented Cowley with a horse that had won a prize at the Olympic games; this Cowley immediately mounted, and at the same time crying out,

I'll cut through all,
And march, the Muses' Hannibal.

COWLEY'S 1st Ode.

He rushed into the thickest of the enemy, and bore down every thing before him. Pope and Boileau were by this time engaged in the left wing, in which every one on both sides seemed to have forgotten all animosities, while they were attending to the contest of these two great men. The *Rape of the Lock* and *Essay on Criticism* immediately singled out the *Lutrin* and *Art of Poetry*; and notwithstanding the address of each general, it was difficult to determine on which side the victory would incline. The *Satires* of the French poet at the same time attacked those of the English, which being assisted by the *Essay on Man*, began to make her adversaries think of retreating, when Homer, who had such infinite obligations to his excellent translator, appeared at the head of forty-eight battalions, and said he should look upon all those as his enemies, who opposed a poet who had made him speak English with the same spirit and force, that

he himself should have done had he written in that language. Boileau, who had the greatest reverence for Homer, was now upon the point of retiring, when Pope advancing, said that he had long before been sensible of the excellencies of his poems, was now more than ever convinced of them by the late trial, and at the same time begged he would honour him with his friendship. Boileau answered his compliments with great politeness; and added, with a smile, that satirists, above all kind of writers, ought to live in the strictest amity with each other, as they generally had a great number of enemies, who would rejoice at their dissensions. "I am much mistaken," continued he, "if this engagement hath not already given great satisfaction to Cibber and Cotin." Fontaine, who was posted ready to assist Boileau, seeing Chaucer and Prior, who attended upon Pope, advanced with reverence towards Chaucer, and said, that if such a genius as his had appeared in the most elegant and learned age, it could not have been sufficiently admired; but as he had lived in a time when the Muses were so little regarded, he could scarce refrain from adoring. Chaucer embraced Fontaine, called him his son, and said he was the only writer since himself, that had told a story with such beautiful simplicity. Rabelais had now the presumption to attack Swift, but he only exposed his weakness, for Swift, with his *Tale of a Tub* (which dilated to a vast size), immediately covered

nine parts out of ten of his forces; the few remaining, rallied by Pantagruel, made some resistance; but Swift, producing one of his Brobdingnag heroes, presently put him to flight. Scarron, who was just by Rabelais, seeing Swift and Butler advance towards him, and knowing that to oppose would be in vain, laughed at Rabelais as he was sneaking off, and had even the impudence to cut a joke upon Pantagruel. He then began being witty upon his own person; and said, he was surprised that Descartes could think of taking him for a soldier, as he was some feet below the standard of any nation: he at the same time made such a droll compliment to Swift and Butler, that they could not help beginning a conversation with him, in which they were infinitely delighted with his wit. Nothing now remained to be decided but the dispute between the comic poets, which was just going to begin with great warmth on both sides, when Plautus interposing, presented Moliere with a crown. Congreve and Jonson, notwithstanding their merit, acquiesced in this determination, and were advancing to pay their respects to the French poets, when the laureat, thinking that proper regard was not paid to his deserts, stepped abruptly in, with an intention to dispute the authority of Plautus; but, unluckily for him, some enemy of his, repeating the first stanza of his last ode, there followed so universal a laugh, that it prevented the continuation of my dream.

ANECDOTES, &c. HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND PERSONAL.

No. V.

BELLS.

THE invention of bells is attributed to the Egyptians; in support of which opinion it is said, that the feast of Osiris was always announced by the ringing of bells.

The cloak worn by the Jews' high priest, during their ceremonies in the temple, was invariably decorated with small gold bells.

At Athens, the priests of Proserpine and Cybele employed bells during their sacrifices; they also in some way made up a part of their mysteries.

Some say that large bells were not known until the sixth century, while others assert that they were used in the fourth by St. Paulin, Bishop of Nola in Campania, and for which reason it was the custom to call bells *campana* and *nola*; at other times they were called *saints* and *saints' caps*, and the business of ringing them belonged to the master of the church-vestries, who were called *capicerii*, or *primicerii*, because they were the first on the list of officers written on a paper called *cera* by Pliny, Suetonius, and Juvenal.

Pliny mentions that bells were in use long before his time, under the name of *tintinnabula*; and Suetonius says, that Augustus ordered one to be placed at the gate of the temple dedicated to Jupiter.

In the year 610 the army of Clotaire besieged Sens, when Loup, Bishop of Orleans, ordered the church bells of St. Etienne to be rung, which so terrified Clotaire, that he raised the siege, and de-

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camped with his army in the greatest confusion. In the succeeding century, Alcuin, preceptor to Charlemagne, ordered all the church bells to be baptized.

Ferdinand Mendez says he saw in the year 1554, in the kingdom of Peru, a bell whose circumference was forty-five hands, and its diameter fifteen.

These particulars I have collected from various writers, but none mention with any certainty who was the inventor of bells. Indeed Polydore says, no one knows who was, or where they were first used.

A CURIOUS COMBAT.

Two gentlemen of high birth, the one a Spaniard, and the other a German, having rendered Maximilian II. many great services, they each for recompence demanded his natural daughter, Helena Scharsequinn, in marriage. The prince, who entertained equal respect for them both, could not give either the preference; and after much delay, he told them, that from the claims they both had to his attention and regard, he could not give his assent for either of them to marry his daughter, and they must decide it by their own power and address; but as he did not wish to risk the loss of either, or both, by suffering them to fight with offensive weapons, he had ordered a large bag to be brought, and he who was successful enough to put his rival in it, should obtain his daughter.

This strange combat between

F V

two gentlemen was in presence of the whole Imperial court, and lasted nearly an hour. At length the Spaniard yielded, and the German, André Eberhard, Baron of Tatbert, when he had him in the bag, took him on his back, and placed him at the emperor's feet; and on the following day, he married the beautiful Helena.

NATIONAL PRIDE.

It is with nations as with individuals; every people attribute to themselves qualities which distinguish them from others. The Indian fabulists tell us of a country in India where all the natives were hunchbacked. A young, handsome, and well-formed stranger came to this country. Immediately he was surrounded by a number of the inhabitants; his figure appeared to them extraordinary; their laughter and gesticulations evinced their astonishment.

They would have proceeded to some outrages on his person, had it not been for one among them, who no doubt had seen different shaped men to his countrymen, and exclaimed, "Ah! my friends, let us spare this unfortunate, ill-made man: should we injure him, because Heaven has not given him such an agreeable form as ours? Sooner let us go to the temple, and return thanks to the Eternal for the humps which he has favoured us with." Every one will perceive the application of this apologue.

During the reign of Philip V. grandson of Louis XIV. a gentleman of Pampeluna signed a contract thus: "*Don, &c. &c. noble as the king, and rather more so.*" The governor being informed of it, or-

dered the gentleman to be brought before him, and asked, how he could be so imprudent as to place himself above his king? To which he replied with great coolness, "*The king is a Frenchman; I am a Spaniard; and for this single reason my extraction is more noble than his.*"

He was immediately ordered to prison; but his countrymen, delighted with his heroism, endeavoured all in their power to soften the rigours of his confinement by constant visits and numberless presents.

When the Khan of the Tartars did not possess a house to live in, and only lived on rapine, had finished his dinner, consisting of milk food and horses' flesh, it was proclaimed by a herald, "*That all the potentates, princes, and great men of the earth might sit down to table.*"

Some Frenchmen who had landed on the coast of Guinea, were carried before a Negro prince. He was seated under a tree; his throne was a large block of wood, and his guards consisted of three or four Negroes armed with wooden pikes. This ridiculous monarch asked, "*Do they talk much of me in France?*"

The different nations on the coast of Guinea have each their king, whose grandeur and splendour is not greater than that of the Negro prince mentioned in the preceding anecdote. This royal rabble often name themselves after some of our princes or great men, whose exploits they have heard of.

CARDINAL WOLSEY AND FITZ-WILLIAMS.

When Cardinal Wolsey lost the favour of Henry VIII. he was soon

despised by the great, and hated by the people.

Fitz-Williams, a man whom the cardinal had highly favoured when in power, was the only one who attempted to defend the cause, and praise the talents and great qualifications of the disgraced minister. He did more; he offered Wolsey his country-house, and begged him to pass one day there at least. The cardinal, sensible of his zeal, went to Fitz-Williams's house, who received his master with the most distinguished marks of respect and gratitude. The king being informed of the reception which this man only had not been afraid to give such a man as Wolsey, ordered Fitz-Williams to be brought before him, and asked him, with much emotion, and an angry tone of voice, from what motive he had the audacity to receive the cardinal at his house, who was accused and declared guilty of high treason?

"Sir," replied Fitz-Williams, "I feel the most respectful submission for your majesty; I am neither a bad citizen nor an unfaithful subject. It is not the disgraced minister, nor the state criminal, I received at my house; it is my old and respected master, my protector, him who gave me bread, and through whose means I possess the fortune and tranquillity which I now enjoy; and should I abandon in his misfortunes this generous master, this magnificent benefactor? Ah! no, sir; I should be the most ungrateful of men."

Surprised and full of admiration, the king at that moment conceived the highest esteem for the generous Fitz-Williams. He instantly knighted him, and shortly after named him a privy counsellor.

THE GUILLOTINE.

This machine, by which the unfortunate Louis XVI. suffered death, was first introduced into France by Mons. Guillotin, a physician, and a member of the National Assembly in 1791, and is called by his name. In English, it is termed the maiden.

It was formerly used in the limits of the forest of Hardwicke, in Yorkshire, and the executions were generally at Halifax. Twenty-five criminals suffered by it in the reign of Queen Elizabeth: the records before that time were lost. Twelve more were executed by it between 1623 and 1650, after which it is supposed that the privilege was no more respected. That machine is now destroyed; but there is one of the same kind in the Parliament-House at Edinburgh, by which the regent Morton suffered.

Prints of machines of this kind are to be met with in many old books in various languages, even so early as 1510, but without any descriptions. One of them is represented in Holinshed's Chronicles. That of Halifax may be seen in the borders of the old maps of Yorkshire, particularly those of Mole in 1720.

DIFFICULT TRIFLES.

There has been a time when it was considered as a species of merit, to be expert in the formation of acrostics, and other literary trifles, now considered as puerile. This taste for trifles has also produced several pieces of writing and other articles of wonderful minuteness.

In the sixteenth century, an Ita-

lian religionist, named Peter Alumnus, wrote the Symbol of the Apostles, and the Evangel of St. John *in principio*, in a space not bigger than a farthing.

An artist, not less patient, presented Queen Elizabeth with a piece of paper not larger than a finger-nail, on which was written the ten commandments, the Symbol of the Apostles, and the Lord's prayer, with the queen's name, and the date of the year. This artist also constructed a pair of spectacles, by the use of which any person could read his production with the greatest facility.

In the hands of some amateurs of this species of *chef d'œuvres*, may be seen Homer's *Iliad* written on a piece of vellum that may be inclosed in a walnut-shell. These writings are generally done with a pencil, as it traces the character more delicately and thinner than a pen. It is remarked, that the writing of persons expert in this species of labour, is not only more neat than common writing, but superior even to copper-plate.

Faba, an Italian priest, a native of Calabria, employed himself in another species of labour, not less surprising from its difficulty. On a piece of box-wood, which might be inclosed in a filbert-shell, he represented all the mysteries of the Passion.

To this artist there is also attributed a coach of the size of a grain of wheat; there was a coachman to conduct it; horses to draw it, and a man and woman seated inside.

These wonderful productions were presented to Charles V. and Francis I.

Another artist constructed a chariot of ivory, which a fly could cover with its wings: also a ship of ivory, with its proper rigging.

Paul Colondés says, he saw a goldsmith at Moulins, who fastened a live flea by a chain of gold, consisting of fifty rings, the whole of which did not weigh three grains.

JOSEPH SCALIGER.

Perhaps no one, either of the ancients or moderns, possessed so much knowledge of things in general as Joseph Scaliger. From this opinion, he has been reckoned the most learned man of any age. Every author, except Guilandin and Scioppius, mention him as a person of uncommon abilities. Some have called him, "the honour and miracle of his age, a second Varro;" others, "the master of everyone,"—"the support, Apollo and Esculapius of the Muses;" "the dictator of the republic of letters, the divinity, and the incomparable man of science."

Notwithstanding this superlative praise, his heart was not equal to his head, and he was never sparing of censure on any person, whenever he was displeased or angry.

He treats Origen as a dreamer, St. Justin as simple, St. Jerome as ignorant. Ruffin he calls a base villain; St. Chrysostom, a proud rascal. St. Basil he only calls haughty; St. Epiphanius, ignorant, and of miserably poor abilities; and St. Thomas, a pedant, &c.

He is not in the least more indulgent of those of his own time, who, being his inferiors in some things, he would not suffer they should be distinguished for the real merit they possessed, and the reputation



they acquired. He says, Jaques Cappel is a ridiculous fool, Saville a proud fool, Claifus a beast, Cornelius Bertram a conceited fellow, Maldonat a plagiarist of Calvin and Beza. He calls Aldus Manutius a weak mind, Sibrandus Lubertus a rustic, Celius Curio a poor pedant, Jerome Mercurialis a great beast, Merula a man of wretched abilities, and Water a poor fellow.

He treats the Cardinal Perron as an ambitious boaster, Erycius Puteanus and Wouwer as relaters of idle tales, Robortel and Meursius as pedants. Mellius he calls an ass, Hotman a plagiarist, Lin-

debuch a coxcomb, Christmanus an ignorant man, Victorius a man of very common powers and little judgment, Lipsius, Arius Montanus, and a long list of others, who are generally considered as learned men, are treated equally harshly, and with an asperity unbecoming "the divinity of the republic of letters." To particularize every person he has censured would be a tedious and unsatisfactory task: we will therefore conclude this article with noticing, that he calls the Lutherans barbarians, and all the Jesuits asses.

PICTURESQUE TOUR IN THE OBERLAND.

PLATE 20.—VIEW OF THE GLACIERS OF GRINDELWALD.

THE prospect of a valley which descends with rapid declivity between threatening rocks; an immense assemblage of points, which cannot be compared with any thing but solid war; a sea, if we may so express it, motionless in its fury, and on its brink a vault almost as regular as the portal of a large church, changing its form every year, and pouring forth an inexhaustible stream, produced by the melting of the substance of which this transparent portal is composed; the most beautiful meadows; fruit of exquisite flavour, charming woods on the margin of tracts where everlasting winter holds its reign; an icy torrent, which seems to precipitate itself from the top of the mountains into a deep ravine, checked by a carpet of flowers, which assigns to it a boundary that its billows shall not pass, and the crops of the husbandman waving in safety on its banks—these cer-

tainly are objects capable of interesting persons the most difficult to be moved. But these phenomena are far surpassed, and a much more powerful impression is made on the soul by those enormous mountains, whose bases are buried in these valleys of ice, and which raise their threatening summits to heaven; those gigantic and rugged peaks, which bear the marks of all the convulsions that have changed the face of the globe. The rage of the elements spent itself against their buckler of granite. Covered with honourable scars, they seem proud of having sustained the tremendous conflict without being overturned, and of being still strong enough to endure the new combats which the future catastrophes of our planet shall prepare for them, and to which they may be summoned by the voice of their Creator. We might say that they are waiting for the signal in dignified tranquillity.

lity, and with the certainty of once more coming off victorious from the shock of elements, of surviving all the fresh embellishments of this terrestrial surface, which they have so often seen renewed. Perhaps their summits overlooked old Ocean at the period when it first covered our continent; they then witnessed his retreat, and successively beheld the earth peopled with those animals of unknown species, the skeletons of which have been put together in our days by the genius of ephemeral man, and these same races ingulphed when Ocean returned to claim his ancient domain; and the vast regions stretched at their feet repeopled with gigantic beings; and the sea, at the command of Jehovah, a second time lashing their sides with its waves, and destroying the *mammoth*s and the *mastodontes*, as it had formerly swept away the *anoplotherium* and the *palæotherium*. Fresh creations and fresh convulsions have since succeeded one another on the theatre of which these peaks are the most elevated points: every thing has perished; they alone are still standing, and proudly rear their heads to that azure vault which they seem to uphold.

Three of these colossal mountains, or rather their bases, occupy the back-ground of the annexed view. The rock seen on the right belongs to the Eiger, which is of a very regular form. The mountain that separates the two glaciers is called the Mettenberg (the middle or intermediate mountain), and is but the pedestal of the Schreckhorn, the summits of which cannot be seen from the bottom of the valley. It is a disad-

vantage of low stations, and such as are too near to the foot of the High Alps, that their summits are entirely hidden from the sight of the spectator, or that they appear so much foreshortened, that it is impossible for him to appreciate their real elevation. This remark particularly applies to the Wetterhorn (the peak of tempests), which appears on the left, and does not produce in this view an effect commensurate with its height and magnitude. The glacier, which descends between the Eiger and the Mettenberg, is the less considerable of the two, and is called the Little or Lower Glacier, to distinguish it from that which is seen between the Mettenberg and the Wetterhorn, and the extremity of which adjoins to a more elevated part of the valley of Grindelwald.

The peaks covered with snow of dazzling whiteness, which overlook the Lower Glacier, are called the Viescher-hörner, and mark the boundary of the canton of Berne. On the southern declivity, a glacier of the same name extends to the environs of the Rhone, in that part of the Valais in which are the road of the Simplon, and the relics of a wall erected by the Romans to check the incursions of the Viberii, a tribe occupying the Upper Valais between Brieg and the sources of the Rhone. It was till lately supposed that the two glaciers of Grindelwald were totally separated by the rocks of the Schreckhorn, and that they were cut off by other ridges from the glaciers of Lauteraar, Gaulti, and the Jungfrau; but Messrs. Meyer state, in the account of their as-

cent to the summit of the last-mentioned mountain, that they clearly perceived an uninterrupted connection between all these glaciers.

Tradition has preserved the memory of an ancient direct communication between the Valais and Grindelwald through these defiles, which are now choked up with permanent ice. In support of this opinion, there is still shewn a bell marked with the date 1044, which is said to have belonged to a chapel consecrated to St. Petronilla, situated near the path leading into the Valais. The same tradition is current in the latter country, where are still to be seen traces of the ancient path, though all the intermediate space is now buried beneath tremendous fields of ice.

In the year 1712, on the breaking out of the civil war, three adventurous fellows traversed the wildest and most elevated tract of these glaciers from the Valais, and, after three arduous days' journey, arrived in safety, by way of the Lower Glacier, at Grindelwald. They were natives of the Oberland, a number of whom repair annually into the Valais in quest of employment. On the commencement of hostilities, the Valaisans, out of enmity to Berne and the Protestants, forcibly detained these three men, whom they wished to compel to renounce their religion, in which view they denied them every kind of food. Finding an opportunity to escape, they fled, with imminent danger of their lives, over the lofty, snow-covered mountains, towards their own country. The ascent to them from the side next to the Valais

was indeed easy, but on that next to Grindelwald they ran the risk of perishing with cold and hunger; nor was it without the most laborious exertions, being obliged night and day to hew steps in the ice with their axes, that they escaped this melancholy end.

The presumed existence in ancient times of a practicable route over ground now covered with impassable glaciers, is a circumstance behind which, in particular, those naturalists entrench themselves, who attribute to the ice a tendency to cover the whole surface of the High Alps, and to cut off the more temperate valleys situated among them. Other observations are alleged in proof of this opinion. There are several glaciers bearing the names of ancient pasture-grounds, upon which they have recently encroached. The herdsmen every where complain of these encroachments; and the celebrated Haller affirms, in a preface which he wrote to Wagner's Collection of Views, that, in his early youth, he had seen from Berne mountains free from snow the greatest part of the summer, which, at the time of writing, were constantly covered with it. To this observation of the Swiss Pliny, M. Ramond has added one which deserves attention. The Jungfrau may be seen from Strasburg, 150 miles distant in a direct line; and the Shreckhorn is visible, at the like distance, from Beaune. The Alsatians, who behold the Alps bounding their horizon to the south, seem to have intended to describe their appearance by formerly naming them *Hohe Blauen* (High Blues), a denomination which they have

since disused, because it has ceased to be applicable to masses of dazzling whiteness, which contrast so strongly with the azure of the sky. The increase of the glaciers is moreover a phenomenon which might naturally be looked for, when it is considered that most of those which have been examined, have travelled beyond the cold region in which they were originally formed; and that the same cause which preserved the snows of the first winter in spite of the heat of the first summer, has ever since continued to operate with incessantly increasing energy; as the cold, which prevails on the summit of the Alps, and which produced the first stratum of resisting snow, has necessarily become more and more intense, in proportion to the annual increase in the thickness of the cap of ice.

The encroachment of the icy zone upon the more temperate valleys is undoubtedly a misfortune for the inhabitants of the Alps, both on account of the consequent diminution of the pasturage, and the interruption of beneficial intercourse. But, on the other hand, they can scarcely fail to preserve the summits of the Alps, whose flattened shape allows snow to lodge upon them, from new destructions--an interesting result to those naturalists who are apprehensive that the rivers, by incessantly carrying away matter from the mountains whence they issue, may at length wear away the summits requisite for the preservation of their sources.

How considerable soever this increase of the ice in the higher valleys of the Alps may be, it is con-

stantly balanced by proportionate diminutions in the lower regions. Such is the observation made in the Grindelwald, as well as at the foot of Mont Blanc and the Furca. An ancient tradition represents the glaciers of Grindelwald as increasing for seven years, and then diminishing for the like space of time. But so regular a change is inconsistent with the causes which alone can influence their variations. Professor Kuhn of Berne, who has had occasion to make close and long-continued observations on the glaciers, has completely demonstrated, that their progressive motion is solely owing to the pressure of the upper part of the glaciers on the lower extremity. The soil of the valleys which they fill forming an inclined plane, and the ice in summer melting more in those parts which are contiguous to the rocks, that is, on the borders of the glaciers, and at the lower surface which rests on the mountain, their points of contact are so diminished, that the impulsive force of the upper parts easily overcomes the efforts that still oppose its actions; and the adhesion of the parts which have remained in contact with the ground being incapable of counterbalancing the pressure, which finds less and less resistance from one moment to another, the whole mass begins to slip, and advances by means of an impulsion that is purely mechanical.

The present minister of Grindelwald, who accommodates travellers when the inn is too full to receive them, and who explored the upper glacier, accompanied by a chamois-hunter, was upon the

ice during such a movement. They had seated themselves to smoke a pipe, "when," to use the words of the reverend narrator, "a tremendous, stunning noise was heard, and every thing about us began to move. Our guns, hatchets, pouches, &c. which we had laid upon the ice, seemed to be animated. Fragments of rock, which had previously lain still upon the glacier, rolled over one another. Chasms closed with a sound resembling the report of a cannon, and spouted the water, which is usually contained within them, to the height of a house, so that we got a sound ducking. New clefts, of the breadth of ten to twenty feet, opened with an inexpressibly disagreeable noise. The whole mass of the glacier advanced probably several paces. A tremendous convulsion seemed to be preparing; but in a few seconds all was again still, and nothing but the squeaking of some marmots interrupted the awful silence of death."

It is evident that, according to these circumstances, there cannot be any regularity in the changes which the glaciers undergo at their lower extremity, and that all must depend on the severity of the winter, the quantity of the snow, and the temperature of the summer. Experience confirms this conclusion. The glaciers generally diminish for several successive years, that is, the lower part of the glacier, which has been propelled into a fertile valley, loses by the melting of summer a quantity of ice, exceeding the progression which has taken place in the same period of time. On the other hand, there are years in which the

glaciers increase considerably, and cover meadows and cultivated hills. This increase commonly occurs in spring; and when, in the course of a year, they have advanced much more than usual in the interior of a valley, they are generally observed to diminish afterwards for several successive years. This extraordinary increase has probably cleared the upper part of the valley, so that it takes several years before it is again entirely blocked up, and before fresh accumulations of ice can communicate to the lower regions of the inclined plane which it covers, the degree of pressure requisite to operate upon the lower extremity, and to impart a progressive motion to the entire mass.

The surface and figure of the glaciers are determined by the nature of the ground on which they rest. In valleys which have but little declivity, they have few clefts. Seas of ice, as they are called, are but immense accumulations of nearly smooth ice, which occupy the plain part of the most elevated valleys. There are some which are from twenty to thirty miles long, and from a mile and a half to two miles and a half broad. When the glaciers descend over a rugged slope and very uneven ground, as at the extremity of the glaciers of Grindelwald, their surface is covered with chasms, and elevations not less than a hundred feet high, and which, in places where the inclination of the ground exceeds thirty or forty degrees, assume the most diversified and the most singular forms. The chasms are frequently several feet wide, and more than a hundred in depth: the sud-

den changes in the temperature of the atmosphere are one of the principal causes of them. In winter, the most profound silence pervades these solitudes; but on the return of warm weather, and throughout the whole of the summer, tremendous roarings, accompanied with shocks that shake the mountain, are heard from time to time; for whenever a chasm is formed, a noise resembling thunder resounds to a great distance; and when many of these detonations occur in a short space of time, they are considered as indicating a change of weather.

In July 1787, Christian Bohren, who then kept the only inn there is at Grindelwald, and was living a few years since, had the misfortune to fall into one of these chasms, while driving some sheep over the small glacier to the Mettenberg, by the sudden giving way of a piece of ice 19 feet long, and 8 broad. The depth of the abyss into which he was precipitated with it, measured 64 feet. In the fall he dislocated his right hand, and broke one of his arms, but lost none of his presence of mind. He fortunately found at the bottom an opening communicating with the torrent which runs under the glacier, and which discharges itself into the Black Lütschinen. After reaching the bed of this torrent by lateral clefts, he followed it under the arch of ice which it had wrought for its passage, to its mouth, and thus escaped the cruel fate with which he was threatened.

The great glacier has considerably receded since the year 1720. Its ancient limits are marked by a hill 30 feet high, composed of

rubbish carried along by the glacier, and now covered with firs of considerable height. Though the Lower Glacier exhibits inequalities in the shape of towers, obelisks, columns, &c. more diversified and more clearly defined than the Upper Glacier, yet the traveller would do well to visit the latter, were it only for the purpose of enjoying a nearer view of the Wetterhorn. This mountain is thus named from the storms of which its summit, almost always shrouded, is the focus, in the opinion of the inhabitants, whom it serves for a barometer. Ascending the Upper Glacier along the Wetterhorn, the visitor will command one of the most magnificent spectacles: he will perceive the Schreckhorn, with the Mettenberg in front of its base: its immense skeleton, displaying to the eye the material of which the second envelope of the nucleus of the globe is perhaps composed, seems to reveal the mysteries hidden in the recesses of the earth; its bare peaks tower above these regions, resplendent in hyperborean decorations; it stands alone amidst frightful deserts; it may be aptly denominated the *King of Terrors**, for it is impossible to behold this colossus without feeling that involuntary awe which a mingled spectacle of the sublime and terrible never fails to excite.

The Eiger Breithorn, or the Outer Eiger, is in no respect inferior to the Schreckhorn; nay, it is a question, whether it is not, by its form and position, the most majestic of those wonders which on all sides strike the eye and awe

* *Schreckhorn* signifies, peak of terror or horror.

the soul in the valley of Grindelwald. Below the summit of the Eiger is an aperture called the Heiterloeh, through which the sun throws his rays at noon in certain periods of the year.

The Wetterhorn is 11,453 feet above the level of the sea; the Eiger, 12,268; the Schreckhorn, 12,560. The village of Grindelwald is situated at an elevation of 3150 feet; and the pass of the Scheideck, which bounds the valley on the east, and must be crossed, in order to proceed directly from the valley of Grindelwald to that of Hasli, is 6046. In traversing this Scheideck, as well as that which separates the valley of Lauterbrunn from the Grindelwald, in summer, the traveller is sure to enjoy the interesting sight of avalanches tumbling from the Wetterhorn upon the hills and valleys at its foot.

The valley of Grindelwald, which is reported to have been given to the chapter of Interlaken by the

Emperor Conrad III. in 1146, passed with the rest of the possessions of that monastery into the hands of the government of Berne. Long before the troubles occasioned by the Reformation, this valley had been a theatre of hostilities. In 1191, the barons adverse to Berthold V. Duke of Zähringen, here sustained a signal defeat, which was productive of the most beneficial consequences to the towns founded by that prince. The valley of Grindelwald was long the scene of religious wars and commotions. What solitude is so profound, what valley on the face of the earth so secluded, that the passions of men have not left in it some traces of their ravages? If there be a spectacle which ought to calm them, and at the same time to remind man of his high destination, and the nothingness of his vain pursuits here below, it is certainly that presented by the Alps in their most elevated valleys.

THE HERMIT: A TALE.

A YOUNG prince who had just ascended the throne of one of the kingdoms of the East, was passionately fond of hunting. In the eagerness with which he pursued the chase, he one day outrode his attendants, and after several vain attempts to rejoin them, he met with a hermit, from whom he demanded the rights of hospitality. As he was very plainly dressed, the hermit had no suspicion of his rank; he conducted him to his humble dwelling, which was near at hand, and set some coarse provisions before him. While they conversed

together during the repast, the monarch found that the hermit was no stranger to the ways of men, and he inquired whether choice or misfortune had induced him to bury himself in solitude. "Misfortune," replied the hermit, "drove me here, but choice induces me to remain; time has reconciled me to my lot, and the only bitter remembrance connected with it is, that my misfortune sprang from the breach of a promise made to a dying parent."

These words raised the curiosity of the king, which the hermit gra-

tified by the following account of his life.—“My name is Mahmoud; I was an only child, and for my sake my father forsook commerce, which he had followed in his youth, and retiring with me to a country-seat, gave himself up to the care of my education. As he saw that I was naturally ambitious, he laboured incessantly to conquer this failing, and to convince me, that the indulgence of it was always destructive of happiness.

“Finding that he could not eradicate my fault, he strove to change its direction, by representing virtue and the sciences as the only objects worthy to engage the attention of a wise man. His plan succeeded; I applied to study with the greatest ardour, and during some time, my father flattered himself that he had fixed my happiness; but he was attacked with a mortal disease soon after I had attained the age of manhood: during the short time that he laboured under it, he strove more than ever to guard me against the seductions of my prevailing passion, and when he found his end approaching, he besought me earnestly to promise him that I would always observe three things: ‘Never to depend on the favour of kings, nor the faith of courtiers. Never to place my happiness in the possession of riches or power. Never to intrust my honour or my life in the keeping of a mistress whom I knew to have been inconstant to another.’

“I made no scruple of instantly giving this promise, and my father shortly afterwards breathed his last. For some time I gave myself up to the sorrow with which his loss filled my breast, but as that abated

I returned with fresh ardour to study. In a little time, the fame of my learning reached the ear of the sultan; I received an order to attend him, and after several interviews, he desired that I would quit my retirement, and repair to his court.

“Though I was dazzled with the favour of the monarch, yet for some time I had the resolution to refuse his offer. One day the sultan sent for me. ‘A cause has just been decided by my vizier,’ said he; ‘I doubt the justice of his decision, and yet I have no means of ascertaining the truth. I will relate the circumstances to you, and perhaps from them you will find a clue to discover which of the parties is really guilty.

“‘A merchant named Mesrour, who has been for more than ten years absent from the city, returned to it within these few days, and claims from a friend of his, another merchant, called Darbar, one thousand crowns, which he declares he deposited in his hands before his departure, and which the other denies to have received. The cause was yesterday tried before the vizier: Mesrour declared, that, on the eve of his departure, he took the thousand crowns to his friend, who was then at supper with his wife; that he gave him the money in her presence, but being satisfied of his honesty, thought not of demanding a receipt. His adventure turned out unprosperous; he lost by various misfortunes all the property that he had taken with him. At last, he returned in the greatest distress to his native city, and hastened to claim the money which he had left in the hands of

his friend, who seemed at first startled at his appearance after so long an absence; but, nevertheless, received him with great apparent joy, and treated him hospitably, till he asked for his thousand crowns, which he utterly denied to have received: upon Mesrour persisting in his claim, he turned him out of doors. Darbar, on being interrogated, said, that ten years ago Mesrour expressed an intention to embark his whole property in one venture, and to go with it himself to China. Of this fact, O vizier,' continued he, 'I can bring witnesses: he quitted the city, as every one supposed, to put his plan in practice, and for ten years we heard nothing of him. A few days ago he returned; he came to my house in rags, and spent with fatigue: he told me he had lost all; I pitied him, set provisions before him, clothed him in my own garment, and would willingly have suffered him to remain in my house, till he had found some means to get his bread; but after he had refreshed himself, he entreated me, in the name of the friendship which had so long subsisted between us, to lend him a thousand crowns. Though I thought it unreasonable that a man who was a beggar should expect me to lend him such a sum, yet I refused with gentleness, till at last he told me, that if I would not lend that money, he would bring a claim against me to that amount. Enraged at his dishonesty and ingratitude, I turned him from my house. This is the truth, as my wife can witness, and I am ready to support it by my oath.'

" 'As several of those who for-

merly knew Mesrour confirmed the fact of his having declared an intention to lay out his whole property in goods for his last voyage, the vizier gave judgment in favour of Darbar. I must inform you, that the cause had been before tried by the cadi, who, not being able to come to a decision, referred it to the vizier: he interrogated Darbar and his wife separately several times, and they still persist in the same story without any variation; every circumstance is in their favour, and yet I cannot think Mesrour guilty. What sayest thou, Mahmoud? Is there any way to discover the truth?"

"I told him I imagined that there was one: it had been admitted by Darbar and his wife, that Mesrour visited them the night before his departure; but they had never been examined as to what passed. I obtained the sultan's permission to send guards for all the parties, and I interrogated each of them separately. Mesrour declared, that on the night previous to his departure he brought the thousand crowns in a canvas bag, and gave them to his friend, who was sitting at supper with his wife. I asked him if he could recollect the words that were used: he replied that he told Darbar, that as he was going to lay out the money in merchandise, he was suddenly struck with a dread of losing all; therefore he desired Darbar to take charge of the money, first counting it to see if it was right: that Darbar having done so, and put it again into the bag, the string broke as he was tying it, and the money was scattered upon the ground; his

wife assisted him to pick it up, and afterwards locked it in a chest, of which her husband gave her the key. I then examined the husband and wife, separately, as to what passed in the last interview : each, as it may be supposed, denied the money, but in other respects their accounts varied. I ordered the wife to be sent back to her house, but I detained the husband in confinement during that night, and the next morning I obliged him to write to his wife in the following words :

“ ‘ All is discovered : our only chance of escaping death is to acknowledge the truth without disguise. I have related exactly what passed when the bag was given into my possession : see that your account does not differ in the smallest degree from the truth, otherwise we shall both instantly suffer death.’ ”

“ ‘ This letter had the desired effect : the woman fell upon her knees, and, amidst tears and supplications for mercy, related the matter exactly as Mesrour had told it. The sultan was so well satisfied with the means I had employed to discover the truth, that he offered me the post of vizier, which became vacant shortly afterwards, and I quitted my retirement to assume the guidance of his mighty empire.’ ”

“ ‘ For some time I kept in my remembrance the maxims of my father, but by degrees the favour of the sultan, and the marks, as I thought, of sincere attachment which I received from several of the courtiers, dazzled my imagination, and set my fears at rest. I thought that I was too necessary to the happiness and the glory of the sultan to fear the loss of his favour,

and I depended upon the benefits which I conferred upon the courtiers to bind them to my interest.

“ ‘ Amongst those whose attachment I thought myself most secure of was Kaloun : his father had engaged in a conspiracy against the sultan ; and but for my intercession, Kaloun, though innocent, would have suffered banishment, perhaps death ; but at my request the sultan not only pardoned him, but left him in possession of the riches of his father. From that time he devoted himself entirely to me ; and I soon became so much attached to him, that I revealed to him without scruple all my plans, and even my most secret thoughts.

“ ‘ I had now enjoyed the favour of the sultan for more than two years, and as yet I thought not of love ; but an accidental sight of the fair Semira made me her captive. I sent instantly for her father, not doubting that he would consent with joy to my intention of espousing her, for his situation was obscure ; but he informed me that she had been long betrothed to a young man of her own degree ; and he added, in firm but respectful terms, that not even the honour of my alliance could induce him to break his plighted word, or force his daughter’s inclinations.

“ ‘ Even in the bitterness of my disappointment, I could not help feeling that he was right ; but unfortunately it occurred to me, that the contract might have been formed without the consent of Semira, and I interrogated her father on that point. He assured me that it was not ; that she had known and been attached to her intended husband from her infancy. This cir-

cumstance ought to have made me instantly desist, but yielding only to the dictates of passion, I insisted upon informing her myself of the love with which she had inspired me. I ordered her father to bring her instantly to my presence; but I solemnly promised at the same time, that she should be free to return with him, or remain with me, as she pleased.

"He departed, satisfied with this assurance, and speedily returned, leading his lovely daughter, pale and trembling. She listened to me in silence, and her eyes, filled with tears, were cast upon the ground; but as I painted the splendour which waited her acceptance, if she became mine, her cheek grew gradually flushed, her eyes sparkled, and she cast upon me a glance of so much softness, that I saw with transport my cause was won. Her weeping father pleaded and remonstrated in vain. She wept indeed when he quitted her, but she did not join in his entreaties to be allowed to depart with him. I assigned her the most superb apartment in my harem, and would have celebrated my nuptials immediately, but that I deemed it a necessary mark of respect to apprise the sultan of my intention, and as he was then at a distance from his capital, I resolved to wait till his return.

"Meanwhile I communicated my happiness to my friend Kaloun, who listened with eagerness to the praises which I bestowed upon Semira. As every hour rendered her more lovely in my eyes, I omitted no means to engage her affections; her person was adorned with all the splendour of the East,

crowds of beautiful slaves attended her footsteps, and wherever she turned, some new pleasure awaited her. I had soon reason to think that she was not insensible to my passion, and I drew from her beautiful lips the confession that I was beloved. On that very day the sultan returned, and I flew to him, full of joy and hope, to solicit his consent to my nuptials.

"The first words he uttered dashed in a moment the cup of happiness from my lips. 'Mahmoud,' said he, 'I find you have in your harem a virgin beauty, whose charms might rival even those of the houri. Thou knowest how anxious my people are that I should give them an heir, but hitherto I have beheld women only with indifference or disgust. To-morrow I will myself visit thy harem, and should I find the charms of this maiden such as they are reported, thou shalt yield her to me, and take from my treasure what thou wilt in exchange.'

"As I withdrew I met Kaloun, to whom I complained in the bitterness of my soul. He heard me with the utmost compassion, and finding that I repeatedly declared that I would rather die than yield Semira to the sultan, he said, 'My friendship for you, O Mahmoud, draws me from my duty to my master; but I cannot think any sacrifice too great for your happiness. I have a powder which possesses, if properly administered, the quality to cure love; but it must be given by the hand of the beloved object, and the person who presents it must at that moment utter certain words: these words I am bound by a solemn oath never to

reveal but to a female. If then you are determined not to yield Semira, go inform her of the danger which threatens your happiness, and if she consent to avert it, grant me an interview of a few moments with her, and I will give her the means.'

"I flew to Semira, revealed what had passed, and conjured her to enter into the plan of Kaloun. She consented, and at a late hour of the night I introduced Kaloun into her apartment: they remained for some time alone; after his departure, she seemed agitated, but she parted from me with her usual tenderness.

"The next day, at an early hour, the sultan came, and the moment that he cast his eyes upon Semira, it was evident his heart felt the force of her charms. My soul sickened at the passionate glance with which he surveyed her, and I hastened to make the signal agreed upon between us, for her to present the cup of sherbet in which she had infused the powder; but, O Heaven! what was my horror and astonishment, when throwing herself at the feet of the sultan, she declared that I had formed a plot against his life; and appealed for the confirmation of this charge to the cup which she held in her hand, and which she said was poisoned!

"I unhesitatingly offered to prove my innocence by instantly drinking the contents of the cup, but this the sultan would not suffer; he caused it to be given to a dog, and in a few moments the animal expired.

"This sight at once opened my eyes to the treachery of Kaloun and Semira, and at the same moment

it brought to my mind the injunctions of my father. 'Take my life,' exclaimed I, 'O Sultan! I am guilty, for I would have deceived thee; but I call Heaven to witness, that my soul is free from the crime which this wretched woman charges me with. She forsook for me her father and the lover to whom she was bound by the most sacred ties, and now she joins with the man who owes every thing to me, to take at once my honour and my life. O my father! I am indeed justly punished for having broken my promise to thee!'

"At these words, the sultan, who kept his eye fixed upon Semira, perceived her colour change. He ordered me to relate to him the truth without disguise; and he then had Kaloun confronted with Semira. At first they denied that they had ever met before, but at length Semira owned, that, in their interview of the night before, he had induced her to join in his plot against me, by the assurance that if she did not, the sultan, moved by my despair, would relinquish the possession of her to me, and thus the ambitious hopes which she had formed would be utterly destroyed. Kaloun, finding that his guilt was discovered, acknowledged the whole of his dark design. Placed by my means near the person of the sultan, and enjoying some degree of favour, he secretly aspired to the post of vizier, and he thought if he could succeed in removing me, his success was certain. He judged rightly, that the ambition of Semira would render her a willing tool in his hands; and he expected that, conscious of my innocence, I should hasten to prove

it by drinking the poisoned cup, and thus by my instant death confirm the charge, and prevent the possibility of his guilt being discovered.

"Struck with horror at the monstrous perfidy of Kaloun and Semira, the sultan sentenced them to death; but, though convinced that I was free from the crime with which they charged me, he could not forgive my having designed to deceive him; and he ordered that I should be banished for ever from his dominions, and all my possessions confiscated.

"This sentence gave me but little uneasiness, for I was now con-

vinced too fatally, that happiness is not to be found in courts. After wandering for some time in obscurity, I fixed my residence here, where I have found more true enjoyment than I ever did in the possession of riches and power."

At this moment the attendants of the monarch approached the hermitage in search of their master, who took his leave of the hermit, with a promise that he would often visit his humble retreat; and there, during the life of the venerable man, he frequently unbent his mind from the cares and anxieties attendant on a throne.

ORIGINAL SONGS AND A SONNET.

By JOHN CLARE, the Northamptonshire Peasant.

SONG I.

ONE gloomy eve I roam'd about
'Neath Oxy's hazel bowers,
While timid hares were daring out
To crop the dewy flowers;
And soothing was the scene to me,
Right placid was my soul,
My breast was calm as summer's sea
When waves forget to roll.

But short was even's placid smile
My startled soul to charm,
When Nelly lightly skipp'd the stile,
With milk-pail on her arm.
One careless look on me she flung,
As bright as parting day,
And like a hawk from covert sprung,
It pounc'd my peace away.

SONG II.

Woman, tho' ye turn away,
Could ye love's confusion see,
Could my sighs their pains betray,
Woman, ye would pity me.
Tho' ye may my suit despise,
If a woman's soul be thine,
Could ye read heart-rending sighs,
Ye'd be mixing one with mine.
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Fancy may be blind to worth,
When despised love does mourn,
But if thou'rt of woman's birth,
Some regret thou must return.
And fare thee well, thou bosom cold,
Or cold at least to notice me;
But if thou'rt made of woman's mould,
Thou'lt drop a tear for sake of me.

SONNET ON LEAVING LONDON.

O rural life, thy simply pleasing charms
How far superior to the city's noise!
Gladly I view once more thy cots, thy
farms,
And would not change them for a
world of joys:
Experience all life's former hopes de-
stroy's,
And every sigh for unseen joys is hush.
I've seen pride's haughty ways, and
found them vain;
I've seen the world, found nought that I
could wish,
And fly contented to thy peace again,
*The wild-bower silence nestling on
the plain.

H K

Ah! give me still my doom to till the soil, Give me the calmness which I once possess'd,	My Sunday's comforts from my weekly toil, I'd eat my crust, and fancy I am blest.
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EXTRACTS FROM THOMAS FULLER.

FULLER is better known as the author of a book called his "Worthies," than as the writer of another work under the title of "The Holy State." He was a contemporary of Shakspeare, and was intimate with him, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, May, and many other poets. He used a very quaint, but at times a nervous style, which, however, now and then deviated into too great simplicity, from his endeavours to be forcible without affectation. We have chosen a few specimens from his production last above named, and from that portion of it which is headed "General Rules:" their nature and object will be seen in an instant, and they will well repay the trouble of perusal.

OF JESTING.

Harmless mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirits: wherefore jesting is not unlawful, if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality, or season.

It is good to make a jest, but not to make a trade of jesting. The Earl of Leicester, knowing that Queen Elizabeth was much delighted to see a gentleman dance well, brought the master of a dancing-school to dance before her. "Pish!" said the queen, "it is his profession, I will not see him." She liked it not where it was a master-quality, but where it attended on other perfections. The same may we say of jesting.

Jest not with the two-edged sword of God's word. Will nothing please thee to wash thy hands in but the font? or to drink healths in but the church chalice? And know the whole art is learnt at the first admissions, and profane jests will come without calling. If, in the troublesome day of King Edward IV. a citizen in Cheapside was executed as a traitor for saying he would make his son heir to the crown, though he only meant his own house, having a crown for the sign, more dangerous it is to wit-wanton it with the majesty of God. Wherefore, if, without thine intention, and against thy will, by chance-medley thou hittest Scripture in ordinary discourse, yet fly to the city of refuge, and pray to God to forgive thee.

Let not thy jests, like mummy, be made of dead men's flesh. Abuse not any that are departed, for to wrong their memories is to rob their ghosts of their winding-sheets.

Scoff not at the natural defects of any which are not in their power to amend. Oh! it is cruelty to beat a cripple with his own crutches. Neither flout any for his profession, if honest, though poor and painful. Mock not a cobbler for his black thumbs.

He that relates another man's wicked jest with delight, adopts it to be his own. Purge them, therefore, from their poison. If the profaneness may be severed

from the wit, it is like a lamprey; take out the sting in the back, it may make good meat. But if the staple conceit consists in profaneness, then it is a viper, all poison, and meddle not with it.

He that will lose his friend for a jest, deserves to die a beggar by the bargain. Yet some think their conceits, like mustard, not good except they bite. We read that all those who were born in England the year after the beginning of the great mortality 1349, wanted their four cheek-teeth. Such let thy jests be, that they may not grind the credit of thy friend; and make not jests so long till thou becomest one.

No time to break jests when the heart-strings are about to be broken. No more shewing of wit when the head is to be cut off; like that dying man, who, when the priest, coming to him to give him extreme unction, asked of him where his feet were, answered, "At the end of my legs." But at such a time jests are an unmannerly *crepitus ingenii*; and let those take heed who end here with Democritus, that they begin not with Heraclitus hereafter.

OF SELF-PRAISING.

He whose own worth doth speak, need not speak his own worth. Such boastingsounds proceed from emptiness of desert: whereas the conquerors in the Olympian games did not put on the laurels on their own heads, but waited till some other did it. Only anchorites that want company may crown themselves with their own commendations.

It sheweth more wit, but no less

vanity, to commend one's self, not in a straight line, but by reflection. Some sail to the port of their own praise by a side wind; as when they dispraise themselves, stripping themselves naked of what is their due, that the modesty of the beholders may clothe them with it again; or when they flatter another to his face, tossing the ball to him that he may throw it back again to them; or when they commend that quality, wherein themselves excel, in another man (though absent), whom all know far their inferior in that faculty; or, lastly (to omit other ambushes men set to surprise praise), when they send the children of their own brain to be nursed by another man, and commend their own works in a third person, but, if challenged by the company that they were authors of them themselves, with their tongues they faintly deny it, and with their faces strongly affirm it.

Self-praising comes most naturally from a man when it comes most violently from him in his own defence; for, though modesty binds a man's tongue to the peace in this point, yet, being assaulted in his credit, he may stand upon his guard, and then he doth not so much praise as purge himself. One braved a gentleman to his face, that, in skill and valour, he came far behind him. "It is true," said the other; "for, when I fought with you, you ran away before me." In such a case it was well returned, and without any just aspersion of pride.

He that falls into sin is a man, that grieves at it is a saint, that boasteth of it is a devil; yet some

glory in their shame, counting the stains of sin the best complexion for their souls. These men make me believe it may be true what Mandevil writes of the Isle of Somabarre, in the East Indies, that all the nobility thereof brand their faces with a hot iron in token of honour.

He that boasts of sins never committed is a double devil. Let them be well whipt for their lying, and, as they like that, let them come afterward, and entitle themselves to the gallows.

OF TRAVELLING.

It is a good accomplishment to a man if first the stock be well grown whereon travel is grafted, and these rules observed before, in, and after his going abroad :

Travel not early beforethy judgment be risen, lest thou observest rather shows than substance, marking alone pageants, pictures, beautiful buildings, &c.

Get the language (in part), without which key thou shalt unlock little of moment. It is a great advantage to be one's own interpreter. Object not that the French tongue learnt in England must be unlearnt again in France; for it is easier to add than begin, and to pronounce than to speak.

Be well settled in thine own religion, lest, travelling out of England into Spain, thou goest out of God's blessing into the warm sun.

Know most of the rooms of thy native country before thou goest over the threshold thereof, especially seeing England presents thee with so many observables. But late writers lack nothing but age, and some-wonders but distance, to make them admired. It is a tale what

Josephus writes of the two pillars set up by the sons of Seth in Syria, the one of brick, fire-proof, the other of stone, water-free, thereon engraving many heavenly matters, to perpetuate learning in defiance of time. But it is truly moralized in our Universities, Cambridge (of brick), and Oxford (of stone,) wherein learning and religion are preserved, and where the worst college is more sight-worthy than the best Dutch gymnasium. First view these and the rest home-rarities; not like those English that can give a better account of Fontainebleau than Hampton Court, of the Spa than Bath, of Anas in Spain than Mole in Surrey.

Travel not beyond the Alps. Mr. Ascham did thank God that he was but nine days in Italy, wherein he saw in one city (Venice) more liberty to sin than in London he ever heard of in nine years. That some of our gentry have gone thither, and returned thence without infection, I more praise God's providence than their adventure.

To travel from the sun is uncomfortable; yet the northern parts with much ice have some crystal, and want not their remarkables.

If thou wilt see much in a little, travel the Low Countries. Holland is all Europe in an Amsterdam print, for Minerva, Mars, and Mercury—learning, war, and traffic.

Be wise in choosing objects, diligent in marking, careful in remembering of them. Yet herein men much follow their own humours. One asked a barber, who never before had been at the court, what he saw there. "Oh," said he, "the king was excellently well trimmed?" Thus merchants most mark foreign havens, exchanges,

and marts; soldiers note forts, armouries, and magazines; scholars listen after libraries, disputations, and professors; statesmen observe courts of justice, councils, &c. Every one is partial in his own profession.

Labour to distil and unite into thyself the scattered perfections of several nations. But (as it was said of one, who, with more industry than judgment, frequented a college library, and commonly made use of the worst notes he met with in any authors, that he weeded the library), many weed foreign countries, bringing home Dutch drunkenness, Spanish pride, French wantonness, and Italian atheism. As for the good herbs, Dutch industry, Spanish loyalty, French courtesy, and Italian frugality, these they leave behind them. Others bring home just nothing; and, because they singled not themselves from their countrymen, though some years beyond the sea, were never out of England.

Continue correspondence with some choice foreign friend after thy return, as some professor or secretary, who virtually is the whole university or state. It is but a dull Dutch fashion, their *Albus Amicorum*, to make a dictionary of their friends' names: but a selected familiar in every country is useful; betwixt you there may be a letter-exchange. Be sure to return as good wares as thou receivest, and acquaint him with the remarkables of thy own country, and he will willingly continue the trade, finding it equally gainful.

Let discourse rather be easily drawn, than willingly flow from thee, that thou mayest not seem

weak to hold, or desirous to vent news, but content to gratify thy friends. Be sparing in reporting improbable truths, especially to the vulgar, who, instead of informing their judgments, will suspect thy credit. Disdain their peevish pride who rail on their native land (whose worst fault is that it bred such ungrateful fools), and in all their discourses prefer foreign countries, herein shewing themselves of kin to the wild Irish, in loving their nurses better than their mothers.

OF COMPANY.

Company is one of the greatest pleasures of the nature of man, for the beams of joy are made hotter by reflection when related to another; and, otherwise, gladness itself must grieve for want of one to express itself to.

It is unnatural for a man to court and hug solitariness. It is observed, that the further islands in the world are so seated that there is none so remote but that from some shore of it another island or continent may be discerned, as if hereby Nature invited countries to a mutual commerce one with another. Why, then, should any man affect to environ himself with so deep and great reservedness, as not to communicate with the society of others? And, though we pity those who made solitariness their refuge in time of persecution, we must condemn such as choose it in the church's prosperity; for well may we count him not well in his wits who will always live under a bush, because others in a storm shelter themselves under it.

If thou beest cast into bad com-

pany, like Hercules, thou must sleep with thy club in thine hand, and stand on thy guard. I mean, if, against thy will, the tempest of an unexpected occasion drives thee amongst such rocks, then be thou like the river Dee in Merionethshire, in Wales, which, running through Pimblemeer, remains entire, and mingles not her streams with the waters of the lake. Though with them, be not of them; keep civil communion with them, but separate from their sins. And if against thy will thou fallest amongst wicked men, know to thy comfort thou art still in thy calling, and therefore in God's keeping, who on thy prayers will preserve thee.

The company he keeps is the comment, by help whereof men expound the most close and mystical man, understanding him for one of the same religion, life, and manners with his associates; and tho', perchance, he be not such an one, it is just he should be counted so for conversing with them. Augustus Cæsar came thus to discern his two daughters' inclinations; for, being once at a public show where much people was present, he observed that the grave senators talked with Livia, but loose youngsters and riotous persons with Julia.

He that eats cherries with noble-men shall have his eyes spirted out with the stones. This outlandish proverb bath in it an English truth, that they who constantly converse with men far above their estates shall reap shame and loss thereby. If thou payest nothing, they will count thee a sucker, no branch—a wren, no member of their company. If in payments thou keepest pace with them, their long strides will

soon tire thy short legs. The beavers in New England, when some ten of them together draw a stick to the building of their lodging, set the weakest beavers to the lighter end of the log, and the strongest take the heaviest part thereof: whereas men often lay the greatest burthen on the weakest back; and great persons, to teach meaner men to learn their distance, take pleasure to make them pay for their company. I except such men who, having some excellent quality, are, gratis, very welcome to their betters; such an one, though he pays not a penny of the shot, spends enough in lending them his time and discourse.

To affect always to be the best of the company argues a base disposition. Gold always worn in the same purse with silver loses both of the colour and weight; and so to converse always with inferiors degrades a man of his worth. Such there are that love to be the lords of the company, whilst the rest must be their tenants, as if bound by their lease to approve, praise, and admire whatsoever they say. These, knowing the lowness of their parts, love to live with dwarfs, that they may seem proper men. To come amongst their equals, they count it an abridgment of their freedom, but to be with their betters they deem it flat slavery.

It is excellent for one to have a library of scholars, especially if they be plain to read; I mean of a communicative nature, whose discourses are as full as fluent, and their judgments as right as their tongues ready—such men's talk shall be thy lectures.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. LXX.

Better late than never.— *Old P^r rb.*

It is so long since this paper has lain by me, that I have forgot the time of its communication, and all conjecture, if I had ever formed any, from whence it proceeded. I trust, however, that my readers will not think an apology necessary for not introducing it to them before, as it appears to me to embrace a topic which is not attached to any particular period of life, or any distinct circumstance of human nature; but may be offered, without reserve or restriction, as the occasion may present itself, to those whom I have the privilege to address in my monthly lucubrations.

Pleasure is a subject which has been so often considered by the grave and the gay, by the wit and the philosopher, by the satirist and the divine, that novelty is not to be expected, but from the arrangement of such thoughts as a contemplative mind may suggest; and if they are considered, under the two different classes of natural and fantastic, real and imaginary, some useful hints may be produced, which, if duly weighed, may become useful admonitions, particularly to my own sex, and more especially if they have not passed that lively season, which I must own has long since been left behind me: a circumstance, however, that may give some little consequence to my reflections.

My life, I most gratefully acknowledge, has been both tranquil and cheerful; at the same time I cannot but hold myself indebted

for that tranquillity and cheerfulness to my pursuit of natural, in preference to fantastic pleasures. But though my experience can be a rule only to my own actions, it may enable me to induce others to adopt the same conduct, by the persuasion that we are prompted to natural pleasures from an impression on our minds by the author of our nature, who best knows what those pleasures are which will give us the least uneasiness in the pursuit, and the highest satisfaction in the enjoyment of them. Hence it follows, that the objects of our natural desires are of easy attainment, it being a maxim that holds throughout the whole system of created beings, that nothing is made in vain. Nor is the fruition of natural pleasures less delightful than the acquisition is easy: besides, it may be considered that the pleasure is heightened by the sense of having answered some natural end, as well as consciousness of having so far fulfilled the object of our creation.

I am disposed to comprehend under our natural, all our rational satisfactions; as well as to consider no pleasures to be natural, but such as are under the regulations of reason; while excesses of any kind are dismissed from my definition. Thus natural pleasures are such as are suited to the general condition of human nature, and depend not on the fashion and caprice of any particular age or nation; while those of a fantastical character have no natural fitness to delight

our minds, but proceed from a pre-disposed taste or influence, arising from some inferior or irregular passion.

The various objects which compose the world are by nature formed to delight our senses, and as it is this alone that makes them desirable to an uncorrupted taste, we may be said naturally to possess them, when we possess those enjoyments which, by nature, they are fitted to produce. Hence it is not unusual with me to consider myself as possessing a property in every object that administers to me an innocent pleasure. When I am in the country, I look at the fine prospects which at once attract and delight my eye, as my own while I am in the act of contemplating them. This is the only pleasure I wish to receive from them, and, as far as pleasure is communicated to the mind through the medium of sight, I enjoy it in common with the actual possessor of the various objects which compose the attractive picture.

I was last month engaged in a visit to a lady at her charming seat, and which a plentiful fortune enables her to make a scene of the most hospitable elegance; while her manners, taste, and amiable endowments concur to render it most delightful to all who are received within its walls. And why might I not indulge a fanciful pleasure, in supposing that I was the lady of the mansion; and that she who rightfully bore that title was intrusted with the employment, to ease me of the care of providing for myself the conveniences and pleasures of life, of which she is the real mistress?

Thus, with a moderate fortune, I enjoy all the advantages of a large one. If I have the *entrée* of a library, is it not my own while I choose to employ it as such? All that I desire is the use of things; let others have the care of them. Thus I enjoy what I want, without being a prey to my own cares, or subjecting myself to others' envy. Some, it is true, feel a pride in being thought rich; I only ask to feel myself happy.

Indeed, I must, as I do readily acknowledge, that, in this state of mind, various innocent and natural gratifications occur to me, while I behold too many rational beings labouring in a toilsome and absurd pursuit of trifles, which, if obtained, confer no real honour, and oftentimes render the want of it more conspicuous. When I am wandering in a stately grove of oaks, elms, and beeches, I think with comparative littleness of a great man surrounded by his flatterers at a levee; or when I contemplate a bed of flowers, I have no desire to mingle in the splendour of a birthday drawing-room.

But while I am attracting the mind to the enjoyment of natural and inoffensive pleasures, I cannot but observe, that the most affecting of them all is the consciousness, that in our contemplation of what the world possesses, we are subject to the eye of that infinite power who created and governs it; and that, in the rational enjoyment of those natural beauties which have been the subject of this paper, we may be truly said,

To look through nature up to nature's God.



I have a packet of letters, notes, essays, or whatever they may be called, upon the subject of dress, and particularly, it may be supposed, as it relates to female decoration; and there now lies upon my table a drawing of a lady in the court dress of Queen Elizabeth, as taken from a figure in one of the plates which illustrate her progresses, a publication of the most valuable accuracy; and that of a youthful beauty in the full habiliments of the present season. In the one nothing is seen but the face; and in the other, there is a display, I do not say of every thing which decorum ought to hide, but certainly of what would have been thought as such in good Queen Bess's golden days. I have many serious, lively, satirical, argumentative, and whimsical papers on the passing appearances in which fashion has for some time past represented, and continues to represent, the female form, with such critical remarks as taste, or a sense of what graver minds may think decorum, may have suggested; but, for my own part, I have no dispo-

sition to reason on bonnets and pelisses, on morning or evening dresses, but leave my fair readers to do what others of their age and station are in the habit of doing, and to consult that sense of propriety which is becoming in exterior appearance, and in endeavouring thus to render fashion their friend, and not their flatterer. The representations of female fashion which form a beautiful and most elegant article in the *Repository*, both as to accuracy and execution, render all attempt to illustrate them altogether needless on the part of the essayist; and the *Female Tattler* has nought to do but to recommend her readers in the higher classes of life, to consider them as they may be applied with taste and appropriate attention to the circumstances of their age, figure, and station; and all the admiration which good sense can wish to attain by exterior appearance, will be acquired by attending to this recommendation of their faithful friend,

F— T—.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 22.—WALKING DRESS.

A HIGH dress, composed of *ponceau gros de Naples*; the *corsage* fastens behind; the back is plain; the fronts are ornamented by a trimming of the same material, in the form of a wreath of leaves, which slopes down on each side, and forms the shape of the bust in a very becoming manner. The

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collar is very deep, and is ornamented at the edge by a loop trimming. Long sleeve, finished at the hand by a loop trimming; very full epaulette, terminated by a band and bow in the middle of the arm in front; a similar bow surmounts the trimming of the bottom of the sleeve. There is a full *ruche*, of the same material as the

dress, at the bottom of the skirt; this is surmounted by a trimming also of the same material, of an uncommonly novel and pretty description, for which we must refer to our print. Head-dress, a bonnet of *gros de Naples*, to correspond: it is of a moderate size, lined with white, and adorned with a very full plume of white feathers, tinged at the edge with the same colour as the dress; strings, to correspond, tie it under the chin. The hair is much divided on the forehead, and very full at the sides of the face. Necklace and earrings, dead gold. Limerick gloves, and black kid shoes.

PLATE 23.—COURT DRESS.

A white lace petticoat, of *Urling's* manufacture, over one of white satin; the trimming of the petticoat consists of gold tissue disposed in folds, and edged with gold cord; train of gold-coloured satin lined with white satin, and trimmed with bunches of gold shells, placed at regular distances: this trimming goes all round. The *corsage* is tight to the shape; the front is formed of folds, to correspond with the trimming of the petticoat. Sleeves of gold-coloured satin, trimmed with folds of tissue and gold cord; a band of plaited cord terminates the sleeve. A very full Elizabeth ruff stands up round the back of the neck. The hair is divided so as to display the forehead very much; it falls in loose ringlets at the sides of the face. The hind hair is dressed low. A diamond bandeau is placed very low over the forehead; the lap-pets are of *Urling's* point lace: a profusion of white ostrich flat feathers finishes the *coiffure*. Diamond

ear-rings and necklace. White kid gloves, and white satin shoes.

We are indebted to Miss Pierpoint of No. 12, Edwards-street, Portman-square, inventress of the *corset à la Grecque*, for both these dresses.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON
FASHION AND DRESS.

The termination of the court mourning so late in the month of September, has prevented the autumnal fashions from being so decided as they in general are at this season. We have done our utmost to ascertain what is likely to be worn during the ensuing month; and from the respectability of our sources of information, we trust our fair subscribers will find our anticipations correct.

Pelisses are expected to be very general for promenade dress: we have not observed any thing particularly novel in those now preparing, except in one instance, that was a pelisse of Pomona green *reps* silk; the trimming was of the same material, mixed with chenille; it consisted of rouleaus twisted so as to form wreaths of serpents twined together. This trimming went all round, and the bottom of the long sleeve was finished to correspond. There was no epaulette, but its place was supplied by a large pelerine cut in five points, which fall very low; these points were edged with chenille trimming. The collar, which stood up very high round the throat, was also pointed. The pelisse fastened down the front with silk ornaments, to correspond in colour; they were of the demi-lozenge form, with the point turning upwards.

Notwithstanding it is yet so early in the season, we find that several orders have been given for wadded pelisses, and those too of the rich and substantial materials, *velours simulé, velours natté, &c.*

Walking dresses of *gros de Naples*, *levantine*, and *reps*, are also expected to be much in favour: we have given in our print one of the most elegant and novel that has fallen under our observation.

The bonnets that we have seen were generally of silk, to correspond with the pelisse or walking dress. We find, however, that several orders have been given for Leghorn bonnets decorated in the French style, with very full wreaths or bunches of poppies mixed with ears of ripe wheat.

We have been favoured with the sight of a very elegant carriage spencer, composed of white meri-

no, trimmed with *ponceau* silk braiding and buttons: it is tight to the shape, and the waist is of the usual length; it is finished by a small jacket, composed of tabs cut in the form of shells; a plaited *ponceau* silk band confines it at the waist. The epaulette is very full; the fulness is looped in the drapery style with buttons and cord; there are two rows so arranged as to form demi-lozenges.

Nothing has as yet been made for morning dress but muslin. We have reason to believe that dinner dress will consist chiefly of silk: at present, there is nothing novel either in the form or trimming of in-door dress.

The colours likely to be most in favour are, *ponceau*, Pomona green, lavender, chesnut, and raspberry red.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, Sept. 19.

My dear SOPHIA,

OUR promenade costume is at present of a lighter description and in better taste than it has been for some seasons back. We see no longer that mixture of glaring and badly contrasted colours so offensive to good taste, in which the fair Parisians are in general too apt to indulge; on the contrary, walking dress is of a description sufficiently neat and simple to satisfy even the correct taste of my pretty countrywomen.

Silk is at present out of favour; in its stead we see *percale* gowns, with pelerines of the same material, or else pelisses of unbleached cambric. *Percale* dresses are worn

very much trimmed. Skirts are tighter; they are much gored, and being very narrow at top, and the fulness thrown entirely behind, they do not hang so gracefully on the figure. The trimming consists either of thin jaconot muslin, of clear muslin, or of embroidery. We still retain the fashion of flounces disposed in full plaits, and laid on lengthwise in a bias direction, about a quarter deep: these are always of jaconot muslin; *bouilloné* of clear muslin is also much in favour; and I have seen some trimmings, which I thought pretty, composed of wreaths of leaves, flowers, or shells of clear muslin, let in, and finished by a narrow cord at the edge.

High and low gowns are worn indiscriminately for the promenade; but the pelerine is an indispensable appendage to the latter. Ruffs are but partially worn; those fair-ones whose busts will bear displaying, take the opportunity of the present warm weather to leave the pelerine open at the throat, so as to shew that and a little of the neck. Waists have not increased in length. The bodies of low dresses are either composed of full bands of clear muslin, let in at regular distances, or else of embroidery. I have seen a few in which the body was made in the frock style, tight to the shape, square, and moderately high round the bust, and to fasten behind. The shape of the front was formed by a very full trimming disposed in deep plaits, which tapered down at each side in the stomacher style, and descending below the waist, formed a shell at the bottom. Short sleeves are now very general for the promenade; they are always made extremely full. I have seen lately a good many composed of rows of flounces, put bias, to correspond with the trimming of the skirt: it does not form a pretty sleeve, and is besides, from the very great fullness on the top of the shoulder, unfavourable to the shape. As the sleeve is so short, a considerable part of the arm is exposed, for the gloves draw no higher than the elbow. Those of highly glazed leather have lately been much in favour. I must not forget to observe, that all well-dressed *belles* have their gloves and half-boots or slippers to correspond in colour, unless the latter are black, which is rarely the case.

The high bodies of *percale* dresses are made in a very showy manner: a full fall of trimming forms the shape at each side of the back and front; the body descends in a scollop a little below the waist before and behind, and the trimming goes round it; sometimes a slight embroidery close to the trimming marks the shape still more distinctly. The upper part of the bust is finished with embroidery and a row of trimming, which has the appearance of a small round pelerine. The sleeves of high dresses are always long; they are composed of full bands of muslin put between tight ones, either across or in a bias direction, or else embroidered bands mixed with plain ones. The epaulette is generally full, and the bands are always in an opposite direction to those of the rest of the sleeve. Ruffs are indispensable appendages to these dresses; they consist of three or four falls of plain or worked muslin, disposed in deep plaits, which stand up round the throat, and which, as well as the dress, fasten behind.

Pelisses do not afford any novelty. Some are trimmed with frogs and braiding, and buttoned up the front; others are made in the style of a loose riding-coat, with a profusion of capes, and to wrap considerably to one side. This last form is very fashionable for the country, but one rarely sees it in Paris. The pelisse has always a band of the same material fastened in front by a gold or steel buckle. Sashes are more in favour for muslin dresses; a few days ago they were tied at the side, now they are fastened behind in bows and long ends. Rainbow sashes are

the highest in favour, those of a mosaic pattern are next, and we see several, the middle of which is plain, and a rich raised embroidery at each side.

Leghorn bonnets, and *capotes* of unbleached cambric, are most in favour for the morning promenade. The crowns are of a moderate size; but the brims of Leghorn bonnets are large, much more so in general than those of any other bonnet. When they are worn with a veil, they have rarely any other trimming than a band and strings, of straw colour. The veil is of white gauze; it falls as low as the waist, and is embroidered at the edge.

There is a good deal of variety in the trimming of those which are worn without a veil; sometimes a half-wreath of poppies, mixed with ears of ripe corn, is placed on one side. Wreaths of pomegranate blossoms, intermingled with full plumes of marabouts, are also in favour; and we see a good many hats ornamented with bouquets of China asters or Michaelmas daisies.

Capotes of unbleached cambric are usually ornamented with folds of the same material, intermixed with silk, or some ribbon of a sober colour, as lavender, light slate, or dark green. They have round low crowns; the brims are of a moderate size, and rounded at the ears; a fold of silk, or a band of ribbon, is laid on the brim, at a little distance from the edge.

Gauze, cotton straw, and soft crape are all in equal favour for the evening promenade. Hats of cotton straw are always decorated with feathers: the most fashionable are those which are one half white, the other coloured; next to these

are plumes all white. Marabouts and curled ostrich feathers seem to be in equal estimation; but flat feathers are not at all worn.

The only alteration that has taken place in the shape of hats since my last is, that the brims are no longer very close, neither do they stand much out from the face, except when the *chapeau* is of Leghorn; they are of a moderate size, and are universally rounded at the ears. Those composed of gauze and soft crape are now rarely transparent, the *chapeau* being generally lined throughout with silk of the same colour. The gauze or crape is variously disposed, sometimes fluted, at others in folds, *crevés* or *bouillonnés*: the greatest number of gauze hats have the brims bent down a little over the forehead. This fashion is peculiar to hats of that material.

Several white gauze and crape hats are decorated with little bunches of flowers, which are scattered irregularly over the brim and the crown: sometimes knots of ribbon are substituted for flowers. Rainbow ribbons are also much in favour for these *chapeaux*: a band encircles the bottom of the crown, and a full bow is attached to one side; close to the bow is placed a bunch of flowers, composed of the three colours of the ribbon. Sometimes the brim is striped with ribbon to correspond.

The colours for *chapeaux* are, white, rose colour, and violet. Those of white gauze or crape are mostly trimmed as I have just described; those of violet or of rose-colour are in general decorated either with bands of plaited straw, or else with gauze draperies, which

are fastened up with large straw buttons. Some of these draperies are disposed in a zig-zag, with a straw button on each point.

Black lace shawls are a good deal worn for the evening promenade; the most valuable and novel of these are formed something in the pelerine style: they are rounded behind, and fall very low; the ends are pointed in front, and descend below the knee.

Parasols are now of a moderate size; several of our tonish *élégantes*, particularly those upon whose cheek the rose begins to fade, have them lined with pink. I must observe that brown is the favourite colour for the outside; they are finished with fringe either to correspond or of white silk. The handles, always of ivory, are sometimes twisted in the form of a serpent, but those of the most novel description form at the end of the handle the letter T.

Let us now take a peep at the in-door dress of the fair Parisians: middle-aged ladies appear at home or in public places, where full dress is not necessary, either in *percale* gowns, or in chequered *bareges*, the flounces of which have a single stripe, different from the colour of the ground, or else in plain taffeties.

Percale is also in favour with youthful *belles*, but not so much so as clear muslin, which is trimmed with flounces composed either of lace or work; sometimes these flounces are surmounted by trimmings of plaited ribbon, either of *ponceau* or straw colour: these trimmings are plaited in shades, and the effect is novel and pretty.

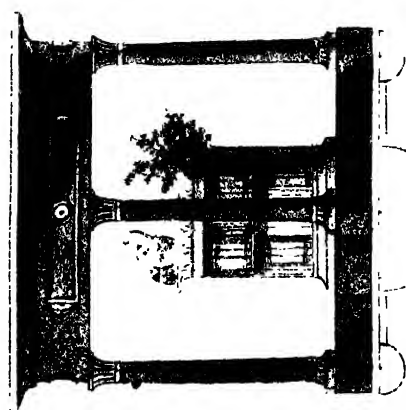
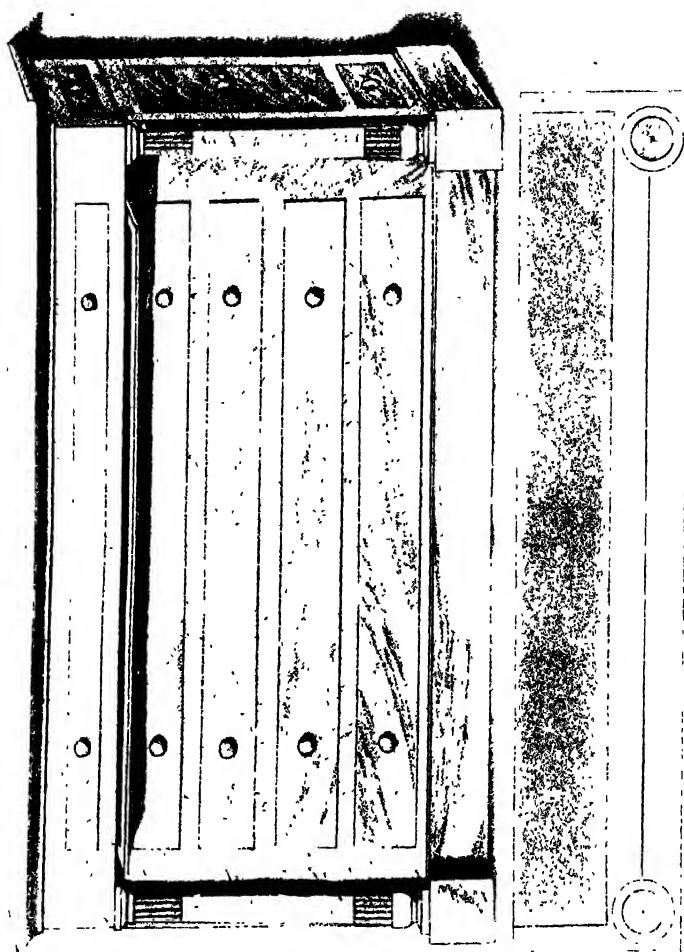
Soft crape gauze and *tulle* are

all in favour for ball dresses. *Satin* and *gros de Naples* are worn in full dress by ladies of a certain age. The trimmings of ball dresses are generally of the same material, intermixed with flowers or ribbons. There is a whimsical style of trimming come up for silk dresses, but I think it rather heavy: it is composed either of the same material or of satin; a rouleau forms a large X in the middle of the skirt in front, and other rouleaus, in the shape of half that letter, are placed at little distances all round: a row of this latter trimming, progressively narrower as it approaches the top, goes up the front, and ends at the bottom of the waist. The front of the bust is formed by three rows of this half-letter, one within another, which makes a pretty and becoming stomacher. The short sleeve corresponds with the bottom of the skirt.

Since the weather has been so warm, it is only the front hair that is disposed in ringlets; the hind hair is generally arranged in braids and bows. The *coiffure* is frequently of flowers intermixed with gold or silver ears of corn; these latter ornaments are also mixed with feathers. Sometimes the wheat-ears are of diamond, and the effect, as you may suppose, is beautiful.

Bunches of white grapes, which appear as if they were just ripe, are also worn in the hair; they are placed either just over the temples, or very far back on the head.

Toques are the only covering at present fashionable for the head



in full dress: the front of the *toque* is now always surrounded with full puffs of the same material, and a great number of inarabouts or curled ostrich feathers are placed in front. The *toque* is put a good deal on the left side.

The colours most in favour are, the hues of the rainbow, pale rose colour, straw colour, *ponceau*, and citron.

Notwithstanding the present warmth of the weather, merinos for winter gowns are already exposed to sale. The colours are,

bronze, smoke, mignonette seed, the colour of the upper part of a reed, of the breast of a hare, and *ponceau*.

Confess, my dear Sophia, that if my letter were on any subject but the dear delightful one of dress, it would be unconscionably long. As I am in the scribbling vein, Heaven knows how much I might say, only that, luckily for you, the post is just going out, and I have barely time to add the name of your

EUDOCIA.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 21.—LIBRARY SIDE AND PIER TABLES.

THE simplicity of style manifest in the annexed designs makes them suitable furniture for a book-room or library: the pier-table design is readily convertible to a central one, and by increasing its diameter, the book-pedestal beneath would be usefully enlarged. A similar table in marble or bronze would be proper for a dairy or conservatory; indeed, its form and unostentatious pretensions fit it for many apartments in which simplicity and elegance are united.

The side table forms a case of

drawers to contain maps, plans, and other papers not suited to the portfolio, and having a sliding shelf near the top, it becomes a convenient means for their inspection: for preserving prints, however, portfolios are preferable, because the paper suited to receive copper-plate impressions is necessarily soft, and exceedingly liable to injury by removal. The above designs may be executed in any of the superior woods, embellished with or-moulu.

THE SELECTOR:

Consisting of interesting Extracts from new popular Publications.

THE EARLY LIFE OF THE LATE BENJAMIN WEST.

(From *Memoirs* by Mr. GALT.)

THE first six years of Benjamin West's life passed away in calm uniformity, leaving only the placid remembrance of enjoyment.

In the month of June 1745, one of his sisters, who had been married some time before, and who had a daughter, came with her in-

fant to spend a few days at her father's. When the child was asleep in the cradle, Mrs. West invited her daughter to gather flowers in the garden, and committed the infant to the care of Benjamin during their absence; giving him a fan to flap away the flies from molesting his little charge. After some time the child happened to smile in its sleep, and its beauty attracted his attention. He looked at it with a pleasure which he had never before experienced, and observing some paper on a table, together with pens and red and black ink, he seized them with agitation, and endeavoured to delineate a portrait; although at this period he had never seen an engraving or a picture, and was only in the seventh year of his age.

Hearing the approach of his mother and sister, he endeavoured to conceal what he had been doing; but the old lady observing his confusion, inquired what he was about, and requested him to shew her the paper. He obeyed, entreating her not to be angry. Mrs. West, after looking some time at the drawing with evident pleasure, said to her daughter, "I declare he has made a likeness of little Sally," and kissed him with much fondness and satisfaction. This encouraged him to say, that if it would give her any pleasure, he would make pictures of the flowers which she held in her hand; for the instinct of his genius was now awakened, and he felt that he could imitate the forms of those things which pleased his sight.

This curious incident deserves consideration in two points of view. The sketch must have had some

merit, since the likeness was so obvious, indicating how early the hand of the young artist possessed the power of representing the observations of his eye. But it is still more remarkable as the birth of the Fine Arts in the New World, and as one of the few instances in the history of art, in which the first inspiration of genius can be distinctly traced to a particular circumstance. The drawing was shewn by Mrs. West to her husband, who, remembering the prediction of Peckover, was delighted with this early indication of talent in his son. But the fact, though in itself very curious, will appear still more remarkable, when the state of the country at that period, and the peculiar manners of the Quakers, are taken into consideration.

Soon after the occurrence of this incident, the young artist was sent to a school in the neighbourhood. During his hours of leisure he was permitted to draw with pen and ink; for it did not occur to any of the family to provide him with better materials. In the course of the summer a party of Indians came to pay their annual visit to Springfield, and being amused with the sketches of birds and flowers which Benjamin shewed them, they taught him to prepare the red and yellow colours with which they painted their ornaments. To these his mother added blue, by giving him a piece of indigo, so that he was thus put in possession of the three primary colours. The fancy is disposed to expatiate on this interesting fact, for the mythologies of antiquity furnish no allegory more beautiful; and a painter who would

embody the metaphor of an artist instructed by nature, could scarcely imagine any thing more picturesque than the real incident of the Indians instructing West to prepare the prismatic colours. The Indians also taught him to be an expert archer, and he was sometimes in the practice of shooting birds for models, when he thought that their plumage would look well in a picture.

His drawings at length attracted the attention of the neighbours; and some of them happening to regret that the artist had no pencils, he inquired what kind of things these were, and they were described to him as small brushes made of camel's hair, fastened in a quill.

As there were, however, no camels in America, he could not think of any substitute, till he happened to cast his eyes on a black cat, the favourite of his father; when, in the tapering fur of her tail, he discovered the means of supplying what he wanted. He immediately armed himself with his mother's scissars, and laying hold of the grimalkin with all due caution, and a proper attention to her feelings, cut off the fur at the end of her tail, and with this made his first pencil. But the tail only furnished him with one, which did not last long, and he soon stood in need of a further supply. He then had recourse to the animal's back, his depredations upon which were so frequently repeated, that his father observed the altered appearance of his favourite, and lamented it as the effect of disease. The artist, with suitable marks of contrition, informed him of the true cause; and the old gentleman was so much

amused with his ingenuity, that if he rebuked him, it was certainly not in anger.

Anecdotes of this kind, trifling as they may seem, have an interest independent of the insight they afford into the character to which they relate. It will often appear, upon a careful study of authentic biography, that the means of giving body and effect to their conceptions are rarely withheld from men of genius. If the circumstances of fortune are unfavourable, Nature instructs them to draw assistance immediately from herself, by endowing them with the faculty of perceiving a fitness and correspondence in things, which no force of reasoning, founded on the experience of others, could enable them to discover. This aptness is, perhaps, the surest indication of the possession of original talent. There are minds of a high class to which the world, in the latitude of its expressions, often ascribes genius, but which possess only a superior capacity for the application of other men's notions, unconnected with any unusual portion of the inventive faculty.

In the following year Mr. Pennington, a merchant of Philadelphia, who was related to the West family, came to pay a visit to Mr. West. This gentleman was also a member of the Society of Friends, and, though strictly attentive to the peculiar observances of the sect, was a man of pleasant temper and indulgent disposition. He noticed the drawings of birds and flowers round the room, unusual ornaments in the house of a Quaker; and heard with surprise that they were the work of his little

cousin. Of their merit as pictures he did not pretend to be a judge, but he thought them wonderful productions for a boy only entering on his eighth year, and being told with what imperfect materials they had been executed, he promised to send the young artist a box of paints and pencils from the city. On his return home he fulfilled his engagement, and at the bottom of the box placed several pieces of canvas prepared for the easel, and six engravings by Grevling.

The arrival of the box was an era in the history of the painter and his art. It was received with feelings of delight which only a similar mind can justly appreciate. He opened it, and in the colours, the oils, and the pencils, found all his wants supplied, even beyond his utmost conceptions. But who can describe the surprise with which he beheld the engravings; he who had never seen any picture but his own drawings, nor knew that such an art as the engraver's existed? He sat over the box with enamoured eyes; his mind was in a flutter of joy; and he could not refrain from constantly touching the different articles, to ascertain that they were real. At night he placed the box on a chair near his bed, and as often as he was overpowered by sleep, he started suddenly, and stretched out his hand to satisfy himself that the possession of such a treasure was not merely a pleasing dream. He rose at the dawn of day, and carried the box to a room in the garret, where he spread a canvas, prepared a pallet, and immediately began to imitate the figures in the engravings.

Enchanted by his art, he forgot the school hours, and joined the family at dinner without mentioning the employment in which he had been engaged. In the afternoon he again retired to his study in the garret; and for several days successively he thus withdrew and devoted himself to painting. The schoolmaster, observing his absence, sent to ask the cause of it. Mrs. West, affecting not to take any particular notice of the message, recollected that she had seen Benjamin going up stairs every morning, and suspecting that the box occasioned his neglect of the school, went to the garret, and found him employed on the picture. Her anger was appeased by the sight of his performance, and changed to a very different feeling. She saw, not a mere copy, but a composition from two of the engravings: with no other guide than that delicacy of sight which renders the painter's eye with respect to colours, what the musician's ear is to sounds, he had formed a picture as complete, in the scientific arrangement of the tints, notwithstanding the necessary imperfection of the penciling, as the most skilful artist could have painted, assisted by the precepts of Newton. She kissed him with transports of affection, and assured him that she would not only intercede with his father to pardon him for having absented himself from school, but would go herself to the master, and beg that he might not be punished. The delightful encouragement which this well-judged kindness afforded to the young painter may be easily imagined; but who will not regret that the mother's over-anxious

admiration would not suffer him to finish the picture, lest he should spoil what was already in her opinion perfect, even with half the canvas bare? Sixty-seven years afterwards the writer of these Memoirs had the gratification to see this piece in the same room with the sublime painting of *Christ Rejected*, on which occasion the painter declared to him, that there were inventive touches of art in his first and juvenile essay, which, with all his subsequent knowledge and experience, he had not been able to surpass.

ON THE CHARACTER OF BURNS.

(From *Mr. WORDSWORTH's Letter.*)

SILENCE is a privilege of the grave, a right of the departed: let him, therefore, who infringes that right, by speaking publicly of, for, or against those who cannot speak for themselves, take heed that he opens not his mouth without a sufficient sanction. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, is a rule in which these sentiments have been pushed to an extreme, that proves how deeply humanity is interested in maintaining them. And it was wise to announce the precept thus absolutely; both because there exist in that same nature, by which it has been dictated, so many temptations to disregard it, and because there are powers and influences, within and without us, that will prevent its being literally fulfilled, to the suppression of profitable truth. Penalties of law, conventions of manners, and personal fear, protect the reputation of the living; and something of this protection is extended to the recently dead, who survive, to a certain degree, in their kindred and friends. Few are so insensible as not to feel this, and not to be actuated by the feeling. But only to philosophy enlightened by the affections does it belong justly to estimate the claims of the deceas-

ed on the one hand, and of the present age and future generations on the other, and to strike a balance between them. Such philosophy runs a risk of becoming extinct among us, if the coarse intrusions into the recesses, the gross breaches upon the sanctities, of domestic life, to which we have lately been more and more accustomed, are to be regarded as indications of a vigorous state of public feeling, favourable to the maintenance of the liberties of our country. Intelligent lovers of freedom are from necessity bold and hardy lovers of truth; but, according to the measure in which their love is intelligent, is it attended with a finer discrimination, and a more sensitive delicacy. The wise and good (and all others being lovers of licence rather than of liberty, are in fact slaves,) respect, as one of the noblest characteristics of Englishmen, that jealousy of familiar approach, which, while it contributes to the maintenance of private dignity, is one of the most efficacious guardians of rational public freedom.

The general obligation upon which I have insisted, is especially binding upon those who undertake the biography of authors. Assu-

redly, there is no cause why the lives of that class of men should be pried into with the same diligent curiosity, and laid open with the same disregard of reserve, which may sometimes be expedient in composing the history of men who have borne an active part in the world. Such thorough knowledge of the good and bad qualities of these latter, as can only be obtained by a scrutiny of their private lives, conduces to explain not only their own public conduct, but that of those with whom they have acted. Nothing of this applies to authors, considered merely as authors. Our business is with their books, to understand, and to enjoy them; and, of poets more especially, it is true, that, if their works be good, they contain within themselves all that is necessary to their being comprehended and relished. It should seem that the ancients thought in this manner; for of the eminent Greek and Roman poets, few and scanty memorials were, I believe, ever prepared, and fewer still are preserved. It is delightful to read what, in the happy exercise of his own genius, Horace chooses to communicate of himself and his friends; but I confess I am not so much a lover of knowledge, independent of its quality, as to make it likely that it would much rejoice me, were I to hear that records of the Sabine poet and his contemporaries, composed upon the Boswellian plan, had been unearthed among the ruins of Herculaneum. You will interpret what I am writing *liberally*. With respect to the light, which such a discovery might throw upon Roman manners, there would be reasons to desire it: but I should dread to disfigure the beautiful ideal of the memories of those illustrious persons with incongruous features, and to sully the imaginative purity of their classical works with gross and trivial recollections. The least weighty objection to heterogeneous details is, that they are mainly superfluous, and therefore an incumbrance.

But you will perhaps accuse me of refining too much; and it is, I own, comparatively of little importance, while we are engaged in reading the *Iliad*, the *Æneid*, the tragedies of *Othello* and *King Lear*, whether the authors of these poems were good or bad men; whether they lived happily or miserably. Should a thought of the kind cross our minds, there would be no doubt, if irresistible external evidence did not decide the question unfavourably, that men of such transcendent genius were both good and happy; and if, unfortunately, it had been on record that they were otherwise, sympathy with the fate of their fictitious personages would banish the unwelcome truth whenever it obtruded itself, so that it would but slightly disturb our pleasure. Far otherwise is it with that class of poets, the principal charm of whose writings depends upon the familiar knowledge which they convey of the personal feelings of their authors. This is eminently the case with the effusions of Burns: in the small quantity of narrative that he has given, he himself bears no inconsiderable part; and he has produced no drama. Neither the subjects of his poems, nor his manner of handling them, allow us

long to forget their author. On the basis of his human character he has reared a poetic one, which, with more or less distinctness, presents itself to view in almost every part of his earlier, and, in my estimation, his most valuable verses. This poetic fabric, dug out of the quarry of genuine humanity, is airy and spiritual; and though the materials, in some parts, are coarse, and the disposition is often fantastic and irregular, yet the whole is agreeable and strikingly attractive. Plague, then, upon your remorseless hunters after matter of fact (who, after all, rank among the blindest of human beings), when they would convince you that the foundations of this admirable edifice are hollow, and that its frame is unsound! Granting that all which has been raked up to the prejudice of Burns were literally true; and that it added, which it does not, to our better understanding of human nature and human life (for that genius is not incompatible with vice, and that vice leads to misery, the more acute from the sensibilities which are the elements of genius, we needed not those communications to inform us), how poor would have been the compensation for the deduction made, by this extrinsic knowledge, from the intrinsic efficacy of his poetry to please and to instruct!

In illustration of this sentiment, permit me to remind you, that it is the privilege of poetic genius to catch, under certain restrictions, of which perhaps at the time of its being exerted it is but dimly conscious, a spirit of pleasure, wherever it can be found, in the walks of nature, and in the busi-

ness of men. The poet, trusting to primary instincts, luxuriates among the felicities of love and wine, and is enraptured while he describes the fairer aspects of war: nor does he shrink from the company of the passion of love though immoderate, from convivial pleasure though intemperate, nor from the presence of war though savage, and recognised as the handmaid of desolation. Frequently and admirably has Burns given way to these impulses of nature, both with reference to himself, and in describing the condition of others. Who, but some impenetrable dunce, or narrow-minded Puritan in works of art, ever read without delight the picture which he has drawn of the convivial exaltation of the rustic adventurer, "Tam o' Shanter?" The poet fears not to tell the reader in the outset, that his hero was a desperate and sottish drunkard, whose excesses were frequent as his opportunities. This reprobate sits down to his cups, while the storm is roaring, and heaven and earth are in confusion; the night is driven on by song and tumultuous noise—laughter and jest thicken as the beverage improves upon the palate—conjugal fidelity archly bends to the service of general benevolence—selfishness is not absent, but wearing the mask of social cordiality—and, while these various elements of humanity are blended into one proud and happy composition of elated spirits, the anger of the tempest without doors only heightens and sets off the enjoyment within. I pity him who cannot perceive, that in all this, though there was no moral purpose, there is a moral effect.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

THE Pirate, by the author of "Waverley," "Kenilworth," &c. will appear very shortly.

The Thane of Fife, a poem, by William Tennant, author of "Anster Fair," is nearly ready for publication.

An edition of the *Works of John Playfair*, F. R. S. L. and E. late Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh; with an account of the author's life, in 4 vols. 8vo. is preparing for the press.

Mr. H. Mackenzie, F. R. S. E. has nearly completed the *Works of John Home*, Esq. author of "Douglas," a tragedy, &c.; to which is prefixed an account of his life and writings.

The Philosophical History of the Origin and Progress of the European Languages, by Alexander Murray, D. D. late Professor of Oriental languages in the University of Edinburgh; with a memoir of his life, written by himself, 2 vols. 8vo. is in the press.

Historical Sketches of the Highlands of Scotland; with military annals of the Highland regiments, by David Stewart, colonel in the army, are in a state of considerable forwardness.

The *Moniteur* of the 18th Sept. contained the following extract of a letter from Rome: "A young Englishman, of the name of Waddington, who has lately arrived in this city, has penetrated upwards of 600 leagues above the second cataract, in following the army of the Pacha of Egypt. In the whole of the way he fell in with only a

few small Egyptian monuments, in isolated situations, and of no very remote date; but on his arrival at Schayni, where the Pacha encamped, he discovered thirty-five pyramids, of from 50 to 120 feet in height, but in a very ruinous state. He also saw seven or eight temples, of which one (upwards of 300 feet in length) was covered with hieroglyphics. It is probably in the neighbourhood of these ruins that search should be made for Nabatha, and not the Meroe of the ancients. This traveller has copied some very curious Greek inscriptions. He assures us that he has seen nothing in his travels comparable to the monuments of Nubia, and that he considers that province as the cradle of the arts in Egypt."

The two figures of *Raving* and *Melancholy Madness*, sculptured by the celebrated Mr. Cibber, in the reign of King Charles II. and for which the French King Louis XII. offered 12,000 louis d'ors, have been removed from Newman-street, Oxford-road, to the Lunatic Asylum in St. George's-fields. They have undergone a complete repair by the hand of the ingenious Mr. Bacon, and are conspicuously placed in the great hall of that superb building; appropriate adornments are placed round them, and elegant curtains to defend them from the weather and from accident; and these screens are only to be withdrawn on the day set apart for the meeting of the governors, or on other public occasions.



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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. XII. NOVEMBER 1, 1821. N^o. LXXI.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit, on or before the 15th of the month, announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

We are disappointed at not being able this month to continue the Translation from Cervantes' Novel.

Next month we shall commence a Series of interesting Anecdotes of Artists and the Arts. Those most commonly known will of course be carefully avoided,

We have received several original Epigrams, some of which we reserve until we have enough to place them together. Those by E. H. are generally bad, though the following is perhaps an exception :

Cries Emma, " Young Edward's a proser,

" For my husband he never will do."

Says Charlotte, " But this is a poser—

" You will find him a-verse, miss, to you !"

We have by us several replies to Mr. J. M. Lacey's article, " Who would be an Old Maid?" We will certainly insert one of them next month.

We shall thank A. A. to continue his favours. He perhaps might have made more of his subject this month: it will, however, leave room for other communications.

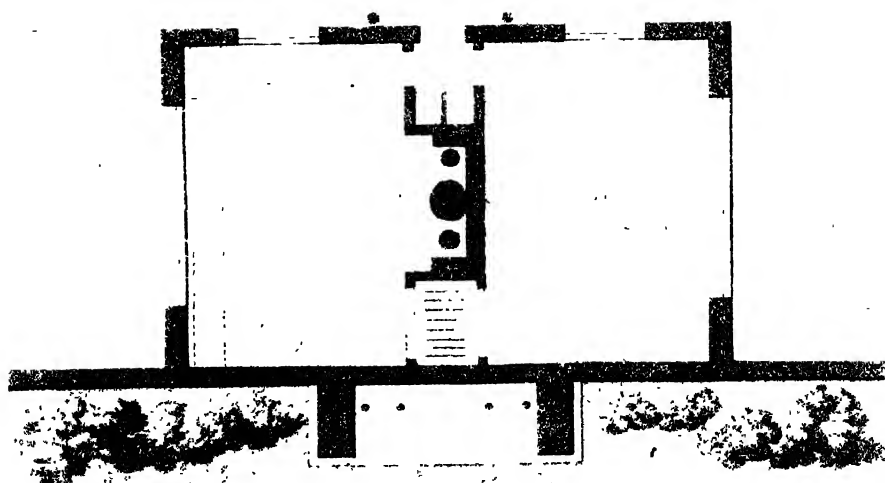
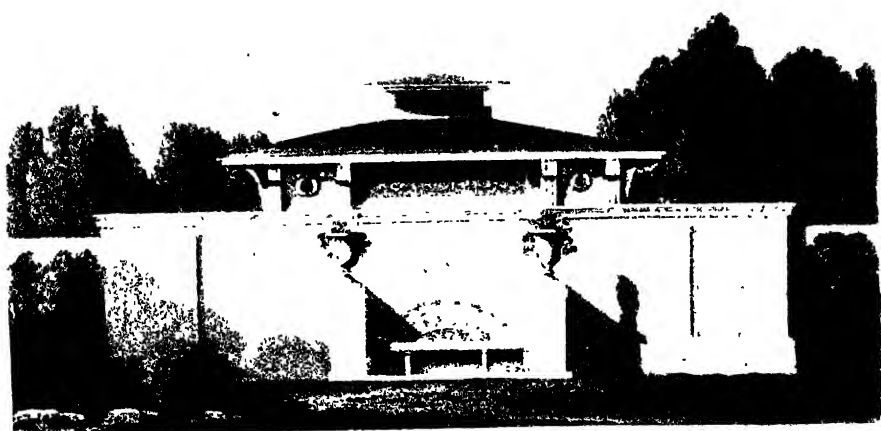
The Original Letters of Lady Russell probably in our next.

The Tale of Prasildo and Iroldo, from Bocardo's " Orlando Innamorato," is under consideration: the chief fault is, that it is somewhat too long for insertion at once, and to divide it will injure its effect.

Bruno, Buffalmaco, and the Doctor, from Boccacio, is in our possession.

H. Gubbins, Esq. is informed that his Sonnets have not been received, and therefore have not been mislaid.

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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. XII. NOVEMBER 1, 1821. NO. LXXI.

HINTS ON ORNAMENTAL GARDENING.

(Continued from p. 187.)

PLATE 26.—A LAUNDRY.

ALTHOUGH the purposes of the annexed design are foreign to those of a garden, as a building it may often afford embellishment to the shrubberies, if suitably designed: in the present instance, a retreat is formed in the centre, and the walls which would inclose the drying-ground are disposed for training the magnolia; thus becoming a useful and prominent feature of the garden arrangements. The plan exhibits the requisites of a complete laundry, suitable to a large establishment: its particular advantages may, however, be introduced into a building of a small scale, and many of its points may be applied with advantage to every apartment devoted to such purposes, and consequently supersede the many annoyances of the operations in this department of domestic economy.

The plan is separated into two
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parts: one disposed for washing; and the other for ironing, mangling, and folding the linen: between the two apartments are situated drying-forms, heated by steam; and the linen is at once passed into the second apartment by these forms, and dried, when the weather is unfavourable to the use of the drying-ground: the steam or vapour is dismissed by funnels immediately above the forms, and a current of air admitted to dispatch it more freely. The mangle is lighted by a skylight, and the windows being opposite to each other, the whole is well ventilated. The washing-trays are fixed, and supplied with hot and cold water by pipes, and are emptied by valves and pipes into reservoirs for the use of the garden, so that none of the valuable properties of the soap-wash may be lost to it.

A large cistern is disposed in the
L L

roof, and the hot water and boiling-coppers below, as also the small steam apparatus. The several parts will be understood by reference to the index.

The apartments are warmed by the steam apparatus, which may effect other useful purposes.

AA Washing-trays.
BB Rinsing-trays.
C Elevated boiler.
DD Coppers.
E Steam apparatus
F Mangle.
GG Folding boards.
HH Ironing-boards.
KK Drying-frames.
LL Closets.
M Pump.

MISCELLANIES.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

Mr. ADVISER,

I WISH to goodness you would leave off prosing, giving advice to people who I dare say never take it; and let me have the benefit of your sagacity to forward a plan which I have in view for the good of the female part of the nation, as well as for my own benefit. But before I tell you my project, I must inform you of the circumstance which has given rise to it. I am unfortunately married to a man who is so unconscionable as to engross all the conversation. Now you know very well, Mr. Adviser, it is not in nature for a woman to bear patiently a grievance of that sort. I have tried all imaginable means to get rid of it, and as there is no probability of my succeeding, I am resolved to try whether I cannot get a bill brought into parliament, by which every woman shall be allowed the benefit of divorce, provided she can give, as in my own case, satisfactory proof that she has been cheated into the match by her husband. What I require of you, good Mr. Sagephiz, is, to draw up the bill in a proper manner, and get

one of the honourable members to introduce it. I have no doubt at all that if I restricted the operation of this new law to cases such as my own, it would pass with very little opposition; for I am certain that a large majority, both of the honourable and right honourable members, would agree with me in opinion, that there is no punishment so great as that of being compelled to hold one's tongue; but as I am resolved to do all the good I can to my own sex, I am determined to include in my bill every possible species of imposition which can be practised upon us poor women, who, I am sorry to say, are cheated by your sex nine times out of ten in the solemn affair of matrimony. So, dear Mr. Adviser, take us under your gracious protection, and you will be entitled to the everlasting gratitude of all the female part of the nation, as well as that of your very obedient servant,

PRISCILLA PRATEMORE.

I laid down this letter impressed with a sentiment of compassion for its fair writer, who, if she can-

not obtain a separate maintenance, must be obliged to bear through life the grievance which appears to gall her so intolerably; for I am afraid that the bill from which she hopes so much is not very likely to pass, even if backed by the whole weight of my influence.

The perusal of Mrs. Pratemore's letter threw me into a train of thought respecting the frequent complaints we hear of among married people of their having been imposed upon by their respective partners; and I devised many curious expedients, with which perhaps I may oblige the world another time, for enabling both ladies and gentlemen to ascertain the real dispositions of those with whom they think of uniting themselves for life.

In the midst of these speculations, the drowsy god took possession of me; but the subject had interested me so deeply, that it still haunted my imagination, and I dreamed that the bill which Mrs. Pratemore speaks of had actually passed, but upon a more extended scale than she intended, for it provided relief for husbands as well as wives; and I fancied that I was in Westminster Hall, where a very large assembly of both waited the decision of a learned judge, who was appointed to try their respective claims under it.

The first couple who advanced to the bar happened to be my fair correspondent and her spouse. She was a lively-looking young woman, who seemed very well disposed to enjoy her newly recovered liberty of speech; but the judge interrupted her statement of the case by ordering the witnesses on her

side to be called; and it was proved very satisfactorily by their testimony, that the grievance she complained of did actually exist in a very high degree. The judge having asked the defendant what he had to say, why sentence of the court should not be passed, he replied very humbly, that he did not mean to deny the fact of his engrossing all the conversation, but he trusted, that he could clearly prove that his wife had never been imposed upon in that respect, since he had talked to her quite as much before marriage, as ever he did afterwards. It was found upon examination that he told the truth, and that his lady never complained of his doing so, or seemed to consider it as the least annoyance. She pleaded in excuse, that she did not find it tiresome then, because his conversation was always in praise of her charms. The judge refused to admit this plea, and declared that the marriage was to all intents and purposes valid; to the great discomfiture of the lady, who quitted the court immediately.

The next pair that presented themselves were a middle-aged man of a sullen aspect, and a very young woman, in whose pretty face one might read vixen in very legible characters. The husband, who was the complaining party, prayed relief, inasmuch as he had been drawn in to marry an arrant termagant, when he believed he was uniting himself to a pattern of meekness. The lady repelled the accusation by a declaration that she had never tempted to impose upon him, nor indeed had any opportunity to do so, for that

he had made the match solely with her mother; and that in the few times she saw him before they were actually married, nothing whatever occurred that could have put her in a passion; but if he had made inquiry in the neighbourhood, he would have found that she was a very tigress when provoked; and she trusted, that if he chose to neglect making proper inquiries, she should not be held answerable for what was evidently his own fault, and not hers.

The judge finding that her statement was correct, refused to dissolve the contract, but advised the lady to try to live on better terms with her husband. I thought, however, that there was not much likelihood of his advice being followed, for I heard her say in a furious tone as she turned from the bar, that she would make him remember that day as long as he lived.

A lady and gentleman now came forward, who were mutually anxious for a separation. The gentleman declared, that he thought himself fortunate in obtaining the hand of an accomplished elegant woman, in whom he hoped to find a friend and companion; instead of which, he had the mortification to discover, that her understanding was extremely *mediocre*, that she had very little information, and no taste whatever for literary pursuits.

The lady on her part alledged with considerable vehemence, that she was the aggrieved person, for she supposed she was marrying a man of fashion and spirit, and her husband had turned out a miser and a bookworm. Upon examining facts on both sides, it turned out that the parties were innocent

of intended imposition. The lady had received a very expensive education, but the only accomplishments which her husband took the trouble to ascertain that she possessed, were music and dancing, in both of which it was proved she excelled; and as the charges she brought against her husband rested on no other foundation than that he had once written an essay, and another time refused to purchase for her a diamond necklace, which would have cost him more than a year's income, the court decided, that neither party were entitled to relief from the bill, and dismissed them accordingly.

A little shrivelled old man now hobbled up to the bar, followed by a fine showy woman, who was dressed in the very extreme of the fashion. The gentleman complained most vehemently that the lady had cheated him into matrimony by the strongest professions of love and attachment; but from her conduct ever since their union, he had reason to think she had a design upon his life; for though she knew he was a poor nervous creature, whose very existence depended upon his being kept quiet and tranquil, yet she filled his house from morning till night with a set of idle dissipated young people, whose noisy gambols were enough to shake the nerves of Hercules himself. He could in some degree it was true defend himself against this terrible visitation by shutting himself up in his own apartment, and stopping his ears with cotton; but there was scarcely a day passed without his wife's having a morning concert, a dinner party, or a ball, all of which

she fairly worried him into attending; so that unless the court granted him relief by dissolving the marriage, he did not suppose he could possibly live three months longer.

The lady pleaded in her defence, that the proceedings her husband complained of arose altogether from her excessive affection for him. A physician of eminence had assured her that nothing ailed him but the vapours, and as she was perfectly convinced by her own experience, that company and amusement were sovereign specifics for that complaint, she thought herself justified in obliging her husband to make use of them.

The judge found this so nice a case that he recommended to the parties to settle it amicably; but as the husband still clamoured for a divorce, the wife said she had no objection to indulge him, provided that he settled three fourths of his income on her, that sum being as she observed barely sufficient for her way of life, and the remaining fourth was more than enough to support him according to his fancy. The court seemed to think this proposal was not altogether unreasonable, but the husband declared, that he would sooner die than submit to be robbed in that manner; and he was hobbling away with a most rueful countenance, when an expedient suddenly occurred to me for his relief. I stopped him, to inquire whether he had made any settlement on his lady; and finding that he had not, I recommended him to make a will immediately, and to let her jointure be a very slender one. The husband joyfully promised to adopt this suggestion directly, and I could

see by the effect it produced upon the countenance of the wife, that it was likely to procure him immediate relief.

The next complainant was one of the prettiest women I ever saw: she desired a divorce upon the ground of her husband's want of affection. Before marriage, she said, he appeared to be the most passionate of lovers, but shortly afterwards he began to neglect her; and now, though it was scarcely a year since their union took place, he treated her with a degree of indifference, which she found it impossible to bear; and she was certain, if the court did not grant her relief, she should very soon die of a broken heart.

The husband pleaded that there was no imposition whatever on his part: he had loved his wife passionately when he married her, and if his affection were in some degree abated, it sprang entirely from her own conduct; for the instant he began to discontinue those lover-like raptures and assiduities, which it was well known never lasted beyond the honey-moon, she accused him of indifference; and from that time to the present, she had harassed him with continual reproaches, tears, and ill-humour, till at last her conduct produced in some degree the very sentiment of which she complained. But he defied her to prove a single instance of actual unkindness or disrespect on his part.

The judge finding that the husband spoke the truth, told the lady, that as she could not substantiate the charge against him, he must dismiss the cause. He was beginning a mild remonstrance on

the impropriety of her conduct, when she flung from him, exclaiming in a theatrical tone, "Lawyers have flinty hearts!" and as she hurried out of court, I heard her mutter, that a cause like hers ought to be tried at the bar of sentiment alone.

A grave-looking man now approached, leading, or rather dragging along a lady, whose very singular appearance set the whole court in a titter. Her muslin dress was ironmoulded in some places, and spotted with ink in others, and several large rents appeared in the worked flounces at the bottom. Her shoes were odd ones, and down at heel. Some of the feathers in her bonnet were broken, and her shawl, which hung loosely over one shoulder, trailed to a considerable length on the ground behind. Her husband, who represented himself as a thriving tradesman, prayed for a dissolution of his marriage, which, he said, he had been principally induced to contract, from the belief that his wife was a sensible clever woman, who would make herself useful to him in his business. But the honeymoon had scarcely passed, before she turned out a violent politician. Instead of attending in the shop to serve the customers, she talked to them of the affairs of the nation; and whenever their political opinions did not coincide with her own, she attacked them without ceremony. By this means she disgusted several of his best customers, and he insisted upon her not attempting to serve in the shop any more: but she was deaf both to commands and entreaties; and though she found that his bu-

usiness was daily diminishing, it only made her talk louder and longer upon her darling theme.

The lady being asked what she had to say in her defence, began to read a paper, which appeared to contain about forty pages folio, very closely written; but the judge finding that the first part of it consisted of a dissertation on the duties of magistrates, interrupted her by observing, that such matter was irrelevant, and that he must desire her to proceed to what immediately concerned herself. The lady indignantly replied, that she disdained to plead if she were denied the right of conducting her defence as she pleased; and she withdrew, declaring that there would be an end at once to even the semblance of liberty, if the women of Great Britain were to be deprived of the privilege which they had preserved for so many ages, of saying whatever they thought proper. As the husband had not any witnesses ready to prove that his wife had shewn herself a woman of good sense before her marriage, the final hearing of the cause was put off to another day.

I was surprised at recognising in the next couple who came up to the bar, my old friend Lovepeace and his helpmate, whom my readers will recollect I mentioned in my first paper. Poor Lovepeace, who seemed worn almost to a shadow, prayed for relief on the ground of his wife turning out an outrageous termagant, after she had passed herself upon him as the gentlest of human beings. These facts, he said in a confident tone, he could support by the testimony

of several credible witnesses. The judge desired that they might be called, when to my inexpressible terror I heard the words, "Solomon Sagephiz, come into court." The sonorous voice of the crier fortunately awoke me, but so strong was my dread of Mrs. Lovepeace, whom my readers will admit I have

good cause to remember, that it was some minutes before I could persuade myself I had no cause to dread a second attack from that redoubtable Xantippe, whose shrill tones have the power to quail even the stout heart of

S. SAGEPHIZ.

SONNET BY MISS MITFORD.

(Composed in the Fishing-Seat at White Knights.)

THERE is a sweet accordant harmony
In this fair scene, this quaintly-fluvied
bower,
These sloping banks, with tree and shrub
and flower
Bedeck'd; and these pure waters, where
the sky
In its deep blueness shines so peacefully—
Shines all unbroken, save with sudden
light
When some proud swan, majestically
bright,

Flashes her snowy beauty on the eye,
When from the delicate birch her dewy
tear
The west wind brushes. E'en the bee's
blithe trade,
The lark's clear corals, sound too loudly
here;
A spot it is for far-off music made,
Stillness and rest—a smaller Winder-
mere.

SHAKSPEARE'S LIFE, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

CONSIDERING the many hundred, perhaps I might say thousand, volumes which have been published regarding our great dramatic poet, it is wonderful that the writers of them should have so utterly neglected one important and valuable source of information regarding his life, manners, and opinions—I mean his own works. I do not here allude to his dramatic productions (though a great deal might be gathered from them, making due allowance for the variety of the characters to whom the passages are given), but to his *poems*, which of course were very well known to the commentators, but of which they have not availed themselves to any thing like the extent that they

might have done. Passing over the Malones, the Stevens's, the Theobalds, and many more of that class, every body acquainted with all the productions of "the Bard of Avon" must be surprised that the industrious, and in some respects acute, Dr. Nathan Drake did not hit upon this expedient of still further swelling his two bulky quartos, entitled "Shakspeare and his Times." He has indeed touched upon almost every thing connected with the poet; but, like others, he has neglected what really was worth at least as much as all the rest of his accumulated particulars.

* I am not about to set myself up to remedy this defect, so much as

to shew how it may be supplied by persons who have both more patience and more knowledge than I possess. The Poems of Shakspeare, including his "Venus and Adonis," his "Tarquin and Lucrece," together with his Sonnets, the latter published in 1609, are very little read indeed at present, though clearly very popular soon after they were published. The annotators have produced several proofs of this fact, but they have omitted one that is stronger than all the rest, and is to be found in a play printed as early as 1607, and written by that notorious author, Thos. Heywood: it is called "The Faire Maide of the Exchange." Two persons are introduced, the one instructing the other (a dull ignorant blockhead) how to make love.

Cripple. — reading so much as you have done,

Do you not remember one pretty phrase,
To scale the walls of a young wench's love.

Bowdler. I never read any thing but *Venus and Adonis*.

Cripple. Why that's the very quintessence of love!

If you remember but a verse or two,
I'll pawn my head, goods, lands, and all,
'twill do.

The man then who had read nothing but "Venus and Adonis," which every body was obliged to read, afterwards repeats several passages from it.

Such, however, is not the object of my present letter, nor in the quotations and references I am about to make, shall I touch either the poem just mentioned, or the "Tarquin and Lucrece." My remarks and extracts will be confined to the very small volume of Sonnets published in 1609, and for which I may mention as a matter of information, that no less a sum

was given by auction a few months ago than 37*l*. So much for *bibliomania*, though Mr. Stevens, not a very long time since, published a verbatim and literatim reprint, which may be bought for a very few shillings.

The first question that strikes one on reading these love-sonnets is this: To whom were they addressed? It is not because Thomas Thorpe the stationer dedicates them to "Mr. W. H. the only begetter" of them, that they were addressed by the poet to him. There have been several hypotheses upon this point, the chief of which are those of Mr. G. Chalmers, who maintains that they were written for Queen Elizabeth, and of Dr. N. Drake, who contends that Shakspeare's patron, Lord Southampton, was the object of them! Strange as this last position may appear, it is maintained with a good deal of that ingenuity which is often wasted upon nothing. The truth is, that both assertions are equally unfounded, as is obvious upon a perusal of the whole, though parts may be distorted to answer a particular purpose. I have no doubt that many of them, probably the greater number, were written for some young lady with whom the poet was in love, and that young lady perhaps was no other than Anne Hathaway, whom he married when he was not eighteen; yet then, if we believe Sonnet 104, he had been in love three years. This supposition will reconcile most of the difficulties regarding his urgency that the object of his sonnets should marry: "From fairest creatures we desire increase;" "Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye," and many more.

True it is that some of these productions will appear not to countenance this notion; but it is not impossible that they were written for other people, who got our young versifier to put his pen to paper for them. We know, on their own authority, that such had been the case with Geo. Gascoyne and B. Rich; the first living a few years before, and the last a few years after Shakspeare*: otherwise it is difficult to account for the disappointment he mourns in several places, unless we suppose him to have been in love more than once, which is very possible with a youth of his ardent character.

A good deal has been said and written regarding a certain poetical rival mentioned by Shakspeare in several of his Sonnets, especially the 83d :

"There lives more life in one of your fair eyes,
Than both your ports can in praise devise."

In his 80th Sonnet he refers to this rival as "a better spirit," and speaks of himself with great diffidence and humility. From hence has Mr. Chalmers derived the great strength of his argument, that queen Elizabeth was the subject both of the sonnets of Shakspeare and Spenser: but surely this is very far indeed from being conclusive, even supposing that the former wrote the lines in which he refers to Spenser in his own name and for himself. Besides, how are we certain that Spenser was this rival, and not some other, whom Shakspeare thought fit to praise so generously?

* This supposition is rendered more probable by the 127th and other Sonnets, where he praises a dark beauty, having before spoken of his own mistress as fair.

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There are four or five chief places in these sonnets in which Shakspeare refers to his own condition and station in life. The story of deer-stealing I consider entirely apocryphal, and therefore pass over any conjectural allusion to it: the quotations I am about to mention were probably written after the poet came to London, about the year 1586, or perhaps later. Not going the length of the story told by Rowe to Pope, that Shakspeare held horses at the door of the theatre, it is very certain that when he first came to a playhouse he was in a very menial situation—perhaps what is called *call-boy*, attending on the prompter to summon the players. This is clearly meant in his 29th Sonnet, beginning,

"When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,

I all alone beweepe my outcast state,
And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries,

And look upon myself, and curse my fate."

The same strain prevails in Sonnet 121, opening with the line,

"'Tis better to be vile, than vile esteem'd: "

but Sonnets 110, 111, 112, are most remarkable, having been written, there is not the slightest doubt, after Shakspeare became an actor, and before he became an author of any repute. To this there is an obvious allusion when he says,

"Alas! 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view."

A *motley*, strictly speaking, means a fool or clown, who was always dressed on the stage in a motley or parti-coloured suit; but most likely the poet uses the word in contempt for the whole profession of the stage: we have no tradition that he ever sustained that sort of part. "Gone here and there" may

M M

mean that he had belonged to a company that journeyed about the country. In the next Sonnet (111) he proceeds thus:

"Oh! for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than *public means* which *public manners*
breeds:

Thence comes it that my name receives a
brand," &c.

To understand the full force of the last line, it is necessary to remember the reproachful condition of a stage-player at this date, condemned not only by the Puritans, but by positive act of parliament, as "a rogue and vagabond."

The two preceding, and the sonnet from which I am about to quote, were, as well as we can now judge, written at a heat, as they all bear the same burden.

"Your love and pity doth th' impression fill,
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my
brow;

For what care I who calls me good or ill,
So you o'er-green my bad," &c.

These lines refer back to the "brand his name received" from his profession. Something of the same temper and disposition is displayed in Sonnet 66:

"Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry."

That Shakspeare had some offences to answer for, we gather from several places, but especially from Sonnet 121, to which I have already made one allusion: here he exclaims,

"For why should others false adulterate
eyes

Give salutation to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think
good?

No; I am that I am, and they that level
At my abuses, reckon up their own," &c.

It is here rather ambiguous what species of crime the poet means, but at all events the passage gives

us an insight into his character. No doubt, whatever he did was grossly exaggerated and distorted; and therefore, in Sonnet 140, we find him complaining of this disposition in the world:

"Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be."

Perhaps the most distinct allusion of this kind is to be found in the 36th Sonnet, where he speaks in direct terms of some "bewailed guilt" of his own, that may bring disgrace upon the object of his affections if she countenance him with her favour.

Many other matters relating to the disposition and habits of the poet might be pointed out in these sonnets, which have been most unsystematically arranged in all the editions, though their connection and bearing one upon the other in many places is quite obvious. The fact is, as is known to all bibliographers, that they were long passed from hand to hand in MS.; for Francis Meres, as early as 1598 (eleven years before they were printed), speaks of Shakspeare's "sugared sonnets among his private friends." The present communication is, however, already long enough, and I shall only in conclusion call the attention of your readers to Sonnets 50 and 153, from which it appears doubtful whether Shakspeare, on one of his journeys to Stratford-upon-Avon, did not visit Bath. The Sonnets where the bard plays upon his own name (135 and 153) are curious, principally upon that account, but are just in the same spirit of punning that breaks out so frequently in the course of his dramatic writings.

If any other correspondent can furnish further light upon this subject, as no doubt they may be able to do, since what I have offered is a very imperfect sketch, they will oblige your humble servant,
A. A.
Sept. 18, 1821.

THE LOVER'S HEART.

(Freely rendered from BOCCACCIO.)

MOST fair of form was Prince Salerno's daughter

(Tancred his name, a haughty man and bold),
And not less fair of face. Her sire had taught her

All that became the rank she was to hold.
With such perfections, many nobles sought her

In marriage, but to all an answer cold
Gismonda gave: her youthful heart elsewhere
Had found a home, she dar'd not to declare.

If wit or valour, honour or desert,
Could level the distinction of their sphere,
Then might Guiscardo his just claim assert,
Gismonda own her passion without fear:
But he was but a knight in Tancred's court,
She, heiress to a mighty prince and peer;
And all who ventur'd to avow their flame,
Were dukes and lords of mighty wealth and name.

The Prince of Pessaro was most approv'd
By fair Gismonda's sire; and truth to tell,
He was a man whom many might have lov'd:
In knightly feats and sports he did excel
All in Salerno's royal court that mov'd,
Save young Guiscardo, who had borne the bell

From his compeers in tournament and tilt,
And in the field his youthful blood had spilt.

Reward his youthful service had attended,
Knighthood, a soldier's honourable meed;
Though proud and cruel, Tancred still ex-
pended

Revenues large to guerdon worthy deed
In meanest men. Guiscardo was descended
By a long line from honourable seed;
And in his noble frame you might descry
The grace and honour of his ancestry.

The haughty father gave his high command,
Gismonda should the Prince of Pessaro wed;
But still would she with earnest prayers
withstand

Threats and entreaties: rather were she dead
Than yield to any lord her virgin hand,
But him to whom her virgin heart had fled;
Therefore from week to week and day to day
She still resisted, still besought delay.

Meanwhile she kept a secret intercourse
With brave Guiscardo, who for her dear
sake,

Rather than dread of mighty Tancred's force,
Forbore avowal of his love to make.

Tancred, he knew, yet never felt remorse
When cruel vengeance he was wont to slake:
Yet fear'd he not the worst the prince might
do,

Would his revenge not touch Gismonda too.

The palace stood upon a mountain's side,
And near the chamber of the princess there
An iron door she found, long unespied;
Through which descending by a narrow stair,
It led into a cavern hollow'd wide
Within the solid rock: the sunny air
Was only gain'd by ways most intricate,
The entrance hid by wood of ancient date.

Soon as Gismonda did this cave discover,
She fail'd not to inform her chosen knight;
Who, with the fervour of a faithful lover,
Thank'd the kind Heav'n's no longer opposite.
Thus day by day they dallied with each other
In all the luxury of chaste delight.
So pure their flame, they never dreamt of
crime,

But trusted still to favouring Heav'n and time.

Oft would her father the sad theme revive
Of fair Gismonda's union with the prince;
When mandates fail'd, by reason would he
strive

And argument his daughter to convince.
One author says, that reason love will drive;
No man has prov'd it, or before or since:
Tancred knew not that love her heart then
shar'd,

Or thus to have expell'd him had despair'd.

He came most commonly at early hour
Into Gismonda's chamber, to essay
All means he could devise by prayers or
power:

Yet firmly did she his command gainsay.
Then would he leave in wrath her inmost
bower,

While young Guiscardo, by the secret way,
By her fair hand was at the door admitted,
Nor until night her lovely presence quitted.

He came one morn much earlier than expected,
While his fair daughter, walking in the garden,
In solitude upon her lot reflected,
Convinc'd her sire would never grant her pardon,
If e'en her secret passion he suspected :
Against Guiscardo and herself 'twould harden
His heart for aye; and well was she contented,
Guiscardo's visits could not be prevented.

Tancred remain'd within the outer room
Waiting his daughter's coming: to her books
He turn'd, and struggled 'gainst the heavy gloom
That hung alike upon his mind and looks.
Meanwhile Gismonda gather'd many a bloom
From sunny borders and from shady nooks,
And so long stay'd the op'ning flowers to gather,
That sleep at length o'ertook her weary father.

Into her inner bower return'd at last,
She wonder'd that her father had not come,
But satisfied, since now high noon was past,
He would not visit her that morning: some
Affairs of state perhaps, demanding haste,
Elsewhere detain'd him. Every sound was dumb,
And fearing nought, as oft she did before,
She to her lover op'd the iron door.

Its grating hinges wak'd the sleeping sire,
Who so was plac'd that he could not be seen:
He heard them kiss, and words of loving fire
Breath'd in hoarse voice Guiscardo's lips between;
And then he heard the youthful knight inquire
If Tancred there, as was his wont, had been
To urge once more the Prince of Pessaro's suit,
But find his daughter firmly resolute.

No more could he endure: too well he saw
The reason of his daughter's long resistance;
Yet still without discovery did withdraw,
The lovers' busy toying lent assistance.
Now he resolv'd to punish by the law,
Now to waylay Guiscardo at a distance:
Revenge so wrought, now all their guilt was plain,
That hard it was one instant to refrain.

Yet he o'ercame it, but the threat'ning storm
Hung aloft, more dreadfully to burst;
It gave him time more dreadful plans to form
To punish both, but fair Gismonda worst.

Paternal love that once his breast might arm,
Was banish'd now—his child he held accurst.
To Pessaro's prince his project he ne'er told,
Lest he thro' pity should consent withhold.

And to his daughter he so fair dissembled,
That she ne'er guess'd what he had seen and meant;
She never dreamt that on the brink she trembled
Of sure destruction, from his fell intent,
And that dire wrath within him had assembled
All cruel methods for their punishment.
Next day she let Guiscardo thro' the door:
'Twas the last time—Guiscardo came no more.

She wonder'd at his absence, and she wonder'd
He had not sent her notice of his stay;
For never for some months had they been sunder'd,
Although it were but for a single day,
Without cause first assign'd: the more she ponder'd,
The more she fear'd the reason for delay:
The third, the fourth—the fatal fifth day shone,
Still he was absent—still she was alone.

Her heart foreboded that some dreadful ill
Her lover had befallen, and she fear'd
Her sire at last discover'd why his will
She long had disobey'd; at last had heard
Of her dear secret passion. Should he kill
The youth to her true heart so long endear'd,
She was resolv'd with him to lose her breath,
And as they liv'd one life, so die one death.

Meanwhile Prince Tancred in revengeful rage
Seiz'd young Guiscardo at the dead of night.
'Twas vain with armed numbers to engage:
They cast him in a dungeon void of light.
Hescorn'd to beg, their vengeance to assuage,
He thought but on Gismonda's hapless plight;
And his last words, while they his bosom rent,
Were, "I am guilty, she is innocent."

Dreading the worst, her sire Gismonda sought:
She could but die, and were Guiscardo dead,
It was her only wish, her only thought:
Yet still she hop'd he might from court have fled,
And thus her father's rancour set at nought,
While yet the furious storm was overhead.
When in his presence, with a fearless pride,
Her passion she confess'd, and justified.

With earnest zeal she urg'd Guiscardo's claim,
His services at home, and in the field,

LIVES OF SPANISH POETS.

Where he had earn'd a soldier's worthy fame.
Then to his virtues she no less appeal'd,
And to the noble stock of which he came:
For these she chose him. Her warm blood
congeal'd,

To mark her father's look as he did speak,
" You soon shall have what you have sought
and seek."

He rush'd from the apartment—on the floor
She sunk in terror, waiting his return.
Now felt she her Guiscardo was no more,
And to be with him only did she yearn.

A messenger soon came, and with him bore
A golden goblet cover'd like an urn :
Gismonda guess'd her cruel sire had sent
her

A poisonous draught, and well did it content
her.

She took the cup, and op'd the lid to sip,
Asking no question of the speechless wight;
But scarcely had she rais'd it to her lip,
When a most horrid vision met her sight:
A human heart, that with fresh blood did drip
Within the margin of the chalice bright,
Gismonda shrunk and shudder'd at the view:
Whose bleeding heart it was too well she knew.

To this last effort all her strength she gave,
And turning to the messenger, thus spake:
" Well does this heart deserve a golden
grave ;

It is but justice for Guiscardo's sake !"
Then with her tears did she the relic lave,
And to her lips once more the cup did take:
" I come, for thine alone I am," she cried ;
Then kiss'd the heart, and with that kiss
she died. P. W.

LIVES OF SPANISH POETS.

(ART. II.)

IN a preceding article I have given a short account of Garcilaso de la Vega. I now purpose writing a sketch of the life of Boscan ; and short indeed it must be, owing to the very narrow limits of a magazine. Perhaps Boscan, as the senior poet, should have had precedence of Garcilaso—the notice of the master should have had the priority of the pupil. If I had professed to attend strictly to the precise period in which each poet flourished, and to give a chronological list of them, perhaps I might have erred ; but that is not my object. My wish is only to give a slight notice of the most prominent characters in Spanish literature.

Boscan, who, as is well known, in concert with his friend and companion Garcilaso, was the main cause of the introduction of the Italian metre and style into the Spanish language, was born at Barcelona, of a noble and ancient family, about the end of the 15th

century. Although he had received a very liberal education, and his ample fortune would have enabled him to have lived at his ease, and given himself up entirely to his literary studies, yet he chose rather, while a youth, to follow the trumpet, and fight in defence of his country. Pursuing then with ardour this profession, he traversed through many countries (the names of which, however, have not been mentioned by any of his biographers), and remained, it is supposed, a considerable time in Italy. While he continued at the Italian courts, he acquired a knowledge of, and a taste for, the poetry of the country ; but it seems that at that time he had no intention whatever of transplanting into Spain the beauties of Italian poetry. The verses which Boscan then composed were all written in the old style of Castilian poetry. It was not until 1526, when a happy marriage compelled him to reside in his native city, that he entertained the slightest idea of

accomplishing that which was afterwards the cause of a species of revolution in Spanish poetry. The manner in which he first conceived the notion is interesting, and I will give you his own relation of the circumstance.

“ Being one day at Granada with Navagero, the ambassador for the Venetian government, and conversing with him about various subjects relative to the fine arts, he asked me why I did not introduce the sonnet, and other species of poetry peculiar to Italy, into the Castilian language? He compelled me to promise that I would make a trial. A few days afterwards I returned home. The length and solitude of the road made me reflect upon the suggestion of Navagero, and I was resolved at least to make an attempt. At first I met with difficulties, which I thought insurmountable, on account of the difference in the forms of the two languages: but soon I began to hope that my efforts might obtain some success, and by degrees I applied myself with more ardour to the enterprise. I confess, however, that the difficulty of the undertaking was such, that I should have sunk under the burden more than once had I not been supported by the advice and assistance of my friend Garcilaso, who regulated not only my opinion, but that of the public. He constantly praised my attempts, and gave so many marks of approbation, by following my example, that I at length succeeded to my satisfaction.”

Andrea Navagero was himself a man of some literary attainments, and had written a few canzonets, which had gained him considerable

applause. It may here be observed (and few seem to be willing to own the fact), that Boscan was not the first to introduce the Italian metre into Spain. Although by his exertions and perseverance it arrived at a state of perfection which it had never before attained, yet the idea was first conceived by Don Juan Manuel, and subsequently adopted by Inigo Lopez de Mendoza, Marques de Santillana. Thus the Italian sonnet was long previous to Boscan known in Spain, but the Spaniards were incapable at that early period of feeling the elegance and sweetness of Petrarch. Boscan perceived it, and gave a new spirit to Castilian poetry, and enlightened the Spanish people. Garcilaso participated in the glory of his friend, but the cries of all were raised against the two reformers. By one party it was said that the ancient Castilian poetry was more pleasing to the ear; and by another, that the new species of poetry was scarcely to be distinguished from prose*. A third party maintained, that the Italian poetry was effeminate, and was fit only for women and Italians.

“ Laissons à l'Italie
De tous ces faux brillans l'éclatante folie,”
is the language of a celebrated French poet; but Boscan had lived long among the Italians, and was too sensible of the beauties of the poetry of that country to be so soon silenced. He weighed well the ar-

* Usan ya de cierta prosa
Medida sin consonantes.

This is a remark of Castillejo in one of his sonnets: “ *Contra los que dexan los metros Castellanos, y siguen los Italianos.*” He adds:

Cantan otras forasteras
Nuevas a nuestros oydas.

guments of his opponents, and being convinced of the weakness of their reasoning, he proceeded as he commenced. His partisans began so rapidly to increase, that public opinion was completely changed, and praises in abundance were poured forth upon that which had before been so unwarrantably censured.

The most inveterate, and perhaps the most formidable opponent to the introduction of the Italian metre, was Christoval de Castillejo. This poet resided at Vienna, holding the situation of secretary to Prince Ferdinand; but notwithstanding he was so far removed from the scene of controversy, yet it had not the effect of preventing him from vehemently declaiming against what he termed an innovation upon the national poetry. In a satire called "*Petrarquistas*," he gave vent to his wrath, and opposes the poets of the old school, Juan de Mena, Jorje Maurique, Garcilaso, Cartagena, and Tornes-Naharro, to the innovators, Boscan, Garcilaso, and Mendoza. One of his accusations against them is (for to mention all would indeed be tedious),

Que corren con pies de plomo
Muy pesadas de caderas*.

Castillejo has also written some other satirical sonnets, in which he keenly ridicules the style of Boscan and his contemporaries.

The other circumstances of the life of Boscan are of little importance, as far as regards the literature of his time. He passed the greater portion of his latter days in his native city Barcelona, or in a

country-seat not far distant from the city. By the politeness and suavity of his manners, he gained a multiplicity of acquaintances, and became on terms of intimacy with the family of Alva, which held a distinguished rank among the nobility of Spain, and which has ever since that period received the homage of Spanish poets. Boscan was for some years instructor to Ferdinand, a branch of this noble family, who was afterwards a terror to the enemies of monarchy. As Boscan advanced in age, he forgot the cares of the world, and gave himself up entirely to the pleasures of a friendly circle, sometimes enjoying the allurements of a few solitary hours. The exact period of his death is not known, but it has been clearly ascertained, that he must have died previous to the year 1544.

Garcilaso in his 2nd Eclogue has told us, that Boscan was elegant in his person, of an agreeable aspect, of a sweet disposition, a model of urbanity, and was, by his knowledge and talents, eminently qualified to be the tutor of Ferdinand, the Grand Duke of Alva. The whole of this beautiful and fascinating description is much too long to cite in this place. It commences,

Miraba otra figura de un mancebo,
El qual venia con Febo mano á mano
Al modo cortesano. En su manera
Juzgaralo qualquiera, viendo el gesto
Lleno de un sabio*.

The German critic Bouterwek,

* Garcilaso in this eclogue introduces the names of many of his intimate friends, and among them is Boscan. He here supposes him to be led by the hand of a celestial being, and proceeds to give a highly flattering description of the man to whom he was so much indebted.

* That they run with feet of lead,
Heavier in the tail than head.

who has written a very interesting work upon Spanish literature, has observed with regard to Boscan, that he was the first poet of his nation who conceived the idea of classic elegance; and that in order to be able to appreciate his talent, it is absolutely requisite to compare his poetry written in the Italian style, with the ancient Castilian rhyme. "It ought not to be forgotten, that the reform which he accomplished was desired long, notwithstanding the loud cries against its introduction, by the most intelligent portion of the public. If it were otherwise, then Boscan would have remained alone, and Spain could not then have boasted of the many poets who followed his path, and some even with more glory than himself."

Boscan composed in the Italian style sonnets and pastorals, both of which were much admired. In his sonnets he took Petrarch for his model; in his tercets, Dante; and in his octaves, Politien, Ariosto, and Bembo. The most celebrated perhaps of all his compositions, is an epistle to Don Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, in which he combats the gross exaggerations of stoic philosophy, and shews a depth of thought and a justness of reasoning, rarely to be met with in any writer even of a more enlightened age. This epistle is an evident imitation of the elegant style of Horace, and reminds the reader, when he speaks with rapture of the delights of a country life, of the beautiful ode,

"Beatus ille qui procul negotiis," &c.

Quando pesada la Ciudad nos sea,
Iremos al Lugar con la compana,
A donde el importuno no nos vea.

Alli se vivira con menos mana
Y no habra el hombre tanto de guardarse
Del malo o del grosero queos eugana*.

The poetry which forms the first book of the works of Boscan are the productions only of his youth, and are deserving of little notice. The principal poem contained among them is called "The Sea of Love," and is little better than a heap of Castilian exaggerations. The second book contains his sonnets and *canzoni*, after the manner of the Italian school; but Boscan has not adhered strictly to the simplicity of the Italian style; he has followed the taste of his countrymen too much, instead of consulting his own good sense and judgment, and has fallen into some exaggerations which might have been avoided. The canzonet of Petrarch, commencing "*Chiare, dolci, e fresche acque*," has been imitated by Boscan most successfully, and has been esteemed even superior to its original by many admirers of Spanish poetry. This beautiful passage is to be found in it:

Las horas estoy viendo
En ella y los momentos,
Y cada cosa pongo en su sazon.
Comigo aca la entiendo.
Pienso sus pensamientos,
Por mi saco los suyos quales son,
Dize m'el coracon
Y pienso yo que acierta;
Ya este alegre, ya triste
Ya sale, ya se viste;
Agora duerme, agora esta despierta:
El seso y el amor
Andan por quien la pintara mejor†.

* When weary of the bustle of a town, we enjoy the sweets of a country life, leaving all troubles and vexations behind us. There we are freed from useless ceremonies, and none fear deceit from evil and designing men.

† Every hour, every moment she is present, and for every thing she does I

The greater part of the third book is filled with a translation of the little poem of Hero and Leander, commonly attributed to Museus. It is written in blank verse, in imitation of Trissino, but the language is not considered so pure or elegant as some of his other compositions. He also translated a tragedy of Euripides, which contributed much in forming the style of his friend Garcilaso de la Vega. The work which was held so much in the estimation of the Italians, and was considered an inestimable treasure, a model of fine writing, "*El Cortesano*," has also been translated by Boscan, and was greatly praised by Garcilaso in his letter to Dona Geromina Paloba de Almogaver.

The last piece of poetry which Boscan wrote is a little poem, which bears no other title than "*Ottava rima*." The author, after giving an allegorical description of the Empire of Love, imagines a general assembly of the nobles and vassals of the empire, at which Venus and Love preside. Venus then sends forth her messengers, who are charged to defend her reputation from the gross calumnies with which she is vilified. One of these ambassadors arrives at Barcelona, where he executes his commands among the beauties of the city. The disfixed a time. With her I converse: her very thoughts are mine. My heart tells me, and I believe it is so. Now she is happy; now she is sad; now she departs; now she dresses herself; now she sleeps; now she is awake. My soul and love dispute which represent her best

course of Love to some of these ladies is amusing, but there is I am afraid no room for a transcription. The grace with which this little poem is written, the truth of the descriptions, and the easiness of style, give it a charm which induces the reader to pass over a few faults, and excuse in some measure the length of the poem. There is a gentle hint given by Love in the course of his speech, which, for the sake of the ladies, I cannot withhold:

Guardad que mientras el buen tiempo dura
No se os pierda la fresca primavera;
Sali a gozar el campo y su verdura
Antes que todo en el invierno muera*.

I cannot conclude without adverting to the very slight praise which Lope de Vega, in his "*Laurel de Apolo*," has chosen to bestow upon Boscan. He mentions only the translation from Museus, and praises him only for the sweetness of his style. It is impossible to account for this very slight notice of one of the greatest poets of his day; a man too, who, by his great assiduity, exertions, and talent, was the cause of so great and glorious a revolution in Spanish poetry. Perhaps Lope de Vega was not so sensible of the advantages which the nation had derived from his labours.

[In the next article I shall probably notice Don Diego Hurtado de Mendoza.]

* Take care that while the fine weather lasts you lose not the freshness of the spring. Go and enjoy the fields and their verdure, ere it perish by the keen blasts of winter.

HEYLYN'S COSMOGRAPHY, AND SHAKSPEARE'S MACBETH.

Mr. EDITOR,

THE annotators upon Shakspeare (that dust-raking race, to whom, however, we, if not the poet, are under some obligations,) have pointed out several works where the story of Macbeth is related with certain variations. They have, however, entirely omitted one author, who is very circumstantial on the subject; I mean Dr. Peter Heylyn, who published, I believe, the first edition of his "*Microcosmos, or Little Description of the Great World*," in 1621. He is, as your readers no doubt are aware, a writer of much learning and celebrity, and among other books, wrote one, of which I have seen mention made in the pages of the *Repository*, viz. "France painted to the Life." His "*Microcosmos*" was a most popular production, being one of the earliest of the kind, and before 1629 it went through four editions in quarto: a great circulation indeed, considering the comparative fewness of readers at that period. Your subscribers may like to see his version of the history of Macbeth, which he gives when speaking of Scotland, and it may in future be added to the long list of *Shakspeariana*. He writes thus in the fourth edition of his work, in 1629:

"Now before I come to Kenneth, I will in this place relate the story of Machbed, one of his successors; a history than which, for variety of action or strangeness of event, I never met with any more pleasing. The story in brief is thus: Duncan, King of Scotland, had two principal men, whom he

employed in matters of importance, Machbed and Banquho. These two travelling together through a forest were met by three fairies, witches (weirds the Scots call them), whereof the first making obeisance to Machbed, saluted him Thane (a title unto which that earl afterwards succeeded) of Glamis; the second, Thane of Cawdor; and the third, King of Scotland. 'This is unequal dealing,' said Banquho, 'to give my friend all the honours, and none unto me:' to whom one of the weirds made answer, that he indeed should not be king, but that out of his loins should come a race of kings that should for ever rule Scotland.' Having thus said, they all suddenly vanished. Upon their arrival at the court, Machbed was immediately created Thane of Glamis; and not long after, some new service of his requiring new recompence, he was honoured with the title of Thane of Cawdor. Seeing then how happily the prediction of the three weirds fell out in the two former, he resolved not to be wanting to himself in fulfilling the third. Therefore first he killed the king, and after, by reason of his command among the soldiers and common people, he succeeded in his throne. Being scarce warm in his seat, he called to mind the prediction given to his companion Banquho, whom thereupon suspecting as his supplanter, he caused him to be killed, together with his whole kindred; Fleance his son only with much difficulty escaping into Wales. Freed now from this fear, he built Dunsinane castle, making it his ordinary seat; and

afterward, on new fears, consulting with certain wizards about his future estate, was by one told, that he should never be overcome till Bernane wood (which was some few miles distant) came to Dunsinane castle; and by the other, that he should never be slain by any man born of a woman. Secure now as he thought, he omitted no kind of licence or cruelty for the space of eighteen years; for so long he reigned, or to say better, tyrannized. Macduffe, governor of Fife, joining to himself some few patriots who had not yet felt the tyrant's sword, privily met one night at Bernane wood, and early in the morning marched (every man bearing a bough in his hand, the better to keep them from discovery,) toward Dunsinane castle, which they presently took by escalado. Machbed escaping, was pursued, overtaken, and urged to fight by Macduffe, to whom the tyrant half in scorn replied, that in vain he attempted his death,

for it was his destiny never to be slain by any man born of a woman. 'Now then is thy fatal hour come,' said Macduffe; 'for I never was born of any woman, my mother dying before her delivery:' which words so daunted the tyrant, though otherwise a man of good performance, that he was easily slain, and Malcolm Connor, the true heir of the crown, seated on the throne. In the mean time, Fleance so thrived in Wales, that he fell in love with the Welch prince's daughter, and by her had a son named Walter. This Walter flying Wales for a murder, was entertained in Scotland, and his descent once known, he was preferred to be steward to King Edgar; from which office the name of Steward became the surname of all his posterity. From this Walter descended that Robert Steward who was after, in right of his wife, King of Scotland."

As my quotation is long, I shall forbear comment, and remain, sir, yours, &c. ANTIQUARIUS.

THE GREEN MANTLE OF VENICE:

A true Story; from the German.

(Continued from p. 163.)

BETSEY PALLASCH, the daughter of the gaoler, thus pursued her story:

"The turnkey put his ear to the door of the cell in which the old gentleman was confined, and knocked softly three times. 'The old man must have a good conscience,' said he; 'he is fast asleep.'

"He had scarcely said so, when the clock struck twelve, and with the last stroke, a pale ghastly figure, in a green mantle, came out

at the door, followed by the old gentleman. We all three started up, and I involuntarily gave a loud shriek. The spectre stared at us with his flaming eyes, and said, 'I am the Green Mantle of Venice. My habitation is the grave. This man is free. He who injures him dies.'

"So saying, they both left our little apartment, passed through the room in which the guard slept, and vanished.

" 'Father! what was that?' cried I, wringing my hands between horror, apprehension, and joy. 'Did you see his face? There was not a drop of life-blood in it. Oh! it was Death himself, or a dreadful apparition!'

" My father was astounded. 'It was a dream, child, a fearful dream. It could be nothing else, for the old man still lies within there in irons.'

" With a trembling hand he took up the lamp, and went towards the cell. The fetters lay upon the pavement. The cell was empty! 'Master, we are lost,' exclaimed the turnkey; 'this was the Devil himself. It was some hellish contrivance. Bad luck to us! Holla, guards! To arms! Good Heaven, has Belzebub stopped your ears also by some diabolical enchantment?'

" The men heard not a syllable of what he said; and it was at least a quarter of an hour before, by dint of buffetings and shakings, they could be brought to stand upon their legs. The house was searched with all speed, every corner from the garret to the cellar; but no trace either of the ghost or of his companion could any where be found.

" At last, it became necessary for the sergeant to acquaint the commandant. 'If the commandant hears,' said the sergeant to the soldiers, who had scarcely recovered from their last night's intoxication, 'that you were drunk, every man of you will be shot. It seems to me that the deep sleep into which you fell was caused by the apparition of the Green Mantle of Venice. You have topped freely before now, my brave fel-

lows, yet were always found at your posts, and never till now neglected your duty.'

" The men were glad that the sergeant himself made this excuse for them; and they all swore that they had never been so bewitched before: they could hardly then see out of their eyes, so confused was the state of their heads. One of them undertook to swear with a thousand oaths, that he had seen the Green Mantle with the prisoner pass through the guard-room. He would have called to the others, but he found himself incapable of moving a limb, or of using his voice. Some invisible power compelled him to be silent.

" The sergeant made his report of all this to the commandant. The latter had yesterday been at a large entertainment, and, as the servants said, returned home in his cups, and was not yet out of bed.

" Two hours elapsed before all the guards recovered themselves. The post before the house-door had been carried away.

" The turnkey, my father, myself, and all the soldiers were carried under arrest before the commandant, and he examined us himself. We were put upon our corporal oath as to what we had heard and seen. The soldiers to a man swore, that with open eyes they had seen the Green Mantle pass through with the prisoner, and that they would have stopped—have shot him, but they were not able to move a finger, and that when they attempted to call out, their voices stuck in their throats. The Green Mantle had a huge cloven foot, and a long flaming tail. The door opened before him without his touching it, and when

he was gone, he left behind him a strong smell of sulphur.

"I knew very well that this was not all true, and that they had perjured themselves; but as I saw that the commandant began to be puzzled, and to consider my father less guilty, I let them swear what they liked, and sell their souls to the devil; for he who takes a false oath is sure to go to hell. But the scoundrels deserved no better. I must, however, except young Wollmar, who is a nice honest man, of whom nobody can speak ill. When they brought in the Green Mantle that had been found before the door of the house, the commandant and all the officers turned away in disgust, for it smelt putrid—like corrupted flesh. It almost fell to pieces with rottenness. One of the buttons rolled towards the feet of the commandant; and the sergeant found in the pocket a torn piece of paper, the writing on which could hardly be read. The rest were detained, but I was set at liberty, and hastened to Rosina, to give her the earliest intelligence of the escape of her master. The commandant afterwards held a long consultation with the rest of his officers.

"Little Charlotte has been examined again; and she has been discharged, with the threat that she shall be instantly shot if she tells a word of what she knows, or answers a single question. The child is now as mute as a fish regarding the whole story.

"The commandant is not at all easy about the Green Mantle; and they say, that there is something in the scrap of paper found in it that relates to him.

"Old Tobias has been searched for every where. The wine he gave to the soldiers has been examined, and poison has been found in it.

"Only opium perhaps," interrupted Wilmsen.

"Yes, that is what they call the stuff," continued Betsey Pallasch. "The soldiers lie there yet, calling out for drink. I do not believe that they will outlive this evening. But that is of no consequence—they have not an honest hair on their heads, and every man of them belongs to the devil after what they swore this morning. I am only anxious for Tobias: if they catch him, they will shoot him without trial upon the heap of dead."

Emmeline liberally rewarded the girl, and when she was gone, they all three wearied themselves with conjectures respecting the Green Mantle of Venice. At last, old Stipps observed, "Let us drop the subject. Mr. Mellinger is free and safe. The rest we must leave to Heaven."

Wilmsen passed his hand over his brow anxiously, and said, in a low tone, "While we have no intelligence regarding him, I shall not be easy."

"Do not leave me," said Emmeline mournfully, and stretched out her hands to both of them. "God has afflicted me heavily, and I have need of such friends."

Each raised her hand to their lips: Wilmsen felt the pressure of her soft delicate hand, and his delighted lips reposed upon it for a second. The thought rushed through his soul, that the pressure

she gave proceeded only from the agitation of the moment: he released her hand, and returned immediately to his original coolness of deportment. Emmeline silently observed him, and without being noticed, shook her head; and without another word, left the room very melancholy.

In her present unprotected situation, Emmeline invited one of her aunts to come and live with her. Old Stipps had the care of the chest, and Wilmsen superintended the business.

Thus matters were regulated in the house: in poor Emmeline's heart, however, no such order prevailed. Every day she learned to love the handsome young Wilmsen more and more; every day she heard more of the zeal with which he conducted the trade, and of the faithful anxiety with which he promoted the benefit of the firm; of the industry by which he distinguished himself from the rest of the clerks in the counting-house; of the universal regard which he excited in all places by his uprightness, by the benevolence of his dealings, and by the general kindness displayed in the whole of his conduct; of the propriety and excellence of his conversation; of the cheerfulness of his temper, and of a thousand proofs of the generosity of his heart: towards her only he was cold and silent; in her presence only he was reserved and circumspect, and under the influence of a painful degree of ceremony, which prevented her at all times from bringing him to anything like unreserved conversation.

The aunt brought the matter to a crisis, without knowing it, and without wishing it. She began to feel a particular admiration for the young man; and first began to praise his curling hair; then the whiteness of his linen; then the freshness of his lips; his manly voice; his expressive eyes; his blooming complexion; the genteel negligence of his dress; in short, every day she discovered some new recommendation. By such praises as these she soon fanned the flame in Emmeline's heart, without being at all aware of it. Emmeline was well satisfied in listening for hours while her loquacious aunt ran over this catalogue; and the latter never discovered what pleatings she inflicted upon her susceptible niece; for Emmeline on such occasions was generally so busily employed in her work, that her gossiping aunt could not perceive how Emmeline's cheeks glowed in silence during this grateful panegyric.

Little Charlotte had been, as we have seen, set at liberty. Her parents, on the morning she returned from the commandant, had taken her to a relation in the country, probably that she might escape the pressing interrogatories of the curious. At the end of a week, the little girl came back. Emmeline sought an opportunity of speaking to her alone, if possible, to learn further particulars regarding the murder of the courier by her father's hand. The child, who till now had been so full of prattle during her walks with Mr. Mellinger, was now as silent as the grave. The terror

of what she had gone through had made a deep impression upon the poor child.

"The commandant will have me shot," said she, laying both her hands on her anxious breast; "I dare not speak a word about it. My father tells me that the soldiers will not always stay here, and when they are gone, I will let you know every thing."

"At least tell me, child," said Emmeline, and pressed the poor girl to her heart, "and I swear by Heaven and my conscience to be silent—tell me whether my father did really stab the courier?"

"Yes," answered Charlotte, shaking her head, "he did stab the courier, he did indeed, but still he is no murderer."

On the same day the corpse of a drunken man was found in the river. The officer appointed to inspect it, recognised old Tobias in the unfortunate man: this opinion was confirmed by that of the bye-standers. Young Wilmsen was brought, that he might give his evidence on the subject. It was really old Tobias. As the corpse was already in a putrid state, it was immediately buried. The depositions were laid before the commandant, as was required in cases of this kind.

Next morning Wilmsen put in his claim for the 2000 dollars placed in the hands of the commandant, and reminded him of his written undertaking to return this sum as soon as the death of Tobias had been satisfactorily ascertained. The commandant breathed fire and flame. "The depositions are false," he cried; "you are all a parcel of rascals in one story!"

"The depositions are all regular and authentic, sir," answered Wilmsen, firmly but modestly; "and you are not the commandant of a parcel of rascals, but of a place whose inhabitants have the reputation of being the most upright citizens of the empire."

"Pray who has recognised the body of the drunken man as that of old Tobias?" continued the commandant, imitating Wilmsen in his manner of speaking. "You—who have an evident interest in maintaining it. I shall not refund the 2000 dollars, of that assure yourself. Besides, the money was not given to me only, but to both the other officers who were with me."

"Then at last I find," added Wilmsen, "that I neither can nor will rely upon your honour. It was a deposit which was to remain untouched, and not a present. If you have suffered others to take any part of it, you are still answerable for the whole, and if you do not believe in the evidence of the officer who inspected the corpse, and in my deposition, let the body be taken up again, and thousands who knew old Tobias will confirm what I have asserted."

"What, take up the body again!" exclaimed the commandant; "shall the grave be disturbed a second time for the sake of your house? I will have nothing more to do with you."

"But restore the 2000 dollars to us," said Wilmsen, returning to the matter in dispute.

"The grave shall first be opened," answered the commandant, and ordered Wilmsen to be gone.

• (To be continued.)

THE WAITING-MAID'S TALE.

PART I.

In rustic cot I pass'd my youthful days,
And watch'd the fields where kine for fatten-
ing graze;

But then—even then—each partial friend
could guess

My future skill in all the arts of dress:
There oft by hawthorn's sunny fence reclin'd,
Whose May-tide blossoms scented all the
wind,

I trimm'd my doll, and deck'd her mimic
face

With silken leaves and flow'rs, instead of lace:
With roses bright her cheek in patches shone,
Her neck and brow with lilies newly blown;
A daisy brooch adorn'd her bosom fair,
And pearls of hawthorn blooms engemm'd
her hair:

As thus I wrought, and pleas'd my joyous
sight,

While each new ornament gave new delight,
From neighbouring castle, o'er the lawny
grass,

Young lady Jane, one morning chanc'd to pass;
With anxious care her heart appear'd to pine,
O'er rival belles contriving how to shine.
She saw my rustic skill, she instant knew
What o'er the toilette might such genius do:
She call'd me home; there near her person
plac'd,

I gave in all superior proofs of taste,
And she still own'd in every conquest made
How much she ow'd to my adorning aid;
And when at last a prize to land she drew,
To me the merit half at least was due:

Of courtly place, a potent lord she gain'd,
And o'er her household I the mistress reign'd.
There long I liv'd at ease, nor knew the fear
Of prying foes, or rival favourites near.

The pantry's heaps, the cellar's stores of
wine,

I held their keys, and deem'd their treasures
mine;

Each passing friend a plenteous welcome
found,

And parties snug brought kind admirers
round:

Nor did their wants eclipse the wandering
poor's;

'Tis joy to give in alms what is not yours.

But midst the friends who daily loved to call,
Was one by me still favour'd more than all;

A clerkly youth, bred up in ways polite,
And skill'd in softest chat to while the night;
Yet poor and bare, rejoicing still to eat

The noontide lunch, or join the evening
treat:

On many a slight pretence he loved to call,
And stayed to dine on invitation small;
Yet still was welcome, pliant still to join
His song, his tale, to glad the circling wine;
And if alone we chanc'd at times to sit,
Soft tales of love still more endear'd his wit,
And bashful sigh, or wish but half express'd,
Oft ask'd my leave more plain to speak the
rest.

Yet, modest still, he check'd each fond ad-
vance;

If o'er his threadbare coat he mark'd me
glance,

And I still laugh'd, or bantering, loved to
tell

I had ne'er on me should pass the priestly
spell:

Here safe in Goshen I enjoy'd mine ease,
My only care my favouring dame to please;
Her whims to mind, her favourite cats caress,
To catch her glance that liked or scorn'd a
dress;

When strangers came to wait demure and
still,

Allow'd in lonelier hours to chat my fill:
In tasks like these, untail'd, I spent my care,
And still enjoy'd the best of plenteous fare;
But should my heart to wedlock's thoughts
incline,

Such joys, alas! must then no more be mine.
In some lone cot, from splendid halls afar,
I then with want must hold continuous war;
Must mite by mite the hard won pittance
scan,

And render wretched some good worthy man.
"Nay more," I cried, " (pray clear your
studious looks),

Of lovers all I hate the man of books.
My aunt, poor dame, such bookish husband
wed,

And such a life ne'er married female led!
From noon to night the man would ceaseless
pore,

And ne'er till midnight gave his scribblings
o'er;

And then his books—o'er every room they
lay,

Like Pharaoh's frogs, and uglier far than
they."

Thus I—and laugh'd—while he made no re-
ply,

Or answer'd still but by a gentle sigh.
This pass'd, and pass'd again; nor raised in
me

A thought, a wish, save pastime's passing
glee:

But, oft repeated, newer fancies rose,
And strange desires disturb'd my mind's re-
pose:

His shape, his air genteel, were form'd to
please;

His talk was well-bred wit and gleesome ease:

If lank and spare his frame might now ap-
pear,

Soon richer fare his founded form might
cheer:

His vestments black, now worn to dubious
brown,

Shew'd well that want had mark'd him for
her own;

But changed for coat of bright and glossier
hue,

His air genteel might then receive its due;

And might not I (the fancy pleas'd my pride)

His fortunes raise, and then be bless'd his
bride?

A word, a wish, would gain my mistress' aid,

And every whim of hers her lord obey'd:

Such patrons gain'd, the road to wealth was
sure,

And wealth to him would joy to me secure.

'Twas thus I thought, 'twas thus I fix'd my
plan,

Thus, night by night, I loved my schemes to
scan.

Quick beat my throbbing heart as oft the
youth

Sigh'd gently forth his fond adoring truth,

And gazing cried, with soft and humblest air,

"With her I loved had I but wealth to share,

Had I but patrons kind to aid my toil,

To bid my hopes, mine anxious fortunes
smiled,

How bright, my Betsy, then my joys would
shine,

Could I but share with them a love like thine!"

I laugh'd again, and bade the youth be still,

Lest Jove his foolish wish should, teas'd, ful-
fil:

But now, resolv'd, I sought each favouring
hour

Before my dame his ceaseless praise to pour.

"Had but my lord," I sigh'd, "some vacant
place,

None more than he the patronage would
grant."

She heard my tale, the repetition teas'd,

To still my tongue, she cried, I should be
pleas'd.

My lord was gain'd—for well the means she
knew—

And soon to happiest train the drama drew.

Now blissful fancies all our prospects cheer'd,

More fond the youth, more yielding I ap-
pear'd:

Alone with me, how well he loved to dine!

How well with me to sip the evening wine!

How oft his hours he spent in chat with me!

How oft popp'd in just opportune for tea!

How oft declar'd, what hopes soe'er might
rise,

'Twas I myself that he esteem'd the prize!

I trusted, loved; nor long our hopes were
cross'd,

The youth install'd, soon fill'd the promised
post:

And now to wealth, to daintiest dinners raised,

His handsome face in full effulgence blazed;

His downy cheeks, now ruddiest taught to
shine,

Shew'd happy ease, and choice of generous
wine;

His vestments black, of rich and glossiest
hue,

Gave all his form to advantageous view.

I joy'd to scan my work, I joy'd to see

That all this portly form was form'd for me.

Less frequent now he call'd; yet not the less

Gave ardent still the lover's warm caress,

Yet not so humble, not so softly kind;

Less anxious now my looks my wish to mind

He seem'd to grow; and I the while grew
fain

To watch his eye some tenderer glance to
gain.

I sigh'd and gaz'd, all sad and insecure,

And wish'd that now my cherish'd hopes
were sure;

Nor he refus'd, but still with long delay

Ne'er press'd me kind to name the nuptial
day.

Will he recede? I ask'd mine anxious mind;

My trembling heart no answer still could find:

Yet warmer still his kind caresses grew,

And fonder arms around my breast he threw;

Whilst I scarce dared a word to hint of blame,

And, timid, joy'd to find his love the same;

Such fondness too, some snares I ween'd
might set,

And round his honour wind my female net:

But, out alas! the net was all for me,

He snatch'd the bait, yet stood ungrateful
free:

His ardours now seem'd less'ning more and
more,

As all his humble looks had done before:

Now cool and cooler still he daily grew,

Still less and less he sought to meet my
view;

Or if, at times, with show of tender mood

His words of kindness seem'd awhile renew'd,

My turning look could oft at parting spy

The mirth of mockery, all his treacherous
eye.

LETTER FROM BADEN,

With a Description of the Place, and of the Château LA FAVORITE.

IN itself, the town of Baden is nothing; the streets are neither elegant nor convenient: the celebrity, however, which the waters have acquired, draws a crowd of fashionable people to Baden in the season.

Lodgings are here very plentiful, and in each ready-furnished house you find baths. The corrosive action of the waters of Baden upon metals is so great, that not only the bathing-tubs, but even their pipes and cocks, are all made of wood. In the furnished lodging-houses each bathing-tub is placed in a small closet, of which there are several, each separated from the other by a partition; but in order that the air may circulate freely, these partitions do not reach the ceiling; they are even so low, that if you stand upon a chair in your closet, you may look into the next. The notion of being overlooked, however, never seems to occur to any person, nor do I recollect to have ever heard an instance of indiscreet curiosity: still the idea of bathing in such a situation is not at all pleasant to English feelings.

Though the water is very hot, it neither scalds the throat nor creates any nausea. The company here, as in other bathing-places, consists of people whose health requires the waters, and of idlers, who come to Baden merely for pleasure; and to say the truth, I know no place where the numerous family of time-killers can be better accommodated: they will find delightful promenades for the morning, and cards, music, and dancing, for the evening.

Near the centre of the town is a very fine avenue, planted at each side with trees, and at the end of it is a *café*. The first apartment is for refreshments, coffee, ices, sherbets, *liqueurs*, and punch. The second apartment is very large; there are placed round it rows of seats, one above another. This may be called the gambling-room: the company play at *roulette*, *trente-et-quarante*, &c. &c. At one end of this apartment is a large tribune, where tables are fixed for the accommodation of those who choose to play at Boston, and other games of that description; and at the other extremity, in a similar tribune, are different musical instruments.

The gaming-room opens at ten o'clock in the morning; the company may remain till one in the forenoon, when it is again closed till three, and from that hour till nine at night it remains open; that is to say, during the week days; but on the Sunday, the bank is taken about ten at night into the grand saloon, where those who choose may remain at play during the whole night.

Those who do not play generally dance. The ball-room is magnificent; I think it is quite as long as the gallery of pictures at the Luxembourg. The floor is composed of different sorts of wood: it is mosaic, and extremely pretty. The ceiling is painted *en rosaces*. This apartment is magnificently lighted up: there are nine lustres and four candelabras; two of the latter are placed at each extremity. The effect of the lights is rendered still

more striking by two very large mirrors placed exactly opposite to each other, at the extremities of the saloon; these multiply the reflection of the lights in such a manner, that the eye can hardly bear their brilliancy.

Between each of these mirrors, a sofa, large enough for several people, is placed upon a sort of platform. The windows are very wide and high; the recesses between them are filled by three large chairs, with a sofa between each. The furniture is of red velvet; the window-curtains and draperies are of *gros de Naples*, of the same colour, trimmed with rich gold fringe. On one side is a tribune for princes only, and you will acknowledge that they are not scarce at Baden, when I tell you that we have had fifty-two highnesses here at the same time. On the other side is a tribune for the musicians. We have a delightful orchestra for dancing.

There is a striking contrast in the dress of the ladies: some are ridiculously over dressed, while others affect the extreme of simplicity. Ball dress is, however, in general regulated by good taste: it is simple, but elegant.

In the hall, through which you pass to enter the ball-room, is a very large buffet, filled with the choicest refreshments. The good people of Baden say, that here at least the English can get comfortable things; and they add, a little maliciously, that the lightest pastry should be offered to the French.

At a little distance from the *promenade de Ville*, which is called *l'Allée*, is situated the pavilion of the Grand Duchess Stephanie: it

is a simply elegant building. The gardens belonging to it are open to the public: there are no door-keepers, but nevertheless no one attempts to meddle with the flowers, though they are in such quantities, particularly the roses, that the air is literally embalmed with their perfume.

The old castle only makes amends in my eyes for its ugliness, by a terrace which commands a magnificent view of the whole city.

On the other side of the town is a most delightful walk: it leads to a convent of nuns, where it is the fashion to go on a Sunday to hear mass. The music, both vocal and instrumental, is extremely fine: the nuns themselves perform on the violin, the base, and the violoncello. A high mountain rises behind the convent, from the summit of which you have a most extensive view of the country. Although we are a distance of twelve leagues from Strasburg, yet one may plainly perceive the spire of the cathedral rising majestically in the air.

About a league and a half from Baden, and on the road to Rachstadt, there is still existing an ancient castle, in perfect preservation; and as it is a truly singular building, I think that some description of it may amuse you. It is called *La Favorite*, and was built for the Margravine of S—, who spent all the time there that etiquette did not oblige her to pass in her residence at Rachstadt. The exterior as well as the interior of this castle gives proof of the singular, one might even say grotesque, taste of the original proprietor. The outside of the walls is covered with pebbles of the Rhine,

of all colours, and of different sizes, which gives to the building what some people might style a picturesque appearance, but I should rather call it a rustic one. These pebbles are incrustated, and if one of them fall out, it is immediately replaced by another. *La Favorite* presents a perfect square, the four sides of which bear an exact resemblance to each other. The vestibules and stairs are formed of little square pieces of blue and white porcelain, similar to those which compose the Dutch stoves. The hall of reception, which is not so long as it is wide, is profusely ornamented with mirrors. The tapestry of this hall was worked by the margravine and her women: it is wrought in medallions and flowers of coloured silks of different shades, upon a ground of yellow and white bugles. The floor of this apartment, and indeed of all the rooms in the castle, are what is called *Venitienne*: it is a sort of stucco, so highly polished, that you would take it for marble. A bedchamber adjoining to the hall contains a bed of a Gothic form, and of such extraordinary dimensions, that one would suppose it was intended for a whole family: it is raised upon a platform, and is surrounded by a balustrade, which supports vases of china and porcelain: the forms of these vases are rather singular than elegant; some of them indeed are even grotesque. The bed is hung with drapery; the hangings of the chamber are of celestial blue velvet, embroidered in silver. The bed-chamber of the margrave adjoins that of the margravine, and resembles it exactly; the only difference

is, that the hangings are red and gold.

Near these apartments is the library, in the middle of which is a large bureau; a piano is placed in one of the angles, and opposite to it a *secretaire*, covered with a number of little figures in porcelain, representing men and animals, as monkeys, dogs, and cats. I must not forget to say, that the human figures are what we generally call *petits bons hommes*.

In another angle, is a blue and white earthen-ware stove: it is very wide at the base, and terminates in a point, which reaches to the ceiling: it is shaped like a pyramid, and cut in the form of a staircase, each step supporting a great number of porcelain figures. Instead of tapestry, the room is hung with plain blue paper, and ornamented apparently with pictures; but in reality the frames are filled with mechanism, which may be moved by means of wires. When all these pictures, of a new description, are in motion, the effect is so irresistibly ludicrous, that it is impossible to forbear laughing at the grotesque appearance of some of the figures, and the droll gestures of the others.

The *boudoir* of the margravine is fitted up in a very elegant manner: the walls are entirely covered with mirrors and portraits; even the doors are in plates of glass, but placed as lozenges, and separated by round medallions, which present miniatures of men who have been celebrated in all ways and in all ages.

You pass from the *boudoir* into another room, of nearly the same dimensions. I counted in this apartment one hundred and forty-

four portraits, all of the same size: seventy-two of these represent the margrave, her highness's husband: he is drawn in the most various and opposite costumes; sometimes as the Grand Lama, sometimes as a gardener, but always in different dresses. The other portraits are those of the margravine herself. Seventy-two different dresses afford, you will say, some scope for a lady's taste to shew itself; and certainly the costumes of her highness are various enough, and some of them very original, but in general they are whimsical rather than elegant.

The dining-room is on the ground-floor: it is extremely lofty; the ceiling is painted to represent the firmament, which it does exactly; sun, moon, and stars, nothing is wanting. A gallery, resembling that of Vauxhall at Paris, goes round this apartment, in which I should observe there are four fountains that play continually, and give in summer a most agreeable freshness to the air.

On entering the kitchen, my eye was immediately caught by an immense picture, representing eatables, or rather, I ought to say, any thing that is fit to be eaten. This singular picture had as singular a use: every morning the margravine descended to the kitchen to order her dinner, but, instead of speaking, she pointed with a wand to the dishes which she intended to have. You may judge from this circumstance what a number of objects must have been represented upon this, if I may use the phrase, culinary canvas.

From the kitchen she went into

the confectionary, where there is still unquestionable evidence of the whimsicality of her taste remaining. The dessert was served in hollow plates, the cover of each of which exactly resembles what was served up in it: her highness's wand consequently saved her the trouble of ordering her dessert. I have not heard whether she was as sparing of her words upon other occasions, but if so, considering that she was a woman, she must have been a miracle of taciturnity.

The dessert service is really beautiful, and is well worth the attention of travellers. The apartment in which the glass is kept is also worth examining: in one part of it is a service of Bohemian glass incrustated with gold and silver. The margravine's whimsical taste displays itself here too: if the glasses have feet, they are always in the form of animals; I thought those of an eagle were the most naturally executed.

I have described to you only the apartments formerly used by the Margravine of S—, as the modern ones, though elegantly fitted up, have nothing in them singular. When the reigning grand duke comes to *La Favorite*, he always uses the latter; but he has expressly forbidden, that any thing which has belonged to the margravine should be touched or removed from its place. Every thing is preserved as an object of curiosity, and with a sort of religious respect; in fact, the reigning prince carries this so far, as to have even a separate kitchen.

Adieu! Believe me truly yours,

THE RECANTATION OF VOLTAIRE.

MR. EDITOR,

BEING not long since in France, I met with a pamphlet, of the curiosity of which I was not aware until lately, because I had only looked at the title. I bought it merely for the sake of the person to whom it relates—Voltaire. The subject of it is an important incident in the life of that “chief of the *beaux esprits* of France,” and which has not been noticed by any of his biographers. It purports to contain copies of certain letters that passed between the Archbishop of Anneci and Voltaire regarding his preaching in the church of Ferney. It also inserts the representation of the case by the archbishop to the King of France, and Voltaire’s genuine or supposed confession of faith, in consequence of certain orders made by his majesty. It is remarkable that it was printed in Paris nine years before the death of Voltaire, which happened, as every body knows, in 1778; and as it was never answered by him in any way that I have been able to learn, some argument is thereby afforded in favour of the authenticity of the correspondence.

We have all heard and read of the contest after his death regarding the religious tenets of Voltaire. Some of his friends contended, that he died a pious and a good Christian; while d’Alembert and Diderot endeavoured to persuade mankind, that he went out of the world as he had lived in it. These documents throw some light upon this disputed point, and shew, that however bold and blasphemous the author of *La Pucelle d’Orléans*

might be when in health, he was terror-struck at the approach of sickness, and was anxious to take refuge in the promises and consolations of religion. This pamphlet is therefore of considerable value, in enabling us to form a more correct opinion as to the character and opinions of Voltaire.

The occasion of the letters between the archbishop and the “arch-poet,” as he has been named by his countrymen, was this: Voltaire had repaired, indeed almost rebuilt the church of Ferney, where he had taken up his residence; and it seems, that on the Sunday after Easter, he thought fit, without having undergone the ceremonies of ordination, to mount the pulpit himself, and to preach a sermon against theft and dishonesty, a vice he found growing in his little state.* His object does not appear to have been to broach any heretical doctrines, or to give currency to his infidel notions; but merely to promote morality and good order. As, however, this step was contrary to the rites of the Catholic church, all the clergy took alarm, and fired up against the innovation. The Archbishop of the diocese of Anneci commenced the remonstrances, and wrote a very handsome but strong letter to Voltaire, in which he reminded him, that not long before he had “confessed and communicated voluntarily:” it concludes thus:

“I shall only remind you farther in plain terms, that time press-

* He had himself been recently robbed to a considerable amount.

es, and that it is highly important for you not to lose any of the valuable moments that yet may remain to you. You have already a debilitated body sinking under the burthen of age, and the time rapidly advances when so many of your illustrious predecessors have finished a course now hardly to be traced. They were misled by the false light of a fading glory, and not a few of them died hopeless and miserable. Heaven grant that you, wiser and more prudent than they, may employ your hours in repentance, for the attainment of that supreme felicity which ought alone to give you satisfaction."

I need not go farther into the pious archbishop's expostulation; but Voltaire's reply, both on account of its subject and its author, deserves more notice.

"Your letter," he says, "gave me great satisfaction, at the same time that it excited my astonishment. You admit my merits, yet with great inconsistency; think it necessary to remind me of the commonest duties—me, who ought, as the head of the parish, to set an example to others. It is not enough to relieve those who are under us from poverty, to encourage matrimony, and to contribute all in our power to their happiness; we should also inform their understandings, and correct their vices; and it seems strange indeed that the head of the little community is not to be permitted to do duty in the church he has in fact himself built.

"The farther we advance in life, of course the more ought we to shut the heart from every thing that may corrupt it. I have been assailed by calumnies on all sides, and the best remedy is, to endea-

our to forget them. Every trivial annoyance will soon be lost, and justice, truth, and honesty are the only things that can be of real service here and hereafter. Without them man is the enemy of man, and the *caritas generis humani* for ever destroyed: he would only become the slave of selfishness, pomp, pride, avarice, and idle distinctions. To do good for the sake of doing good is a refined duty, and a delightful state of mind.

"You cannot, I presume, be ignorant, that by the law of France, the head of every parish, at the time of administering the sacrament, gives information to the people assembled, whether any robbery has been committed. This is a matter of police, and what I did was little more. If a house were in flames, all would be found to bring water; and all I did was to warn the congregation to be careful of their flames."

The logic here displayed is not very acute, nor does Voltaire in other respects make out a very good case. The archbishop, nevertheless, wrote a second and a third letter, both of which were answered: in one of these replies, Voltaire observes truly, "Literary trifles have little connection with the duties of a citizen and a Christian. The *belles lettres* are an amusement only, though perhaps I have erred in making them too much a business. Benevolence, solid piety void of all superstition, and the love of our neighbour, ought to be paramount. I endeavour as far as is in my power to fulfil these obligations in my retreat."

It was at this juncture that the

interference of the king and his ministers was obtained, in order to check the apparent irreverence and impiety of Voltaire. What is called "the certificate of the confession of faith," obtained in consequence, may be worth giving entire.

"Certificate of the Confession of Faith made by M. de Voltaire."

"Marie Francis-Arouet de Voltaire, Gentleman of the King's Chamber, Lord of Ferney, &c. aged 75 years; of very weak constitution, having with difficulty arrived at and entered the church on Palm-Sunday, notwithstanding his infirmity; and having since that day been attacked by a violent fever, of which M. Bugros, surgeon, acquainted the Vicar of Ferney, according to the law in such case: In consideration therefore of the illness and debility of M. de Voltaire, who was totally unable to go to confess and receive the sacrament at the church, the vicar was entreated to perform all that the ordinances of the king, the acts of parliament, and the canons of the Catholic church required. The sick man offered to make all necessary declarations and protestations, and to submit entirely to

whatever might be required, without the omission of any part of his duty. This ceremony was necessary for the edification and instruction as well of the Catholics as of the Protestants resident in the house of M. de Voltaire. These presents are therefore signed by his own hand, in the sight of two witnesses. Dated this 30th March, 1769, at ten in the morning.

("Signed,) VOLTAIRE.

"Witnesses, { BIGUE,
WAGUIRE."

I will not insert any more of these formal instruments, which bear all the official marks, and which appear to be attested by persons of credit and credibility. The last of them is Voltaire's creed, which is in truth precisely the Roman Catholic creed, with very slight variations indeed. As to the genuineness of these documents, I offer no opinion, excepting that it is possible that this confession might have been obtained from Voltaire during one of his severe illnesses. I only say it might have been, not that it actually was so obtained. At all events, it is a curious matter of speculation. I remain, &c. P. B†.

LONDON, Sept. 5, 1821.

ANECDOTES, &c. HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND PERSONAL.

No. VI.

ARCHBISHOP USHER.

IN a book belonging to this learned prelate, was the following entry made with his own hand: "The King (Charles I.) once, in the presence of George Duke of Buckingham, told me of his own accord, that he never loved Popery in all his life; but that he never

detested it before his going into Spain."

Dr. Usher was charged by his enemies with advising his sovereign to consent to the death of the Earl of Strafford. "That is false," said Charles one day to some one who had made that accusation against him to the king;

"for after Lord Strafford's bill of attainder was passed, the archbishop came to me with tears in his eyes, and said, 'Oh, sir, what have you done? I fear that this act may prove a great trouble to your conscience; and I pray God that your majesty may never suffer by the signing of the bill.'"

"The archbishop," says his biographer, "lived at my Lady Peterborough's house near Charing-Cross, and on the day that King Charles was put to death, got upon the leads, at the desire of some of his friends, to see his beloved sovereign for the last time. When he came upon the leads the king was in his speech; he stood motionless for some time and sighed, and then, lifting up his eyes full of tears to heaven, seemed to pray very earnestly. But when his majesty had done speaking, and had pulled off his cloak and doublet, and stood stripped in his waistcoat, and that the villains in vizards began to put up his hair, the good bishop, no longer able to endure so horrible a sight, grew pale, and began to faint; so that if he had not been observed by his own servant and others that had stood near him, he had fainted away. So they presently carried him down, and laid him upon his bed."

Cromwell (at the intercession of the archbishop, for whom he had a great respect,) had promised to permit the ministers of the Church of England the freedom of their mode of divine worship in private congregations. The archbishop waited upon him to claim his promise, which had not been performed, and found him under the hands of his surgeon, who was dressing

a great bile which he had on his breast. Cromwell said to him, "If this cofe, sir," pointing to it, "were once out, I should be well." To whom Dr. Usher replied, "I doubt the core lies deeper; there is a core that lies at the heart that must be taken out, or else it will not be well."—"Ah!" replied Cromwell, "so there is indeed," and sighed. The bishop not succeeding in his application, returned home, where he met with some of his friends, to whom he said, "This false man hath broken his word with me, and refuses to perform what he promised. Well, he will have little cause to glory in his wickedness, for he will not continue long; the king will return. I shall not live to see it, you may." Cromwell ordered his funeral to be public, and gave two hundred pounds towards it. On his deathbed he told his friends, "It is a dangerous thing to leave every thing undone till our last illness. I fear a deathbed repentance will avail us little if we have lived vainly and viciously, and neglected our conversion till we can sin no longer."

Usher afforded this attestation to the merits of our excellent Liturgy:

"Of the Book of Common Prayer I have always had a reverent and a very high esteem; and, therefore, that at any time I should say it was an idol, is a shameless and a most abominable untruth.

"J. ARMAGH."

"Jan. 16, 1655."

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF THE INFLUENCE OF RELIGION ON A GENTOO.

A rich Gentoo, residing on the
P P

banks of the Ganges, had a wife of great beauty, with whom he enjoyed all the delights of reciprocal affection. One morning early, as she was filling a vessel with water at the river, a Mogul nobleman happening to pass by, was so struck with her beauty at first sight, that he spurred the horse towards the place where she was standing, seized her, and laying her across his saddle-box, rode off with her, regardless of her cries, and overpowering her struggles. Whether she was alone, or accompanied, no one it seems could inform her unfortunate husband who was the ravisher, that he might have implored justice against a violence, certainly not tolerated under the Mogul government; neither could he learn what road they had taken, that by his research he might find her, and reclaim her.

Under these circumstances, life became a burthen to the disconsolate husband; he quitted his habitation, and became a wandering Geoghi, with the double intention of favouring his inclination for solitude, and of searching the country round for her. But while he was thus employed, the Mogul nobleman had accomplished his designs. At first, he was very cautious of allowing her the least liberty, fearful of a discovery; but after having two children, he became inattentive of restraining her, even more than the Mahometans commonly are, thinking perhaps to conciliate her love by this indulgence—a mode of proceeding not uncustomary among the Gentoo.

After two years' search, her husband, disguised as a Geoghi, came

by chance to a garden-door at which she was standing, and begged alms of her. It is not said whether he knew her or not, but at the first sight, and from the sound of his voice, she recognised him, notwithstanding the dress which he had assumed. She embraced him with the most rapturous joy, related to him all her adventures, how unwillingly she had suffered the nobleman's treatment, and concluded with expressing her detestation of her present condition, with an offer of immediately making her escape, and returning to his bosom. To this affectionate declaration the Gentoo only answered, by representing to her the inviolable rule of their religion in such a case, which did not admit of his receiving her again as his wife, or having any intercourse with her whatever.

However, after jointly bewailing the cruelty of their separation, and the law which prohibited that reunion for which they both ardently sighed, they consulted about what measures should be taken to effect it; and they determined that he should repair without delay to the great temple of Jaggernaut, near the sea-side, in the kingdom of Orixá, near the mouth of the Ganges, there to consult the high-priest and his chief assistants, whether any thing could be done to restore her, at least to her religion.

Accordingly he went, and returned to her with a countenance portentous of the most horrid intelligence. He told her, he came to bid her an eternal adieu, for that she could not be exonerated from the excommunication she had,

however innocently, incurred, but on such conditions as he could neither expect, or advise her to comply with. They were these: she should destroy the children she had by her ravisher, so as to leave no traces of her pollution by his profane embraces; then fly with her husband to the temple of Jagernaut, and there to have melted lead poured down her throat, by which means only she might be permitted to die in her cast, if she could not live in it.

The wife, on hearing these terms, accepted them, hard as they were, notwithstanding her husband's most tender dissuasions. Stimulated then by the strong incentives of zeal for her religion, love for her husband, and hatred for her ravisher, that made her see in her children nothing but his part of them, all conspiring to steel her heart against the dictates of nature, she perpetrated the first part of the injunction, and found means to escape undiscovered with her husband, who did not even dare to renew with her the privilege of one; as her person was still polluted, he would become equally culpable with her, had they enjoyed the connubial intercourse.

Arrived at the temple, she presented herself with the utmost firmness and intrepidity to the priests, of whom she demanded the fulfilment of the rest of her sentence. After a sequestration of a few days, and other preparatory ceremonies, she was led to the appointed place of execution in the area before the temple; an innumerable concourse of people were present; she did not discover the least symptom of fear at the dreadful solemnity

and apparatus of the fire, and other instruments for her sufferings. After a short prayer, she was blindfolded, and extended on the ground with her mouth open, ready to receive her death with the melted lead. Instead of which, some cold water was poured down her throat; she was then ordered to rise, and assured, that the sincerity of her intention having thus been proved, it was accepted by the Deity, and that she was then at liberty to live with her husband as before, being reinstated in all her rights, divine and social.

DR. JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY.

The following appeared anonymously very soon after the first edition of the great work to which it refers:

In love with a pedantic jargon,
Our poets nowadays are far gone;
So that a man can't read their songs,
Unless he has the gift of tongues,
Or else, to make him understand,
Keeps Johnson's Lexicon at hand.

Be warn'd, young poet, and take heed,
That Johnson you with caution read.
Always attentively distinguish
The Greek and Latin words from English,
And never use such, as 'tis wise
Not to attempt to nat'ralize.

Suffice the following specimen,
To make the admonition plain:

Little of *anthropopathy* has he,
Who in yon *fulgid curricule* reclines
Alone; while I, *depauperated* bard!
The streets *pedestrious* scour. Why with
bland voice,

Bids he me not his *vectitation* share?

Alas! he fears my *lacerated* coat,
And visage pale with *frigoric* want,
Would bring *dedecoration* on his chaise.
Me miserable! that th' Aonian hill
Is not *auriferous*, nor fit to bear
The *farinaceous* food, support of bards,

Carnivorous but seldom; yet the soil
Which Hippocrene *humectates*, nothing
yields

But sterile laurels and aquatics sour.

To *dulcify* th'*absinthiated* cup
Of life, receiv'd from thy *novercal* hand,
Shall I have nothing, Muse? To *lenify*
Thy heart *indurate*, shall poetic woe,
And plaintive *ejulation*, nought avail?

Riches *desiderate* I never did,
Ev'n when in mood most *optative*; a farm,
Small, but *aprique*, was all I ever wish'd.
I, when a rustic, would my *blatant* calves
Well pleas'd *ablactate*, and delighted tend
My *gemilliparous* sheep; nor scorn to rear
The *superb* turkey and the *frippant* goose.
Then to *dendrology* my thoughts I'd turn,
A fav'rite care should *horticulture* be;
But most of all would *geoponics* please.
While *ambulation* thoughtless I protract,
The tir'd sun *appropinquates* the sea.
And now my *arid* throat and *lustrant* maw
Vociferate for supper; but what house
To get it in, gives *dubitation* sad.
Oh! for a *turgid* bottle of Bell's beer,
Mature for *imbibition*! and, oh! for
(Dear object of *hiation*) mutton pies!

RESPECT.

We have for some time distinguished two sorts of respect; the one which is due to merit, and the other which we pay to those who possess elevated situations in society, or to persons of high birth. The latter species of respect is nothing more than a certain form of manner or speech, which no one ever wishes to omit but from ignorance or puerile pride.

From the history of Venice we learn, that when Laurence Celsus was elected doge in the year 1631, his father, who was still living, evinced on the occasion a most singular weakness of mind.

This old man thinking himself much superior to his son, could not condescend to be uncovered

in his presence, and not being able to avoid it, without failing of that respect which was due to the chief of the state, he determined to go always bareheaded.

This conduct of a person, otherwise respectable, only afforded the nobles a subject for ridicule, without making any impression on their minds. But the doge, much hurt to see that his father had made himself an object of raillery by his absurd behaviour, ordered a cross to be put in the front of the cap which he wore as doge. His father then had not the least objection to resume the use of a cap; and whenever he saw his son, he would take it off, saying thus: "It is the cross which I salute, and not my son; for having given him life, he should be inferior to me."

Fabius Maximus, the Roman dictator, thought very differently to the doge's father. This great man went on horseback to meet his son, Quintus Fabius Maximus, who had just been created consul. The young man seeing his father approach him without descending from his horse, commanded him to dismount. Fabius immediately obeyed, and embraced his son. "It rejoices me," said he, "to see that you conduct yourself like a consul."

This fierce Roman thought it more honourable to have a son who knew how to maintain his dignity, than to see himself respected by the first magistrate of the republic.

ARTHUR WILSON,

the prejudiced historian of the life and reign of James I. wrote the memoirs of his own life under this title, "Observations of God's Pro-

vidence in the Tract of my Life." The reasons that induced him to do this, he thus describes :

" Sunday, the 21st of July, 1641, Mr. Beadle, of Bristow, preached at Leeze. His text was *Numbers xxxiii. 1.* ' These are the journies of the children of Israel : ' insisting upon this, that every Christian ought to keep a record of his own actions and ways, being full of dangers and hazards, that God might have the glory.

" This made me run back to the beginning of my life, assisted by my memory, and some small notes, wherein I have given a true, though a mere delineation of eight and forty years' progress in the world : wherein I never was arrested, nor arrested any man ; never sued any man, nor was sued by any man (except in that particular of Mr. King), never was examined nor brought before a magistrate, never took oath but the oath of allegiance, never bore witness, nor was called to bear witness in any business. So that though I lived in the world, I was not beaten with the tempests of it, shrouding myself under those goodly cedars, my two noble masters*, whose actions deserve an everlasting monument."

The peculiar felicity of Mr. Wilson indeed merited his gratitude and his remembrance : yet were many persons of less talents and less consequence to write the memoirs of their own lives, posterity would be instructed, and mankind would become wiser and better than they are ; then

————— omnis

Votivâ pateat veluti descripta tabellâ

Vita hominis : ———

* The Earls of Essex and Warwick.

The commerce of real life would then, from actual facts and incidents, supply that fund of information and amusement for which we in vain seek in fictitious histories ; and, in the words of Lord Bacon, " bring home to our business and bosoms the experience of others." The French abound with these useful records.

BLACK OR BLUE EYES.

In the Academy of Apathists in Italy, the following question was discussed : " Which are the most handsome eyes in women, black or blue ? "

Those who were in favour of blue eyes, said, their colour was like the heavens, and their fire more mild and temperate. The black, said those who defended them, are more brilliant, and produce a greater effect, and their colour, contrasted with the whiteness of the skin, has a wonderful power. An academician said, " That he gave the preference to the eyes that looked on him favourably, and he did not mind whether they were blue or black."

TREATMENT OF DEBTORS IN CEYLON.

The mode of treating debtors in this island is particularly singular and severe. The first step taken is to strip the debtor of his clothes, and a guard is set to watch him. If after a little time he does not pay, a large stone is put upon his back, and he must carry it about until his creditor is satisfied. Sometimes they put several very heavy stones upon his back, and he is obliged to carry them about until the debt is extinct.

Another severity often practised

by the creditor, is putting thorns between the naked legs of his debtor, and obliging him to walk about with them. Frequently the creditor will go to the person indebted to him, and say he will poison himself, unless he pays him directly. Instances have occurred of such threats being put into execution, and the debtor, who is considered as the cause of his creditor's death, also forfeits his life.

PICTURESQUE TOUR IN THE OBERLAND.

PLATE 26.—GLACIER OF ROSENLAUI.

THE route from Grindelwald, over the Scheideck of that name, to Meyringen in the valley of Hasli, distant seven leagues, abounds in the magnificent natural scenery peculiar to the environs of the Alps. It may be travelled without danger, either on foot or on horseback. It leads for some time along the foot of the Wetterhorn, the imposing forms of which mountain, and the movement of the clouds and vapours around its summit, strongly engage the attention of the spectator. After gaining the heights of the pass, called Esels-rücken, or Ass's back, which is 6045 feet above the level of the sea, the traveller perceives, on the eastern slope of the Scheideck, the glacier of Schwarzwald extending to the south-east, between the Wetterhorn and the Wellhorn; and a league farther, he arrives at the bridge over the Reichenbach, which is the best point of view for contemplating the glacier of Rosenlauri.

This glacier, one of the ramifications of that of Gauli, is situated between the Wellhorn and the Nellihorn, on the south, and the Engelhorn and the Kamlihorn, on the east. These mountains are shewn in the annexed view. The stream which flows under the bridge is principally fed by the effusion

of the Rosenlauri glacier, and two leagues lower down, after it has been joined by several other rivulets, it forms the beautiful fall of Reichenbach, which the pencil of the landscape-painter has so frequently portrayed.

At a little distance from the Reichenbach, in a wild and sequestered spot, are situated the baths of Rosenlauri. Let not the traveller expect here to find a Buxton or a Harrowgate; the place consists of two wooden buildings, one of which is constructed for an inn, and the other for baths. From its situation in a dark, narrow defile, overshadowed by a gloomy wood, within hearing of the everlasting roar of the Reichenbach, and far from all the conveniences of life, Rosenlauri can never become a place of popular resort, or attract visitors, except from the immediate neighbourhood, the inhabitants of which sometimes experience benefit from bathing in its waters, in cases of external injury. The water is artificially warmed, and divided into six reservoirs, which admit but one person at a time. At the inn, on the other hand, every traveller may obtain refreshments; and the path leading to the source of the sulphureous water, about 150 paces



from the Reichenbach, has something romantic, especially as it conducts to a pretty fall between dark-coloured rocks, which would not be unworthy of the painter's notice.

From this bath to the margin of the Rosenlauri glacier, there is an ascent of about a league, but so obstructed by masses of stone and fallen trees, that it requires a more than ordinary share of perseverance to climb it. The glacier itself is considered one of the finest. It sinks abruptly, with numerous rugged inequalities and chasms, into a narrow valley; while above, it seems to rise to the most elevated crest of the mountain. Whether its name be derived, according to Ramond, from once fertile pasturage now buried beneath ice, seems very doubtful: it appears much more probable, that it may have originated in the roseate tinge communicated, morning and evening, by the rising and setting sun; or to the reddish colour which the snow upon it may have occasionally exhibited, as it is frequently observed to do in other parts of the Oberland. The tradition of the country, indeed, corresponds with Ramond's notion of the ancient fertility of this spot, which is currently related to have been formerly covered with rich pastures enamelled with flowers. Here its last occupant is said to have lived in illicit intercourse with a loose female, and treated his mother with cruel scorn when she once came to pay him a friendly visit. With wasteful profusion, he built a flight of steps with cheeses for his paramour and his favourite cow. His mother pro-

nounced a malediction on the whole mountain; it was immediately overwhelmed with rocks and glaciers, which laid waste its surface, and turned the herdsman and his cow into ghosts. A rock is still shewn as the site of the hut of this undutiful son. Every night, so say the country-people, whatever has been purposely placed, or accidentally dropped on this spot during the day, is sure to be removed by invisible hands.

From the bridge which leads to the right bank of the Reichenbach, the traveller enjoys a retrospective view of the majestic *contours* of the nearer Wellhorn, and the more distant Wetterhorn, to which the Rosenlauri glacier forms a worthy accompaniment. This is one of those spots, where, to use the words of Göthe, "a man may sit and draw, and saunter about and amuse himself alone, without being tired, for days together."

It very seldom happens but that the traveller, in passing over the Lauterbrunn and Grindelwald Scheidecks, enjoys the beautiful spectacle of the fall of avalanches, of the kind called *staub-lauinen*, or avalanches of dust. These are not dangerous to men or cattle, because they fall only in the highest parts of the mountains, where the snow continues to lie even in summer. They commonly take place during warm west winds and in serene weather. Their appearance has been described in a preceding article.

The fall of avalanches in the Alps is accompanied with a tremendous noise, but it is a noise unlike any other. No living creature answers it with a cry of terror.

Echo itself is mute in the innumerable sinuosities of the mountains, which, lined with snow, receive in silence the sound that no other succeeds. This quiet, in regions where expiring Nature is wrapped, as it were, in a vast winding-sheet, heightens the impression of terror, produced by those inaccessible peaks, those bare skeletons, and that livery of everlasting winter, thrown, like the veil of oblivion, over the theatre of the most ancient revolutions of the globe.

As the herdsmen know the places that are most liable to the fall of avalanches, they take care not to build their winter habitations there. When their dwellings are threatened, they erect on the side from which they are likely to be assailed, triangular walls, for the purpose of breaking the violence of the avalanches. In the season when the accumulation of the snow increases the danger of every thing calculated to occasion their fall, the people observe the most profound silence, covering the bells of their beasts of burthen with hay, and taking particular care not to make the least noise; frequently while they are yet in a situation of safety, and before they enter a country where avalanches are frequent, they fire guns, to try the solidity of the masses of snow overhanging the road upon which they are about to venture. In the valley of Aversa, the church-bells are fixed very near the ground, that the sound of them may not rise to the heights of the deep snows; and between the villages of Lavin and Guardia, in the Lower Engadine, subterraneous vaults have been constructed

by the road-side, as retreats for travellers overtaken by avalanches.

From the bridge of Reichenbach, the valley, down which the traveller pursues his route, gradually becomes narrower and narrower. The torrent, compelled, as it were, to fight its way, throws itself down precipices, and seems to exert all its force in those gigantic bounds, with which it continues its impetuous course over the last rocky ledges of the mountains, into the beautiful vale of Meyringen. The spectator shares its impatience, and disregards the inconvenience of the path, which here becomes more steep and stony, in the expectation of soon clearing the last defile of the pass, and gaining an unobstructed view of the delightful scenery. The road meanwhile leads past a saw-mill, with some houses, nearly opposite to the lofty cascade of the Seilibach, through the tremendous mass of rubbish which fell in the spring of 1792 from the Lauhorn, the greater part of which gave way, occasioning great devastation, and killing a woman and three children. The falling matter divided into two immense avalanches, one of which took its course to the Reichenbach, and suddenly obstructed its furious current in such a manner, that it could not, without inexpressible efforts, maintain its bed, and work itself a passage into the valley, where its waters appeared of a coal-black colour. The other portion rolled down on the opposite side of the Reichenbach Alp, into the main valley, in the direction of Geissholz, laying waste all before it. Clay-slate, black lime-stone, and

a very hard green stone, resembling granite or gneiss, constitute the principal part of this fallen matter.

The traveller at length reaches the Zwirgi, the last ledge of the Scheideck, where the road begins to decline rapidly into the valley, passing the villages of Schwendi and Willigen. A stranger cannot help pausing at this commanding point, and contemplating with the liveliest pleasure the delicious prospect spread out before him. The valley of Hasli, like one vast water-meadow, irrigated by the Aar, lies at his feet. On the left, almost close to him, the hoarsely murmuring Reichenbach pours along in its deeply-worn rocky bed, under a high-arched stone bridge. In this northern direction, the view extends to the environs of Brienz, being bounded by the Wylerhorn. To the east, the broad fertile mountain of Hasli forms the most pleasing object. Its five villages exhi-

bit an exquisite picture of Alpine pastoral abodes. It is separated from the valley by naked precipitous rocks, interspersed with dark narrow stripes of pine-woods, which scarcely leave room for patches of grass. At the same time it displays groves of the most magnificent plane-trees, luxuriant meadows watered by numerous streams, and at the top, the finest upland pastures, above which only a few dark-coloured peaks rear their heads. At its foot lies Meyringen, with the contiguous villages of Stein and Eisenbolgen; while three waterfalls, foaming behind the peaceful habitations, remind the spectator of the beautiful lines in which Goldsmith delineates the character of the Swiss mountaineer:

And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast:
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
But bind him to his native mountains more.

EDUCATION, OR EUROPEAN ACCOMPLISHMENTS: *A Tale.*

FLORENCE was the seat of gaiety, and the favourite resort of foreigners, under the mild and paternal government of Duke Leopold. The beauty and magnificence of the buildings, the various private and public amusements, the urbanity of the inhabitants, and above all the famous Laurentian gallery, which contained the most precious and exquisite specimens of sculpture and painting, rendered her a delightful residence for every variety of character. But the awful period was approaching when her glory and prosperity were doomed to vanish, and her halls, resounding with mirth and amusements,

to be converted into mansions of mourning. A frantic and sanguinary horde of barbarians, rushing from Gallia's polluted land, overturned her independence, pillaged her treasures, and filled this once happy city with desolation and despair. But I leave to learned heads and sagacious politicians to develop historical facts, and to expatiate on the horrors of the French Revolution; whilst I, shrinking from such important themes, proceed to my humble task of narrating a story.

In the year 1780, a stranger arrived there, with a beautiful little boy about three years old. No person knew who he was, nor whence

he came; but as his appearance was prepossessing, his manners noble, and, above all, his purse always full of Venetian sequins, his society was soon courted by every family of consequence. One morning he sent an invitation to the most celebrated literary men, and as the fame of his generosity was equal to that of his riches, the most renowned scholars, on receiving the summons, flocked to his palace with alacrity. Among those who presented themselves were, a grammarian, a metaphysician, an antiquarian, a poet, a lawyer, a chemist, and a politician. As soon as they were assembled, the stranger thus addressed them:

"Gentlemen, I must inform you that I am the Prince Velimo, son of the illustrious Obeira, Queen of Otaheite, a fertile island in the Southern Ocean. This child, whom you see by my side, is my only son, and as he is the presumptive heir to the crown, his education is what I have most at heart. I wish to make him a useful and virtuous citizen—a humane, enlightened, and impartial sovereign. I have heard so much of the superior knowledge of the Europeans, and, from various quarters, have been so positively assured that the arts and sciences flourish in such perfection in this city, that I have determined to trust the education of this young prince to your experience and wisdom. In the mean time, be so good as to give me a specimen of the sciences which you cultivate, and in which you will engage to instruct him." Here the prince concluded his address, and the seven sages spoke, each in his turn, one after the other. The grammarian

was the first, who expressed himself in the following terms:

The Grammarian's Discourse.—Noble and useful beyond all measure is the science of grammar which I teach. I begin by explaining the eight parts of speech, and all the important mysteries of declensions and conjugations; then conducting my scholars through the most secret sinuosities of the Latin language, they at length become acquainted with the ablative absolute, and the gerunds in *do* and in *dum*. And as the road to knowledge is narrow and difficult, many of my pupils stumble before their journey is over. To obviate which inconvenience, I never let a day pass without cudgeling them soundly; a method admirably calculated to smooth the asperities of the way, and considerably diminish the tedium of the students. This, most excellent prince, is the science which I teach, and if you will deign to confide your son to my care, I only require ten years, at the end of which time I shall have the honour of restoring him to you, though with a fretful mind and cicatrised shoulders, yet a perfect master of the ablative absolute, and the gerunds in *do* and in *dum*.

The Metaphysician's Discourse.—Of what consequence is it, most noble prince, for a man to be instructed in a language which nobody speaks, especially if that same person be ignorant of the art of thinking? I teach mortals to reason profoundly, and elevate their minds to the most sublime meditations. Under my tuition your son will soon learn whether or not space be real, immense, simple, immoveable, and indivisible. I will afterwards

satisfactorily explain to him the nature of psychology, or the properties of incorporeal and immaterial beings, the monades of Leibnitz, the innate ideas of Descartes, and the system of occasional causes. It must be clear that these matters are essential to public and private felicity, and that a person who is fortunate enough to be well-grounded in the ontosophysical principles of entity, non-entity, and possibility, must be an ornament to his family, to his country, and to the universe.

The Antiquarian's Discourse.—What circumstance could ever be more glorious for me, and more fortunate for you, O Prince of Otahcite! than your arrival in this celebrated city during my life, for the purpose of educating the young prince your son, presumptive heir to the crown! Can you for a moment be deceived by the precise dulness of the grammarian, and the insane reveries of the metaphysician? A man can never be great or illustrious, without a thorough knowledge of antiquities. The universe does not contain a being who knows better than I whether a pin's point be ancient or modern, or whether a rusty medal be genuine or counterfeit. If you will do me the honour to call at my house, I will shew you the helmet which Venus gave to Æneas, a lock of Berenice's hair, the sceptre of Agamemnon, and the tooth-pick of Numa Pompilius. Every piece of furniture that I have is at least two thousand years old, and my house is constructed with stones brought from an Egyptian pyramid and the monument of Mausoleus. I am at

present employed in decyphering an inscription on a little marble dug up on Mount Arrarat. My comments on this literary curiosity are contained in six folio volumes.

The Poet's Discourse.—Most noble Velimo, I am a man who, holding toil and labour in abhorrence, and consequently esteeming ease and tranquillity a supreme good, have applied myself to the cultivation of poetry, an art which consists in confining within a given measure certain mellifluous words, from the combination of which results a delectable and celestial harmony. Under protection of this fascinating style, I give a gloss to the most absurd puerilities, pass off fustian for sublimity, and indelicacy for wit. At one time dealing in biting satire, I get a reward from the enemies of the person whom I have abused; at another time profusely scattering the flowers of panegyric, I procure a recompence from him whom my adulation has made the butt of ridicule. When a patriot has rendered his country any important service, my Muse with admirable dexterity misrepresents his motives, and traduces his character; and his simple countrymen applaud the independence of my mind, and relish the venom of my goose-quill. Then, to shew the versatility of my talents, when a captain of noble birth and great affluence, at the head of a hundred men, disperses a piquet of eight or ten, giving vent to my poetic enthusiasm, I sing his exploit and celebrate his name in a copy of blank verses, in which I compare him to Hannibal, Cæsar, and Marlborough. Thus,

though I vilify the good and the meritoribus, I quiet my conscience and make matters even by lavishing praise on the unworthy.

The Lawyer's Discourse.—I am a professor of civil and canonical law, and have at my fingers' ends the ancient digest, the modern codes, the indisputable statutes, and the spurious decretals. The whole body of European jurisprudence is universally acknowledged to be an absurd and monstrous compilation, a mass of obscurity, barbarisms, false logic, and continual contradictions. This naturally discovers an ample field, in which the lawyer can acquire immortal glory, interpreting the laws according to his caprice or interest, mingling truth with falsehood, dazzling the mind of the judge, and warping the verdict of the jury. The study of law is not, however, so laborious as you might suppose; for almost all my brethren dispense with investigating the abstruse and voluminous originals, and merely gather their meaning, and extract the essence of their compositions, from the hints of industrious and accommodating commentators. It is therefore self-evident, that my profession does not require a grain of genius, erudition, or understanding; it suffices to possess a retentive memory to recollect the explanations of the commentators, who, for the most part, are also deficient in understanding, erudition, and genius.—Far be it from him whose mind is governed by the infantine prejudices of a narrow education, far be it from him who acknowledges the claims of humanity, and can shed a tear at distress, to aspire to distinguish himself as a civilian.

But if his soul be sufficiently callous never to be disturbed by the troublesome whispers of conscience, by the pungent sting of remorse, by the groans and maledictions of his victims, consequence shall precede his footsteps, glory shall irradiate his temples, opulence shall inhabit his house.

The Chemist's Discourse.—The words that I have just heard make my hair stand on end with horror. What are lawyers but obscure and cowardly assassins? What are poets, philosophers, and grammarians, but useless and contemptible sluggards? How much more noble, how much more innocent is the science of chemistry, which I profess! I have found the means to discover the two miraculous secrets which nature has hitherto hidden under an impenetrable veil from the researches of others: I have learned how to make potable gold, and to convert the meanest substances into the most precious of metals.—More than twenty years have I laboured to attain these wonderful secrets; I have consumed a rich patrimony in purchasing a laboratory, crucibles, and coals, and after profoundly studying the works of Raymond Lullo, Jeremiah Cardano, and Roger Bacon, I at length see, as clearly as the day, how to transmute common metals into gold.—What fatigue do men undergo, what dangers do they encounter, to gain this bewitching metal! Foolish mortals! it shall be my task to correct and enlighten you; I will bestow on you as much gold as your hearts can desire—I, in whom the fable of Midas is realized, will stretch out my succouring hand to indigent merit, will clothe the na-

ked, feed the hungry, wipe away the tears of the unfortunate, and, in short, be the benefactor of mankind. These are the advantages which I offer to share with your son; and in the mean time I should be obliged to you to lend me a couple of sequins, to enable me to put the finishing stroke to my final experiment, which will infallibly confer on your hopeful heir and on me such beneficial effects.

The Politician's Discourse.—It would need but little ingenuity to prove to your highness, that the promises of the learned gentlemen who have preceded me are puerile and fallacious. But I will briefly place before you a prospect of the acquirements which your son would gain under my tuition; and I have no doubt, when you compare my pretensions with those of my competitors, that your decision will add another feather to my cap. The endowments which they so lavishly intend to bestow on him may beguile a few of his leisure hours, but will never add a subject to his empire, or a jewel to his crown: for of what consequence is a prince unless he be a politician? Supinely enjoying the dominions of his forefathers, he is contented with the sluggish employment of making his people happy, of administering the laws with wisdom and impartiality, of encouraging merit, rewarding virtue, redressing injuries, and allaying dissensions. It is clear that such a conduct is degrading to any person possessed of intellectual powers, and, as may be proved from numberless instances of ancient and modern history, is repugnant to the practice of princes. Un-

der my instruction your son will justly appreciate the value of politics, will enlarge his notions, silence his scruples, and never hesitate at committing an injustice when it is his interest to do so.—I have now detailed the principles of a politician, and if you will deign to confide the young prince's education to me, I will engage, if not counteracted by some awkward compunctions of nature, some counteracting workings of benevolence, some unstatesman-like qualms of humanity, to make him equal to Machiavel, or to Wolsey.

The Prince's Discourse.—Gentlemen, forgive the ignorance of a man born and bred in an island of the Southern Ocean. I begin by confessing that I do not know what you mean by the gerunds in *do* and in *dum*, by blank verses, the monades of Leibnitz, and the toothpick of Numa Pompilius. The transmutation of metals is certainly an admirable secret, but how can I believe that that person possesses it who requests the loan of a couple of sequins? Can the lawyer who plunders his client under the pretext of defending him, and can the politician who desolates mankind for the extension of his power, be objects of my love and veneration? Is there no professor among you who forms the mind to virtue and to patriotism; who demonstrates how delightful it is to fulfil the duties of son, husband, father, friend, subject, citizen, man; who proves that men are all brothers, and that there is no essential distinction among them but what arises from goodness of heart, or splendour of intellect?

"Oh, the barbarian!" exclaimed the seven sages together, "oh, the savage! the brute! the idiot! Who but an uninformed Otaheitan would dream that virtue, patriotism, and humanity were a part of European education? What then would become of crucibles and furnaces? What then would become of the Latin language, blank verses, the spurious decretals, and the politician's creed?"

"It is of no consequence," said the prince, "what becomes of them: but in short —." The seven sages would not listen to him, but scornfully turning on the heel, they rushed out of the room, without even wishing him good morning.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. LXXI.

The toils of love require a warrior's art,
And every lover plays a soldier's part. — Ovid.

I HAVE received the following paper from one of my ingenious and elegant correspondents, to whom I have been already indebted for communications which have afforded equal amusement and instruction to my readers. I need not premise that it is a very beautiful allegory; that by the *Shield of Love* is represented a generous, noble, and constant passion; and that as far as my recollection avails me, the beautiful fable is in a great measure borrowed from Spenser's poetry, and worked, I will not say translated, into story-telling prose. The heroic adventurer is supposed to relate the history of his exploits and final success.

F — T —.

When Fame blew her trumpet, and, by its animating description, displayed the beauties of the incomparable Amoret, I sought her in the temple of Love, which was seated in a charming island, whose only entrance was by a bridge, guarded by a castle defended by twenty knights. Near it, on an open space was a pillar, on which

was suspended the shield of Love, with this golden inscription:

Happy the man who well can use his bliss;
Whose ever be the shield, fair Amoret be his.

I read the lines, exclaimed "May the shield be mine!" and struck it with my spear, when a knight, fully caparisoned, and mounted on a fiery courser, issued forth, and attacked me with the utmost fury. It was with difficulty I sustained the onset, but in a short time proved the victor, and having successfully encountered all his brave companions, I bore off the shield as the reward of my prowess. My rivals being thus left breathless on the field of battle, I passed over the bridge to a gate strengthened with bars and bolts of iron; there I knocked aloud, but could obtain no answer. At length I observed a person who, like Janus, had a double face, and appeared to be looking about him with an air of mistrust and apprehension. His name, as I afterwards learned, was Doubt. Opposite to him sat another figure, called Delay, whose object was to entertain passengers with some attractive stories, by which they fre-

quently lost opportunities that could never be recovered. I, however, passed her by, and came to a second gate, called the Portal of Good Desert, which stood wide open, but was guarded by a giant, whose name was Danger, and whose appearance was so terrific as to have appalled many brave knights, and caused them to return. I, however, prepared to attack him, and when he saw the shield I bore, he instantly retired.

I now entered the Island of Love, which was a blended scene of all the beauties of art and nature; while among a delightful variety of walks and groves, embowered shades scented with the fragrance of all the sweetest flowers, and refreshed by fountains and waterfalls, happy lovers were seen sitting together, or walking arm in arm, and singing hymns to the deity who presided over this delightful dominion.

I proceeded onward, envying the happy inhabitants of this happy place, when I arrived at the temple, which possessed all the graces of architecture. The door was open, and at the entrance sat a female of the most amiable appearance, whose name was Concord. On either side of her stood two young men, completely armed, who appeared to be afraid of each other. They were her sons, but the children of two different fathers, and were denominated Love and Hatred. These the mother was endeavouring to conciliate.

I now entered the temple, whose roof was supported by numerous columns, which were ornamented with crowns, silken bands, and

garlands, while the floor was strewed with flowers. Altars were seen in every part of this sacred edifice, at each of which ministered a virgin priestess clad in robes white as snow, who were employed in offering the vows of lovers to heaven in clouds of incense.

In the midst stood the goddess on an altar, whose materials appeared to me far superior either to gold or silver. Around her fluttered little Loves, scattering ambrosial sweets; and around the altar were groups of lovers, complaining of the pride, treachery, or disdain of their mistresses. One of them, who seemed to be urged by an irresistible impatience, addressed the goddess with the utmost vehemence to grant him the attainment of the lovely fair-one who was the object of all his wishes.

I, on the contrary, in a soft and gentle tone, entreated the goddess to favour me with her kind and patronising protection. While I was waiting for the result of my petition, I happened to cast my eyes upon a company of females sitting together in a corner of the temple, the foremost of whom seemed to be somewhat older, and of a more composed countenance than the rest, who appeared to be under her care and direction. Her name was Womanhood. On one side of her sat Shamefacedness, with blushes rising in her cheeks, and eyes fixed on the ground; on the other was Cheerfulness, with a smiling look. With these sat Modesty, holding her hand on her heart; Courtesy, with a graceful aspect and obliging demeanour; and two sisters, who seemed to be linked

together, as well as to resemble each other. These were called Silence and Obedience.

Thus sat they all around in seemly rate,
And in the midst of them a goodly maid,
E'en in the lap of Womanhood there sate,
The which was all in lily white array'd,
Where silver streams among the linen
play'd,
Like to the Morn when first her shining face
Hath to the gloomy world itself bewray'd :
That same was fairest Amoret in place,
Shining with beauty's light and virtue's
heavenly grace.

No sooner did I behold the charming Amoret, than my heart throbb'd with hope; but, on attempting to seize her hand, I was rebuked by Womanhood for what appeared to be such a froward design: when, however, I displayed my shield, emblazoned as it was with the God of Love, his shafts and his bow, she became mute, and instantly retired.

I still held the lovely Amoret fast, and turning my eyes towards the goddess, the ruling divinity of the place, I perceived that she favoured my wishes with a gracious and benignant smile, which inspired me with courage to bear away my prize.

Amoret, alternately with tears and smiles, entreated me to let her go; but I led her through the temple-gate, where Concord, who favoured my entrance, befriended my retreat.

—
This allegory appears to me to be so obvious, as it is so true to nature, that I should be fearful of insulting the understandings of my readers, if any illustration were offered by

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

AN apology is due to our readers, for the neglect of our critical duties last month. At a time when little of novelty is stirring, when composers take their flights to the country or the Continent, and publishers sally forth to Brighton or Margate, we conceived it reasonable to indulge likewise in a little recreative excursion to Flanders; and this the more easily, as we might take with us a proper quantum of matter, brood over it at some inn abroad, on a rainy day, or an unappropriated evening, and send to the Editor, in good time, and on a closely penned folio sheet, the fruit of our lucubrations from the banks of the Scheldt.

With this intent we deposited at

the bottom of our trunk the several pieces which—which—will appear below. We can assure the authors that they were minutely scrutinized and reviewed—by the French *douaniers* at Calais, and the Belgic *douaniers* at Furnes, where we were fortunate enough to pass them without duty. But as for us, the pieces, we at once confess it in candour, came back in *statu quo*. They have been across the seas, without improving, like Madeira, but they are not the worse for it.

We found it quite impossible to do the thing amidst the unceasing din of the Flemish chimes. No sooner took we up a piece, and seized the key of D major in all its purity, and established its true

movement in $\frac{6}{8}$ time, than in came these confounded chimes, and struck up a solemn hymn in C minor $\frac{4}{4}$. At another time, when we had succeeded in assimilating our tonic to the emanations of the Ghent belfry, all our harmonies were unhinged by a riotous horde of young females, Billingsgate Bacchantes, celebrating some kirmess, by screeching, from Flemish lungs, the most vulgar dissonant national airs, enough to sicken our delicately tuneful frame. It would not do! Flanders is not the country for reviewing music; nor has it ever, we believe, produced a musical critique.

Having said thus much in the way of exculpation, or at least excuse, we conceive ourselves in some degree re-established in the favour of our readers, and feel able forthwith to proceed, with a light heart, to

"*Tell me not those eyes of blue,*" for two Voices, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte; composed by J. F. Danneley; the Poetry by J. S. Saunders, Esq. Pr. 2s.—(Preston, Strand.)

The text consists of five stanzas, which, with the exception of some repetitions, quite in their place, Mr. D. has set out and out. Whether we look to interest in the motivo, originality in thought, symmetry of proportions, variety of expression, or selectness of modulation, this duet is of a stamp to satisfy every demand of fair criticism; it is, in our opinion, one of Mr. Danneley's best productions. The motivo (D major), in all its simplicity, possesses something peculiarly fascinating, and the idea of introducing the voice in the midst

of the ritornel, as it were, appears to us very happy; the melody flows onwards smoothly, we may say elegantly; the modulation, through B \flat , 6 \sharp , to A (p. 2,) is well placed, and of decided effect. It would perhaps have been more regular, instead of closing the first verse with a half cadence upon C \sharp , to repeat, under some variation, the idea to a full cadence upon the new tonic (A), so as to obtain a stronger link to the key of F, in which the second verse begins. This, however, we state as mere matter of opinion. The second verse is replete with interest; and the third, in D minor, presents a proper imitation of the motivo in a minor key. All is imagined in good style and with much taste. The poetry, too, is of a superior stamp, and generally well adapted to composition. There are one or two metrical imperfections: iambics instead of trochees—sins, we know, quite the order of the day, which, as must have been Mr. D.'s case, the composer has to writhe himself through, adding crotchets by way of crutches to help the lame limb over the course.

"*Hail to our King,*" a grand Bravura and Chorus in Honour of the Coronation of our Sovereign Lord George the Fourth; the Words by Mrs. Cobbold; the Music by J. F. Danneley. Pr. 3s.—(Preston, Strand.)

The indulgence with which we generally view productions called forth by the passing occurrences of the day is scarcely, if at all, required in our consideration of the present bravura. Allowing for some reminiscences from Handel's Coronation Anthem, more in style

perhaps than in substance, we are free to assign a considerable degree of merit to this loyal effusion, both in a musical and poetical point of view. The solo is impressive and showy; and in some of the accompaniments much ingenuity of contrivance is observable. This latter feature is still more conspicuous in the chorus, which exhibits various fugued interlacements, that bespeak contrapuntal skill of a superior cast; and those portions which proceed in simple counterpoint are rendered equally interesting by their melodic progress, and their apt and full harmonic support in all the difficult parts of the score.

"No dearer moments e'er can flow,"

Song written by Hippolitus Poignand, Esq. and dedicated by him to Miss Sarah E.; composed by John Barnett, late of the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden. Price 1s. 6d.—(Goulding and Co.)

Barnett?—A first appearance, surely, in our monthly musters of composers!—Is it the youth we heard some years ago at Covent-Garden Theatre?—Can it possibly be a *first* essay?—Would it were, and we should hail it as the dawn of future excellence. The song exhibits a rare combination of classic style and chasteness; it breathes a deep inward feeling, the emanation of a heart susceptible of the softest emotions, of a frame happily organized to receive and convey tender impressions. There are two strains, one in D major, and the other in D minor, both possessing great merit; a melody, well conducted, and supported by an accompaniment, generally correct, effective, and tasteful. The *mineur* part, in particular, is highly

interesting; its modulations are very select, yet perfectly natural, and in good progress; the conclusion, above all (p. 3), is of a superior conception.

In giving this highly favourable comment upon Mr. B.'s labour, we should ill discharge our duties, even towards the author himself, were we not to mention what appear to us to be imperfections in his composition. These, however, are of a minor description. The mood of the air is, we think, a shade too pensive and serious for the amatory complexion of the text; the accompaniments are not varied enough, the whole major part being supported by *arpeggios* of the same beat and shape, with nothing but minims in the bass; and the *mineur* being accompanied by one and the same system of six quavers, with a quaver rest before and behind, and a bass of crotchets. A greater variety in the style of accompaniment would have heightened the interest. The harmony, as has already been observed, is well conducted, and presents no deviations of any moment from grammatical purity, but the two *c* *q*'s in p. 3, should be *b* *z*. "*Andante delectezza*" is not Italian; it should have been *con delicatezza*.

Once more we congratulate Mr. B. upon his success; and, if our surmise as to his age be correct, we can only say, that the wide domain of harmony lies fairly open before him. With the aid of diligent application, and the study of the great masters, he bids fair to do honour to his profession.

"*Le Carnaval*," a familiar *Divertimento* for the *Piano-forte*, in which is (are) introduced the fa-

favorite Airs, "Fresh and strong the breeze is blowing," and "Come let us dance and sing," from the *Opera of Inkle and Yarico*, composed by J. C. Nightingale, Organist of the Foundling Hospital. Pr. 2s.—(Monro, Skinner-street.)

A composition of light calibre, without any thing to attract particular notice on the score of novelty. The divertimento is evidently intended for the junior classes; and as such, it may be recommended as an agreeable lesson, perfectly accessible to very moderate proficientes.

"Bright Star of Brunswick's Royal Line," Stanzas in Honour and Commemoration of the Coronation of H. M. George IV. to whom it (?) is most humbly dedicated by the Writer, J. H. Cove, Esq. and by the Composer, George Frederick Harris. Pr. 2s.—(Clementi and Co.)

The instrumental introduction, in which the oboe and harp have, or are intended to have, their solos (for the composition is for the piano-forte), is conceived with spirit and in proper style. The vocal part consists of a short allegro maestoso, a recitativo, and the principal movement, an allegro in more accelerated time. Every thing is satisfactory as to melody; regular and correct in point of harmony. Spirit and energetic expression are the leading characteristics. The motivo of the air (p. 2.) is interesting and striking; and the instrumental complements are generally very appropriate. The recitativo is good; and the ensuing allegro, although without strong claims to originality, proceeds in a determined style through periods

well poised, and passages of executive volubility. The concluding symphony is rather of a common complexion.

"All my soul's love," Rondo alla Polacca, sung with the most distinguished approbation in the petite Opera "*Belles without Beaux*," at the Theatre Royal English Opera-House, composed by W. A. Wordsworth. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Monro; Skinner-street.)

This little rondo in G major is lively and pretty. The selection of a polacca movement has been judicious, and its adaptation to the text successful. A neatly conducted modulation through B, 6; C, 3 b; A, 6 ♯; B b, 3; F ♯, 6; G, 3 b; E b, 6 ♯; D, 3 ♯, calls for special notice. The portion of bravura is somewhat common, but may have had its effects amidst the instrumental aid. The second bar, however, in the last line, p. 2, ought to have received more of that assistance; it is very dry. The 2d verse, we are told, is not sung by the lady; but the 3d is set in E minor, and has our entire approbation, but that in its last bars there seems to be a certain degree of abruptness.

"The Zodiac," a Series of favourite Songs, written by R. Richards, Esq. adapted to the most admired Country-Dances and Waltzes, arranged for the Piano-forte or Harp by J. Monro. Nos. 1. 2. 3. 4. 11. and 12. Pr. 1s. 6d. each.—(J. Monro, Skinner-street.)

The nature, contents, and merits of this publication have been stated in one of our former critiques*, which noticed the Nos. from 5. to 10. inclusive. The pre-

* No. LIX. of the *Repository*.

sent article therefore completes our account of the work, and the songs in the numbers before us are as follow :

No. 1. (*January.*) "The happy new-year." *Tune*: "My love is but a lassie yet."

No. 2. (*February.*) "Valentine's day." *Tune*: Tyrolese air.

No. 3. (*March.*) "St. Patrick's day." *Tune*: Morgiana.

No. 4. (*April.*) "The sailor's return." *Tune*: "Le garçon voyage."

No. 11. (*November.*) "The robin in November." *Tune*: "Lady Caroline Lee's favourite."

No. 12. (*December.*) "The joys of Christmas." *Tune*: "Go to Berwick, Johnny."

The favourable opinion which we expressed in regard to the other numbers of this collection, fully applies to their companions above-mentioned. The selection of the tunes is good, the harmonic arrangement is satisfactory and easy, and the poetry, without being infantine, is calculated to excite interest in young minds, while its innocent tendency presents an additional feature of recommendation.

THE SELECTOR:

Consisting of interesting Extracts from new popular Publications.

FROM "THE MEMOIRS OF LORD WALDEGRAVE."

CHARACTER OF THE LATE LORD HOLLAND.

FOX had many personal friends, and more political followers; being looked upon as the rising minister in the House of Commons, in case either of Mr. Pelham's death, resignation, or removal to the House of Peers.

He had, moreover, the support of the Duke of Cumberland, and the distribution of military preferment, which added greatly to his strength, by furnishing the means of gratifying his dependents.

At the same time, though Fox derived these advantages from his attachment to the duke, the prejudice might, upon the whole, be still greater than the benefit.

Fox had also his share of calumny, being represented as a man

of arbitrary principles, educated in the school of corruption; a proper minister to overturn the constitution, and introduce a military government.

Few men have been more unpopular; yet when I have asked his bitterest enemies what crimes they could alledge against him, they always confined themselves to general accusation: that he was avaricious, encouraged jobs, had profligate friends, and dangerous connections; but never could produce a particular fact of any weight or consequence.

His warmth or impetuosity of temper led him into two very capital mistakes: he wantonly offended the chancellor by personal reflections or ridicule in the affair of the Marriage Act: he also increased the number of his enemies

by discovering an eagerness to be the minister, whilst Mr. Pelham was still alive; many of whose friends might possibly have attached themselves to him, if, instead of snatching at the succession, he had coolly waited till it had been delivered into his hands.

He has great parliamentary knowledge, but is rather an able debater than a complete orator; his best speeches are neither long nor premeditated: quick and concise replication is his peculiar excellence.

In business he is clear and communicative; frank and agreeable in society; and though he can pay his court on particular occasions, he has too much pride to flatter an enemy, or even a friend, where it is not necessary.

Upon the whole, he has some faults, but more good qualities; is a man of sense and judgment, notwithstanding some indiscretion; and with small allowances for ambition, party, and politics, is a warm friend, a man of veracity, and a man of honour.

CHARACTER OF THE LATE LORD CHATHAM.

Mr. Pitt has the finest genius, improved by study and all the ornamental part of classical learning. He came early into the House of Commons, where he soon distinguished himself; lost a cornetcy of horse, which was then his only subsistence; and in less than twenty years has raised himself to be first minister, and the most powerful subject in this country.

He has a peculiar clearness and facility of expression; and has an eye as significant as his words. He

is not always a fair or conclusive reasoner, but commands the passions with sovereign authority; and to inflame or captivate a popular assembly, is a consummate orator. He has courage of every sort, cool or impetuous, active or deliberate.

At present he is the guide and champion of the people: whether he will long continue their friend, seems somewhat doubtful. But if we may judge from his natural disposition, as it has hitherto shewn itself, his popularity and zeal for public liberty will have the same period; for he is imperious, violent, and implacable; impatient even of the slightest contradiction; and, under the mask of patriotism, has the despotic spirit of a tyrant.

However, though his political sins are black and dangerous, his private character is irreproachable: he is incapable of a treacherous or ungenerous action; and in the common offices of life, is justly esteemed a man of veracity, and a man of honour.

He mixes little in company, confining his society to a small junto of his relations, with a few obsequious friends, who consult him as an oracle, admire his superior understanding, and never presume to have an opinion of their own.

This separation from the world is not entirely owing to pride, or an unsociable temper, as it proceeds partly from bad health and a weak constitution. But he may find it an impassable barrier in the road of ambition; for though the mob can sometimes raise a minister, he must be supported by persons of higher rank, who may be mean enough in some particulars, yet will not be the patient

followers of any man who despises their homage, and avoids their solicitations.

Besides, it is a common observation, that men of plain sense and cool resolution have more useful talents, and are better qualified for public business, than the man of the finest parts, who wants temper, judgment, and knowledge of mankind. Even parliamentary abilities may be too highly rated; for between the man of eloquence and the sagacious statesman there is a wide interval.

However, if Mr. Pitt should maintain his power a few years, observation and experience may correct many faults, and supply many deficiencies: in the mean time, even his enemies must allow, that he has the firmness and activity of a great minister; that he has hitherto conducted the war with spirit, vigour, and tolerable success; and though some favourite schemes may have been visionary and impracticable, they have at least been more honourable and less dangerous than the passive, unperforming pusillanimity of the late administration.

CHARACTER OF THE LATE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

The Duke of Newcastle is in his thirty-fifth year of ministerial longevity; has been much abused, much flattered, and still more ridiculed.

From the year 1724 to the year 42 he was Secretary of State, acting under Sir Robert Walpole; he continued in the same station during Lord Granville's short administration; but Granville, who had the parts and knowledge, yet had

not, at all times, the discretion of an able minister, treated him with too much contempt, especially as he wanted his assistance in the House of Commons, where he had little interest of his own.

After Granville's defeat, the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pelham became joint ministers: here he seems to have reached the highest degree of power where he can reasonably hope to maintain himself.

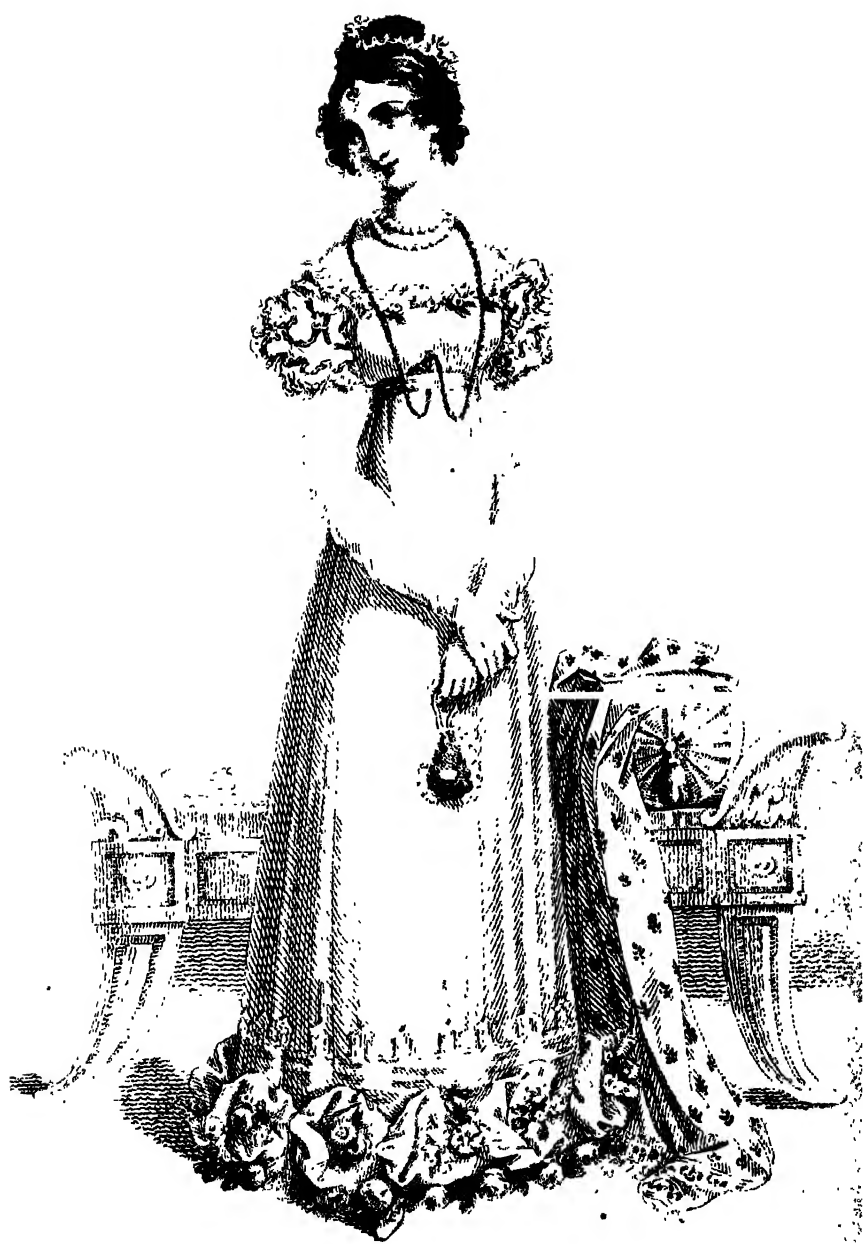
Ambition, fear, and jealousy are his prevailing passions.

In the midst of prosperity and apparent happiness, the slightest disappointment, or any imaginary evil, will, in a moment, make him miserable: his mind can never be composed; his spirits are always agitated. Yet this constant ferment, which would wear out and destroy any other man, is perfectly agreeable to his constitution: he is at the very perfection of health when his fever is at the greatest height.

His character is full of inconsistencies; the man would be thought very singular who differed as much from the rest of the world as he differs from himself.

If we consider how many years he has continued in the highest employments; that he has acted a very considerable part amongst the most considerable persons of his own time; that, when his friends have been routed, he has still maintained his ground; that he has incurred his majesty's displeasure on various occasions, but has always carried his point, and has soon been restored both to favour and confidence, it cannot be denied that he possesses some qualities of





an able minister. Yet view him in a different light, and our veneration will be somewhat abated. Talk with him concerning public or private business, of a nice or delicate nature, he will be found confused, irresolute, continually rambling from the subject, contradicting himself almost every instant.

Hear him speak in parliament, his manner is ungraceful, his language barbarous, his reasoning inconclusive. At the same time, he labours through all the confusion of a debate without the least distrust of his own abilities; fights boldly in the dark; never gives up the cause; nor is he ever at a loss either for words or argument.

His professions and promises are not to be depended on, though, at the time they are made, he often means to perform them; but is unwilling to displease any man by a plain negative, and frequently does not recollect that he is under the same engagements to at least ten competitors.

If he cannot be esteemed a steady friend, he has never shewn himself a bitter enemy; and his forgiveness of injuries proceeds as much from good-nature as it does from policy.

Pride is not to be numbered

among his faults; on the contrary, he deviates into the opposite extreme, and courts popularity with such extravagant eagerness, that he frequently descends to an undistinguishing and illiberal familiarity.

Neither can he be accused of avarice, or of rapaciousness; for though he will give bribes, he is above accepting them; and instead of having enriched himself at the expense of his master, or of the public, he has greatly impaired a very considerable estate by electioneering, and keeping up a good parliamentary interest, which is commonly, though perhaps improperly, called the service of the crown.

His extraordinary care of his health is a jest even among his flatterers. As to his jealousy, it could not be carried to a higher pitch, if every political friend were a favourite mistress.

He is in his sixty-fourth or sixty-fifth year, yet thirsts for power in a future reign with the greatest solicitude; and hereafter, should he live to see a Prince of Wales of a year old, he will still look forward, not without expectation that in due course of time he may be his minister also.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 28.—PROMENADE DRESS.

A PELISSE, composed of dark violet-coloured velvet: the body is tight to the shape, rather long in the waist, and a good deal sloped at each side of the back. The

sleeve is an easy width; it is terminated by a French cuff: the pelisse wraps across in front, and is trimmed with satin of the same colour: we refer for the form of this very novel and tasteful trimming

to our print; and shall only observe, that the little bands which separate the heading from the bottom, are of velvet, and that the trimming goes all round the collar and cuffs, which are trimmed to correspond: the pelisse is lined with white sarsnet. A cachemire shawl is thrown over the shoulders, and fastened at the throat with a brooch. Lace ruff, made very full: Head-dress, a bonnet composed of violet-coloured velvet, and lined with white satin; the shape is very well adapted for walking: it is rather close, but becoming. The brim, of moderate size, turns up a little, and is finished just under and above the edge with bands of white *velours natté*. A very full plume of violet-coloured ostrich feathers is placed on one side of the crown; the strings correspond. Boots of violet kid. Limerick gloves. Ermine muff.

PLATE 29.—EVENING DRESS.

A round dress, composed of blond net over a white figured satin slip. The *corsage* is cut square round the bust, and is ornamented with a wreath of Provence roses. The sleeves, which are very short and full, are of blond over white satin; the fulness partially conceals the roses which form it into draperies. The bottom of the skirt is finished by a wreath of Provence roses placed near the edge. This is surmounted by a trimming of the same material as the dress: it is in folds; they are edged with white satin, and form cavities, placed at some distance from each other; a bouquet of roses is put in every cavity. This trimming is at once tasteful, simple, and novel, and the general effect of the dress is uncommonly beautiful. The hind hair is arranged in

braids and bows, which do not rise much above the crown of the head. The front hair is brought very low at the sides of the face in light curls: the forehead is left bare, with the exception of a single ringlet in the middle. A coral wreath is placed rather far back. Necklace and ear-rings pearl. White kid gloves and white satin slippers.

We are indebted to Miss Pierpoint of No. 12, Edwards-street, Portman-square, inventress of the *corset à la Grecque*, for both these dresses.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON
FASHION AND DRESS.

The attire of our fair pedestrians already announces the approach of winter. Cloth and velvet are in high requisition, and furs are much more general than we ever remember them at this season of the year. Pelisses are still considered the most fashionable out-door dress: they are worn both of cloth and velvet, but we still see, even upon elegant women, a few silk ones: these last are always of the stoutest kind, wadded, and of colours appropriate to the time of year, as violet, *ponceau*, dark green, &c. Satin is still in favour for trimmings, but now it is always mixed with velvet. Fancy velvet and *pluche de soie* are also much worn; they are either plain broad bands, or else cut like the teeth of a saw, or disposed in wreaths or shells. Upon the whole, with the exception of the pelisse given in our print, we have seen nothing novel in the form of trimmings.

Fur trimmings are already very fashionable, and we are inclined to think, will be more worn this year

than usual. Ermine, sable, and chinchilla are the highest in favour. The bands are about the same breadth as last winter; the collar and cuffs correspond. We have as yet noticed but very few fur tippets.

Pelisses, though the most fashionable, are not the only envelope worn by our tonish *élégantes*: velvet spencers are also in favour; but shawls are generally worn over them. Spencers do not appear to us to have varied at all in form since we had last occasion to speak of them.

Velvet and black Leghorn are the materials most in favour for walking bonnets. Black satin and *gros de Naples* are also worn. We have noticed a few small hats of brown and black beaver, with full plumes of ostrich feathers, to correspond in colour; these last are always worn with veils.

Muffs are very general; ermine and sable are most in favour: chinchilla, though not so high in estimation, is nevertheless very fashionable. Muffs have not varied in size since last season.

Carriage dress does not afford us much room for observation: pelisses are as fashionable for it as for the promenade. Swansdown muffs and tippets have been very general in carriage dress since the beginning of October, but we think it most likely they will be laid aside early in November.

Carriage bonnets are of velvet, *pluche de soie*, and *gros de Naples*. Most of those composed of the latter material are of deep rose colour: the edges of the brims are trimmed either with gauze, blond, or satin;

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and they are ornamented with feathers, or else with wreaths, or full bunches of roses, to correspond with the bonnet.

Very little change has as yet taken place in in-door dress: muslin is not yet discarded; it forms always the morning, and sometimes the dinner dress, but silk is much more generally worn for the latter. Irish poplin is also in considerable estimation: one of the prettiest dinner dresses that we have recently seen is composed of this latter material: it is a dark lavender colour; the body is tight to the shape; the bust is finished by a stomacher in the form of a demi-lozenge; it is of white satin, and at each side of the front are three folds, two of white, and the middle one of lavender-coloured satin. The bust, which is cut square, and very low, is trimmed with folds to correspond; the bosom is shaded by a blond tucker; it is set on plain, and stands up round the bust. We should observe that the folds of the stomacher terminate in a scollop at the bottom of the waist. Short full sleeve, ornamented in front of the arm with a demi-lozenge, finished with folds to correspond with the stomacher. At the bottom of the skirt are three broad folds; the middle one of lavender, the two others of white satin; the upper fold is headed by a chain trimming of lavender-coloured satin: a twisted rouleau of white and lavender satin surmounts the folds; it is disposed in a scroll pattern, and has an extremely pretty effect.

Head-dresses *en cheveux* still continue to be more in favour than any covering for the head in full dress.

S s

Feathers are more fashionable in the hair than flowers, except for very young ladies.

Fashionable colours are, *ponceau*, lavender colour, violet, coral colour, bright rose, purple, and different shades of green, particularly that of the dead leaf.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, Oct. 19.

My dear SOPHIA,

THERE is more variety at present in the materials than in the form of promenade dress: *gros de Naples*, *gros d'automne*, and other stout silks, are much worn, but not more so than *crêpe de barèges* and *percale*. High dresses are considered most tonish. Those *belles* who lead the fashions wear over their high gowns long cachemire scarfs, which they dispose in such a manner as to form a drapery. Young people, or ladies who are fond of making a juvenile appearance, have no other covering than small *fichus*, *des barèges*, with cachemire borders, or pelerines with four points; and *élégantes* of a certain age adopt square shawls of a large size, the ends of which descend very low.

Waists have rather increased in length. The fashion of lacing gowns up behind is now exploded: they always button, and it is equally fashionable to have them fasten before as behind; the buttons are very small, flat, and put close together. The gown is always tight to the shape, which is sometimes marked out by welts at the sides of the back. The fulness of the skirt is still thrown into the middle of the back; but as the skirt is now very much gored, this is not disadvantageous to the figure. Sleeves are still made extremely

tight to the arm, except the epauletteⁿ part, which is usually very full. Collars with five points continue in favour, but not so much so as they were. High standing collars are very much worn: they are deeper in the back of the neck than in front, and are generally edged with lace. Sometimes the collar is square, and falls over so as to form in itself a small pelerine. Ruffs are entirely discarded: a lady of my acquaintance, who piques herself upon always being the first in every new fashion, told me yesterday, that they were now quite obsolete, for she had not seen one these ten days.

The skirts of coloured dresses are not trimmed high; in some instances the trimming consists only of a row of puffs; if the dress is silk, the puffs are composed of satin, either white, or to correspond with the gown: they are long and narrow, and of an oval form; there is one row round the bottom of the skirt, and two up the front; they are placed lengthwise.

Flounces are also in favour; they are sometimes mixed with rouleaus in the following manner: two flounces, put pretty close together, disposed in deep plaits, and headed by a rouleau, are put at the very bottom of the skirt; four rouleaus are placed above these flounces, each at a little distance from the other; and above these is a dou-

ble flounce, similar to the one at the bottom, and also headed by a rouleau.

Flounces laid on in waves, and disposed in large round plaits, are also in favour; and *bouillonné*, either of satin or of the same material as the dress, is in much request: sometimes the *bouillonné* is intersected with satin folds; they are placed lengthwise, but in a bias direction, and are put four or five together, and very narrow.

Sashes are not universally worn, but they are considered very fashionable, particularly those of *ponceau*: they are fastened behind in short full bows and long ends; sometimes, where the ribbon is very broad, it is disposed in folds round the waist, and forms a full rosette without ends in the middle of the back. A steel buckle, cut to resemble diamond, is usually worn with these girdles; it is put on one side.

Our *chapeaux* are of *gros de Naples*, white straw, cotton straw, satin, plain, figured, and watered, and a new description of *pluche de soie*, which is sometimes called *épinettes*, and sometimes *amiantines bouclées*: this last name arises, I suppose, from the pile of the *pluche* being very long and rather curled. In the gardens of the Tuileries, which are at present the most fashionable promenade, we see a great many hats of this last material.

Chapeaux have not altered in shape since I wrote last; but there is a good deal of variety in the manner of trimming them. Some hats of white straw have a *ponceau gauze scarf* disposed round the bottom of the crown in the turban

style; others are trimmed with soft gauze scarfs, which form cockades. In some instances, the scarf is disposed in a full rosette at one side of the crown, and the ends, terminated by olives, are brought round the crown, and fasten under the chin.

Flowers are also a good deal worn; they are now made smaller than the natural size: the most fashionable are composed partly of *tulle*, and partly of cambric: there are generally two sorts employed to ornament a hat; for instance, three or four small moss roses are mixed with little bunches of plantain; flowers of marsh-mallow with those of the scabius; and China asters, tulips, and pinks, with different sorts of grass.

A number of hats are ornamented only with feathers; indeed, it would be difficult to say which is most fashionable, feathers, flowers, or scarfs. Ostrich and down plumes are equally in favour; they are worn very full.

Walking dresses are now shorter than they have been for some time past, but they are still of a very decorous length. If the shoes do not correspond with the dress, they are in general of glazed morocco leather, with grey or lilac gaiters.

Muslin is at present more worn than any thing else both for dinner and evening dress: for the former, *percale* is most in favour. The skirts are always trimmed with embroidered flounces and rows of work between. The bodies are made tight to the shape, and cut rather high round the bust; the sleeves are short and full. Sometimes the bodies are formed entirely of work; a rich embroidery resembling lace

forms a stomacher, the sides of which are marked by a narrow fall of work set on full, which goes across the shoulders and round the back of the bust; the back is worked to correspond with the stomacher. The sleeve consists of two falls of work crossed in the middle of the shoulder; they are put on over a short full sleeve gathered in at the bottom to a band. A broad sash of rich ribbon completes the dress.

Sometimes these dresses are worn with a velvet *corsage*: it is of a plain tight form, fastens behind, is cut rather lower in front than the under-dress, and displays a little of the bottom of the sleeve, which, when worn with these bodies, is generally trimmed with work. The velvet is either black or else some dark full colour, and has a very pretty effect over the white dress.

Evening dresses are composed of worked muslin, and are trimmed at the bottom with a mixture of flounces and embroidery: the *corsage* is cut square, the upper part disposed in folds across the bust: there is no trimming to the front, but a full quilling of lace stands up and shades the back of the neck. The sleeve is composed of alternate narrow bands of embroidery, and full ones of clear muslin. The sash is generally of

gauze ribbon, either jonquil with *ponceau* edges, or *ponceau* with jonquil edges.

A *coiffure en cheveux* is still considered most fashionable: the hair is not dressed high, but it is worn very full on the temples, and disposed in large thick curls; the forehead is still a good deal displayed, but not so much as it has lately been. Feathers, flowers, or gauze ribbons, form the head-dress: the latter are usually disposed in full cockades in the centre of the forehead, and tied loosely under the chin; the ends, which are terminated by olives, fall as low as the bottom of the waist.

The colours most in favour are, *ponceau*, jonquil, azure, purple, and bright rose colour. I have said nothing to you of full dress, because at present it affords no novelty; but, thanks to the versatility of fashion in this metropolis, that is not likely to be the case when I write again. Adieu, my dear friend! Believe me always your attached

EUDOCIA.

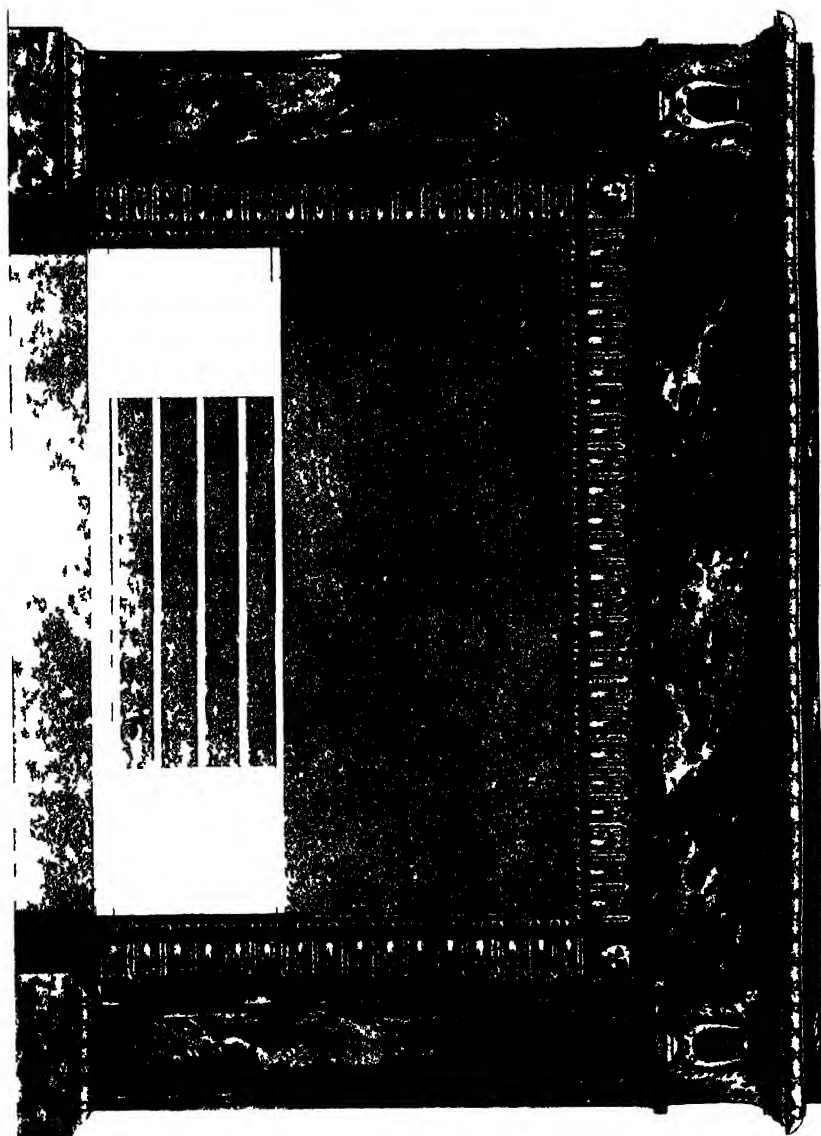
I open my letter to say, that I saw last night at a ball several ribbons of a new description: they were of satin, wrought at the edges in gold and silver lace. These ribbons were of different colours, but the greatest number were white and gold.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 27.—A CHIMNEY-PIECE.

The annexed design of a Monmarble chimney-piece is proposed to be embellished with brass ornaments, and mouldings gilt, or in the present greatly improved process.

The receptacle for a register stove is here added, and so as to appear part of the decoration as designed in the first instance, rather than, as is commonly the case, seem to be one chimney-piece within



another. The persons who manufacture stoves or grates having nothing to do with the marble work, seek to make their articles sightly, without reference to the superior decoration with which they are destined to unite; and if the parties who select grates for apartments are equally regardless of the forms to which they are proposed to be

appended, there need be no wonder at the absurd *mélanges* that become the unavoidable consequences of such inattention to fitness and propriety.

It rarely happens in common apartments that this defect does not appear, for it is always much more easy to satisfy the fancy than to consult the understanding.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

THE *Beauties of Ireland*, by Mr. J. N. Brewer, is announced for publication before the end of the present year. Mr. Brewer has been engaged for a considerable time in preparing this work, in which he has received important aid from the Genealogical and Topographical MS. Collections of Colonel Hervey de Montmorency-Morres, unreservedly opened for his use by that truly respectable gentleman and scholar. The work is to be published in parts or numbers, embellished with engravings by Storer, after original drawings, chiefly by Petrie of Dublin. The Antiquities and Topography of Ireland are progressively becoming objects of considerable interest in the sister island, and this work appears calculated to supply a desideratum long felt in topographical literature.

There exists, perhaps, only one autograph letter of Le Sage, the author of "Gil Blas." It is a curious unpublished piece, which appears addressed to Chancellor Pontchartraine. M. Hyacinthe Audifret, belonging to the Cabinet of Manuscripts of the Royal Library, has inserted it in the notice which

he has given of a new edition of Le Sage. It will likewise be printed in a lithographic *fac-simile*.

Mr. David Booth is preparing for publication, "*A Letter to the Rev. T. R. Malthus, M. A. F. R. S., relative to the reply (inserted in the 70th Number of the Edinburgh Review) to Mr. Godwin's Inquiry concerning Population;*" in which the erroneousess of the theories of Mr. Malthus will be more fully illustrated.

A new edition (being the third) is in the press, of Rolle's *Trader's Safeguard and Counting-House Guide*: containing the laws relating to masters, apprentices, clerks, shopmen, journeymen, manufacturers, sureties, partners, agents, &c.; bills of exchange and promissory notes; contracts and agreements for the sale and purchase of goods; bankruptcy; and a variety of other topics indispensable to be known by every person connected with trade.

A new and improved edition will be shortly published of the Rev. David Williams's *Laws relating to the Clergy*; including instructions to candidates for holy orders, with the requisite papers and documents

respecting ordination, licences, institutions, collations, &c. &c. To this edition many new heads of ecclesiastical law will be added, which are not to be found in Dr Burn's work on the same subject; and the whole will be adapted to the greatest practical utility.

Mr. Edward Baldwin, the author of "Fables, Ancient and Modern," "The Pantheon," &c. &c. has in the press a compendious *History of Greece*, from the earliest records of that country, to the period in which it was reduced into a Roman province; to be adorned with maps and authentic portraits of the most eminent Greeks, which he conceives to be well adapted to gratify general curiosity, at a time when recent transactions have particularly drawn the curiosity of the public to that part of the world.

Shortly will be published *Saltus ad Parnassum*, exhibiting a synopsis of the whole science of music, in fourteen progressive diagrams, on one folio sheet, by J. Relfe, musician in ordinary to his Majesty.

The whole of the magnificent and celebrated collection belonging to Count Melzi of Milan, has been lately purchased by Frank Hall Standish, Esq. and will speedily be removed to England. Among other rarities of the 15th century, is the *Libri Historia Spira*, 1470, printed upon vellum, with capitals most exquisitely illuminated, the only perfect copy known to exist: another is the *Lucretius Breccia* *Berrandi*.

The Rev. Edmund Butcher has a volume of *Prayers* in the press, intended for the use of families and private persons, including a

prayer adapted to each discourse in the three volumes of *Sermons* by the same author.

Miss Macauley has a new work in the press, entitled *Tales of the Drama*, founded on the most popular acting plays.

A new and improved edition of Mr. Henry Siddons's *Translation of Engel on Gesture and Action*, is in the press, and will appear in the course of November.

Next month will be published the first number of a *Series of Classical Illustrations of the Works of eminent Composers for the Piano-forte*, in which all the modulations and other variety of scientific beauties contained in them will be clearly illustrated through a new order of musical designation, by J. Relfe, musician in ordinary to his Majesty.

In November will be published, with the Almanacks, *Time's Telescope for 1822*: containing an explanation of saints' days and holidays; with illustrations of British history and antiquities, notices of obsolete rites and customs, and sketches of comparative chronology and contemporary biography; including astronomical occurrences in every month, and a diary of nature, explaining the various appearances in the animal and vegetable kingdoms; the whole being interspersed with amusing anecdotes, and illustrative and decorative extracts from our first living poets. An Introduction to the study of Conchology will be prefixed, with an accurately coloured plate of some of the most rare and beautiful shells.



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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit, on or before the 15th of the month, announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

We thank Mr. J. M. Lacey for his article on Independence. It was too late for insertion in our present Number.

The continuation of Anecdotes, Personal, Historical, and Literary, will be given soon, as well as additions to those relating to Artists and the Arts.

Bruno, Buffalmaco, and the Doctor, from Boccaccio, must be postponed until the conclusion of the translation from Boiardo.

The Short Stage by Q. in the Corner, is an amusing article, and shall receive very early attention. We trust to the discretion of the author in never being personal or individual in his characters.

The article on the Origin of Vauxhall, Ranelagh, &c. is in the hands of the printer.

D. F. on living without Food is inadmissible on several accounts.

Necessity only has compelled us to carry the story of the Green Mantle of Venice into the next volume. It will be concluded very shortly.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SEMJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

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HINTS ON ORNAMENTAL GARDENING.

(Continued from p. 250.)

PLATE 31.—A SMALL GARDEN.

WHEN the pleasure-grounds of a dwelling are not extensive, a great degree of elegant amusement may be obtained on a very limited space, by appropriating a spot of ground to the cultivation of flowers, bestowing upon it a large proportion of decorative design suitable to its object, and by bringing together a variety of the means which excite interest, and consequently afford pleasure.

To this purpose the conservatory, aviary, apiary, and reservoir for gold and silver fish, may be made to conduce, which, uniting with the treillages, statues, vases, and the efforts of the gardener, would scarcely fail to produce the object desired.

From such an amphitheatre of beauty the most polished-minded

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female might receive agreeable recreation, and it would not be unsuited to moments of seclusion or study.

A is a summer-house, containing B B, recesses as cages for birds. C C are conservatories. D D is a very light metal arcade, upon which to train flowing creepers, roses, or vines. E is the basin for gold and silver fish, with a small fountain in the centre: this point would admit the exercise of considerable fancy, and its verge being decorated by therms, or pedestals, and vases, the effect would be very pleasing. F is the rosiary; G G G, flower-beds; H H, trays for the reception of aquatic plants; I I, garden-seats; K, apiary; L, side entrance; M, entrance to the garden.

T T

MISCELLANIES.

SINGULAR EXPERIMENT IN ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

WE quote the following from a recent scientific publication printed in France, to shew the extent to which credulity is still carried in some situations. We know of no other authority on which it rests, nor is any supplied in the work itself; but we are assured, that the experiment was actually made.

A French officer, named M——, who had supported his opinion in favour of magnetism in a large company, where every person denied its powers, offered to practise it on any one they would choose: for this purpose they applied to a physician in the town, who suffered Mr. M—— to practise on one of the girls in the Orphan-House in Rotterdam, who was much reduced by fits, with which she had been afflicted for fourteen years. She usually had one every two or three days, and the physicians had tried in vain to render her any service. She was magnetized once a day for three weeks, and occasionally afterwards, and the physicians have pronounced her perfectly cured.

Mr. M—— performed his operations in public; any person desirous of being present, was admitted. The first morning that I attended, the girl was seated in a chair: Mr. M—— asked her, if she felt any inconvenience from the crowd; to which she replied in the negative. I was within a foot of both. He then began to operate, and in about three minutes the

girl was in a doze; in two minutes more she was fast asleep, her eyes closed, her bosom heaving, and soon afterwards snoring.

Dr. V. N——, a physician of great respectability in this city, was present; he asked her various questions, all which she answered with great clearness. Among others, how long she had slept, and how long she would sleep; both which she answered to a minute. They asked respecting the diseases of several persons, to which she gave such answers as surprised the faculty more than they did the other people who were present. She continued in this state about an hour, and then awoke.

About a week after this I attended again. The girl had been asleep about ten minutes. Dr. V—N—— told Mr. M——, he wished to ask some questions for me, but did not mention what they were. Mr. M. having hold of one of the girl's hands and one of mine, Dr. V. N. asked the following questions:

Question. What is the disorder of the gentleman now before you?

Answer. He has for some time past had a pain in his stomach, and it is at present in a weak state.

This answer, I must observe, very much surprised the doctor, to whom I had not mentioned any thing on the subject; and though exactly the case, no one in the room knew any thing of the matter, except the girl and myself. I had told a friend of mine the

day before, but who was not present, nor had he seen any one who was, that I could not account for it, unless from the bad weather, but that I had not been free from this complaint for a month past. I then assured the doctor, that what the girl had said was strictly true. I requested him to proceed.

Q. Is any thing else the matter with him?

A. He has a heaviness in his head, which causes him to be deaf; but it is sometimes worse than at others, owing to the weather.

Q. Will any thing relieve him?

A. Possibly the best thing he can do is, to have his ears syringed with milk and honey, and to wash his ears and neck every morning with cold water.

This was all that passed relative to myself. The following questions, with many others, were also put the same evening:

Q. What ideas have you passing in your mind?

A. None.

Q. What are you thinking about?

A. Nothing.

Q. What do you perceive?

A. A bright light.

Q. Do you see any thing else?

A. No.

Being asked, if she were thirsty, and replying in the affirmative, three glasses of wine and water were brought on a waiter; she put her hand over them, one after the other, and refused them all. Mr. M. then magnetized one of them; the other two were again offered and refused, but on the third being presented, she drank it off.

While Mr. M. was magnetizing his patient, a gentleman, who sat close by him, suddenly became so

ill, that he was obliged to be led out. The girl (*fast asleep*) stretched out her hands, then put them to her bosom, and shewed various signs of agitation. She was asked, if any thing ailed her; she replied, there is a gentleman in the room taken ill.

Q. What is the matter with him?

A. The magnetism has affected him.

Q. What will relieve him?

A. Let him drink a few glasses of orange-flower water, and he will be cured of his sickness by to-morrow.

Mr. M. sent word to the gentleman, that he had caught some of the magnetic fluid, but if he followed the girl's directions he would soon be well. He did so, and the next day he was as well as ever. After the girl awoke, a gentleman asked her, how she knew the gentleman was ill, and what was proper to cure him; she replied, "I know nothing of the matter." She was totally unconscious of every thing that had passed.

The same day she prescribed for a gentleman, and among other things she recommended him to drink white wine. As this, however, was only a general term, the next day, when she was asleep, two bottles of wine were brought, and he told her, that she had not mentioned what wine he should drink. The bottles were then produced; she touched the first, and said, "This is Rhenish; it will do you more harm than good." On touching the other, she said, "This is French white wine, and what you must drink."

Previous to her being first magnetized, she could not bear the

least noise; the beating of a drum accidentally in the street has thrown her into fits. The day that she was pronounced perfectly cured, a drum was brought into the room, and beat close to her for several minutes; a pistol was also fired out of the window, neither of which affected her. She afterwards let off the pistol herself, without feeling the least inconvenience.

I must further observe, which is no less extraordinary than her answers, the language in which she conveys them. One of the governors told me, she had no other education than reading and working, and that her reading was confined to the Bible and Catechism. Her answers, however, were scientific, and conveyed in the best language.

Another day that she was in "*a luminous crisis*," as they term it, the following questions were asked her:

Q. Are you perfectly cured?

A. Yes.

Q. Are you not thankful for your cure?

A. I hope I am thankful to God in the first place, and then to the gentleman who has been his instrument in curing me—(she then shed tears.)

Q. What is the matter?

A. I am much affected with my present situation, but shall be well presently.

Q. As you are cured, do you not wish to leave the Orphan-House?

A. I have not received such treatment since I have been in it as to make me wish to leave it.

Q. But do you not wish to get your living yourself?

A. Yes; I know it is my duty, and I certainly will do it as soon as a suitable opportunity offers.

After this conversation she awakened, but knew nothing of what had passed.

A VILLAGE TALE.

HARRY WILSON was the only son of a poor but industrious widow. His father had died when he was only two years old, and his mother contrived, by active and incessant industry, to keep him and herself from becoming a burden to the parish. As the boy grew up, his love and duty amply rewarded her sacrifices. His industrious habits, and the excellence of his disposition, rendered him a general favourite in the village where he resided; and a neighbouring carpenter was so much pleased with him, that he took him apprentice without a fee, and thus relieved his mother from the charge of his maintenance.

His master soon afterwards took into his service an orphan girl, three years younger than Harry. She was willing and active, but her strength was badly proportioned to the labour she had to undergo. Young Wilson, always ready to assist every body, never thought any trouble of helping Susan. The girl was very grateful, she was also very pretty; the little services which were begun from humanity were, as Harry increased in years, continued from a softer motive: in short, the young people became mutually attached. Harry obtained his mother's consent without difficulty, and he only waited to be out of his time to make Susan his wife.

But our lovers were destined to experience the truth of Shakspeare's assertion,

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

A young widow came from a neighbouring town to reside in their village; she opened a well-stocked shop, and as it was soon whispered that she was rich, she had plenty of rustic admirers; but unfortunately for poor Harry, she was captivated with his really handsome figure, and for his sake she rejected every overture made to her, and practised all the arts of rustic coquetry to gain his attention, but in vain. She was, however, too deeply smitten to be easily refused; she applied herself to get into the good graces of his mother, and soon succeeded. Dame Wilson was dazzled at the prospect of such a match for her son, and as he had always been so attached and dutiful to her, she entertained no doubt of being able to prevail upon him to forsake Susan and marry Mrs. Brown. However, she calculated too much upon her influence: Harry listened to her with patience and respect, but he gave no sign of yielding to her wishes; the only concession she could draw from him was, a promise that he would never marry Susan without her consent; but in the same breath in which he declared this, he protested his unalterable resolution never to become the husband of any other.

The term of his apprenticeship expired, and his mother renewed her attack with fresh vigour; she was naturally of a violent temper, and the opposition which, for the first time in his life, her son made

to her wishes, irritated her so much, that one day she declared in a fit of passion, that if he persisted in refusing to marry Mrs. Brown, she would bestow her curse upon him.

Harry looked at her for a moment with horror in his countenance. "Oh! mother," cried he, "you can never mean what you say! Sure it is impossible that you can curse me!" His paleness and agitation deceived her into a belief that he was about to yield; she renewed her threat, and Harry rushed out of the house without a reply. "Let him go," said the angry mother to herself; "I see he is coming round, and I will talk to him again when he returns."

But night came on, and he did not return. Dame Wilson listened anxiously to the sound of every passing footstep, and at last, frightened out of her anger, went herself through the village to seek him; but she could hear no tidings of him, and she returned home in an agony of apprehension for his safety.

Early the next day, a boy brought her a short incoherent note, in which Harry repeated his determination never to marry without her consent; but added, that as it was impossible for him to comply with her wishes, he was resolved to go to sea. He besought her to recollect that it was the first time he had ever disobeyed her in his life, and not to send him from his home with her curse upon his head.

One may easily conceive the shock which this letter gave the wretched mother. Ah! how bitterly did she now repent her anger and her menaces! She ran almost distracted to the house of Mrs.

Brown, to whom she repeated her threat and its fatal consequences; but instead of soothing her distress, the widow flew into a violent passion, and after reviling her and Harry in the bitterest terms, desired that she might never enter her house again.

The unfortunate woman returned to her cottage in a state of mind not to be described. Her mental agony brought on a violent fever in a few hours; a delirium speedily succeeded, and during several days she lost all consciousness of her sufferings.

When reason returned, she was in such a state of extreme weakness, that she supposed herself dying. A female was seated by her bed; the twilight prevented her from distinguishing the features of this person, but the idea struck her that it was Mrs. Brown, who, repenting of her late behaviour, had come to nurse her. "Ah! it is you, Mrs. Brown," said she in a faltering tone. The woman started, but made no reply; but on the invalid repeating the name again, and still more earnestly, she timidly said, "It is not Mrs. Brown;" and Dame Wilson recognised the voice of Susan.

The discovery had nearly proved fatal to the unfortunate sufferer, although she was at the moment unconscious of the extent of her obligations to the person whom she had so deeply injured. In fact, from the commencement of her illness, Susan had devoted herself entirely to nurse and attend upon her. The little sum which she had hoarded as a marriage portion, procured medicine and necessaries for her who prevented the marriage

from taking place. Susan's pious cares were at length rewarded, the unfortunate mother was restored to health; but the disorder fell into her limbs, and a lameness ensued, which threatened to continue for life.

It was then that she learned the full value of the daughter she had so blindly rejected. Susan would not hear of her being removed to the workhouse; she persisted in remaining with her, and in endeavouring to gain by her labour a maintenance for both. The task was indeed difficult, but what is it that affection and a sense of duty will not stimulate a good and feeling heart to perform? and Susan's was such a heart. She remembered only that Dame Wilson had once loved her, and that she was the mother of Harry, and she resolved to supply his place as far as she could.

The whole village, with the exception of the widow Brown, praised the excellent conduct of this good girl; her old master's family did what they could to assist her, and for some time things went tolerably well. Susan would even have thought her lot a happy one, had there been any news from Harry, but two years passed, and none came. The poor girl's spirits sunk under his silence; fretting and hard labour together robbed her by degrees of her fine colour and healthy appearance, but she was never heard to complain, and when with her mother, as she always called her, she strove to wear a face of cheerfulness.

A farmer in the neighbourhood, rich and personable, but of a coarse and brutal disposition, had for a

long time had a hankering after Susan: her attachment to Harry was, however, so well known, that he did not venture to make any direct overtures, but he forced upon Dame Wilson the loan of a small sum at a time when she was much distressed for the payment of her rent, and by the manner in which he gave it, she considered it in fact as a gift rather than a loan. He soon, however, began to presume upon the favour which he had conferred, and to treat Susan with a freedom which she could not brook, although she thought his designs were honourable, which, at first, they were not; but her prudent reserve soon convinced him that there was no chance of gaining her for a mistress, and after a struggle between avarice and what he called love, he determined to marry her.

As he made his proposal without a doubt of its being accepted, his astonishment and rage were equally great when he found it was refused, and his naturally mean and malicious spirit shewed itself in an immediate demand for the money, which he well knew Dame Wilson could not pay. She tremblingly pleaded her inability, and he went away muttering threats.

The poor old woman and Susan sat for some time looking at each other in silence; the same thought was in the mind of each, but neither ventured to give it utterance. At last, Susan betrayed her fears by her attempt to conceal them. "Cheer up, dear mother," cried she, "he can never be such a brute as to seize our few things; he has only said so to frighten us."

"I hope you are right, child,"

said Mrs. Wilson, "but my mind misgives me, that he has malice in his heart." That day, however, and the next, passed without their hearing any thing from him, and they began to think that their fears were without foundation. On the evening of the third day, as Susan was sitting at the cottage-door at work, a poor-looking man, whose head was tied up as if he had been wounded, asked in a faint tone whether he could have a little water and leave to rest. His request was immediately granted. He seemed overcome either with fatigue or trouble, for he sat for some time silent, and seemingly absorbed in thought, and the poor widow, whose hospitable heart ill accorded with her scanty means, secretly regretted that she had nothing but water or milk to offer him.

In a few minutes after the stranger had entered, Susan's rejected lover, farmer Smith, came in.—"Well," cried he to Susan, "I dare say you have thought better of my offer by this time," and he attempted to take her hand, but she shrunk back. "Heyday!" cried he, "here are fine airs truly in a girl that's no better than a beggar; but I am rightly served: however, you may depend I shan't ask you again. So look ye, Dame Wilson, if I have not my money to-morrow, I will sell your goods."

"If you will but have patience," said Susan timidly.—"Patience!" interrupted he, "patience, indeed! for how long I wonder? Why you know very well that you will never be able to pay me."—"Ah! God help us, I fear not indeed," cried the poor old woman.—"Susan, dear, say no more, 'tis useless to

entreat him. Ah! if my poor boy, if my Harry was here, we should not be in this situation.”—“ Well then, you are rightly served for driving him away as you did, you unnatural ——” Before he could finish the sentence, he received a violent blow from the stranger. “ Take that, you rascal,” cried he, “ for daring to abuse my mother, and if you want more, come on, and I warrant I will satisfy you.”

Smith, who was as cowardly as he was malicious, made a hasty retreat, while the overjoyed Mrs. Wilson and Susan were embracing Harry. Scarcely could the transported mother believe her senses, that it was indeed him whom she held in her arms. Again and again did she ask his forgiveness, and tell him, that but for Susan he would never have found her alive. Ah! how sweet to his heart were

those praises of his beloved, and with what delight did he learn all she had done for his mother! He had obtained his discharge, and returned in disguise to ascertain whether his mistress was still faithful, and his mother more reasonable. Never had he been for a moment forgetful of either; he had hoarded for them the whole of his earnings, and small as the sum was, it was more than sufficient to free them from the grasp of the merciless Smith.

The news of Harry's return quickly spread; all the neighbourhood came to see and congratulate him, and every body had something to say in praise of Susan. In a few days the young couple were united; and they still continue happy with their good old mother, who often declares, that she does not know which of them she loves best.

THE CHARACTER OF SHAKSPEARE AS DRAWN IN HIS SONNETS.

MR. EDITOR,

As your correspondent A. A. the author of the article entitled “ Shakspeare's Life written by himself,” has invited others to contribute to the purpose he had in view, and which he professedly only partially executed, I shall endeavour to supply what may be looked upon as omissions in the account he has furnished. And here in the commencement permit me to observe, that until very lately I was one of those who knew nothing of “ the Bard of Avon” but from his plays: of his poems, indeed, I had heard, but had never read them, excepting in a few quotations. I felt in truth some un-

willingness to look into them, from the character Mr. G. Steevens ventured to give of them in his edition, where he says, with sufficient flippancy and self-conceit, “ We have not reprinted the sonnets, &c. of Shakspeare, because the strongest act of parliament that could be framed, would fail to compel readers into their service. Had Shakspeare produced no other works than these, his name would have reached us with as little celebrity as that of Thomas Watson, an older, and much more elegant sonneteer.” After I had paid some attention to the *Venus and Adonis*, the *Tarquin and Lucrece*, and to the minor poems of Shakspeare, I

began to be sensible how much I had lost, what a fund of fine thoughts and delicate expressions I had so long neglected, and what an incompetent and tasteless commentator that man must be who could pronounce such a dogmatical opinion. If indeed Thomas Watson be a "more elegant sonneteer," I am happy to say, that I have yet remaining an unexhausted fund of delight and satisfaction. However, after what I have seen, I shall be very backward in adopting the judgment of such a critic as Stevens.

However well I may think of his other minor productions, I am not about to touch them now, because they can contribute little to the purpose which A. A. has had in view, and which I am about to follow up by a few further hints and quotations. Nothing of a biographical kind can be gathered with any degree of certainty from the *Venus and Adonis*, or from the *Targuin and Lucrece*; and even what we collect from the sonnets must of course be received with some degree of doubt. One of the writers of a life of Shakspeare has remarked, that the poet, "in his private character, in his friendships, in his amusements, in his closet, in his family, is no where before us;" and this remark is true, if we put his sonnets out of question, for from them almost solely are we able to gain a knowledge upon those interesting points. I place but little reliance on the traditional anecdotes and peculiarities which Rowe was able to collect, although several sources were open to him, which, by the lapse of time, are now closed to us; but I contend,

that a clear and distinct view of the character and habits of Shakspeare is to be obtained from an attentive perusal of his sonnets.

In his "Inquiry into the Authenticity of the Shakspeare Papers," (the impudent forgeries of Ireland,) Malone remarks (p. 277), "Some years ago I conjectured that he (Shakspeare) had originally some slight knowledge of the law, and particularly of the lower branches of conveyancing;" and then he proceeds to surmise, that he might have been articled to some country attorney or solicitor. This notion derives confirmation, not merely from the expressions of his plays, but of his poems, as is obvious from the following Sonnet, numbered 46 in the reprint of 1766:

"Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war
How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
Mine eye, my heart their pictures' sight
would bar

My heart, mine eye the freedom of that
right:

My heart doth *plead* that thou in him dost
lie

(A closet never pear'd with crystal eyes),
But the *defendant* doth that *plea deny*,

And says in him their fair *appearance* lies.
To *'cide* this title is *impannelled*

A *quest* of thoughts, all *tenants* to the heart,
And by their *verdict* is determined

'The clear eye's *moiety*, and the dear heart's
part.

And thus mine eye's due is their outward
part,

And my heart's right their inward love of
heart."

I could produce other similar examples were they necessary. In an attorney's office it may be remarked, he might have picked up a few of the scraps of Latin that have set Gildon, Dennis, Grey, Pope, Theobald, Upton, and Dr. Farmer, at war as to the learning of Shakspeare.

It is very clear that Shakspeare was of a convivial, social, cheerful disposition; and that he had a great deal of conversational wit and pleasantry. To prove this, I may refer, in the first place, to a story told of him in a MS. "table-book" in the British Museum, the authority of the celebrated Dr. Donne as the relator being cited for its truth. I do not recollect to have seen it quoted in any of the numerous collections regarding our poet. "Shakspeare," said Dr. Donne, "was once invited by Ben Jonson to stand godfather to one of his children. Ben Jonson always displayed his learning of the dead languages when he had, and sometimes when he had not, an opportunity; and Shakspeare being asked what gift he would bestow upon the child, replied merrily, that recollecting who its father was, he could not do better than give it a dozen of *Latin* spoons." To understand the jest fully, the reader should know, that it was usual for godfathers and godmothers to bestow spoons upon the children for whom they stood; and that *Latin* not merely signifies a dead language, but a mixed metal, of which utensils at that time were frequently made. It is most likely that this talent for conversation and love of company led our poet sometimes into slight excesses, and to a neglect of his duties: to this I apprehend he alludes in the sonnet beginning,

"Accuse me thus, that I have scantied all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay;"
and proceeding to lament, that he had "frequent been with unknown minds." Again, in Sonnet 121, he speaks yet more distinctly upon the subject:

"For why should others false adulterate
eyes

Give salutation to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
Which in their wills 'count bad what I
think good?"

Without dwelling upon this topic, which it would be easy to enlarge, I would just refer your readers to Sonnet 91, where the poet speaks of certain amusements that delight others, but give no pleasure to him.

One thing more than all has puzzled the biographers, annotators, and critics, and probably will continue to puzzle them; I mean the disregard Shakspeare has shewn to his future fame. Some, and among them Mr. Malone, have endeavoured to account for this apparent carelessness about the fate of his productions, by reference to the practice of our old stage, that after a play was brought out, it belonged solely to the company, and the author had nothing more to do with it. This, however, is most unsatisfactory, especially when we see that Jonson, Heywood, Webster, Marston, and several others, did separately publish a few of their plays, superintending even in some degree the printing of them. There is one thing quite clear, at least from the sonnets before us, that Shakspeare had a firm and lasting conviction of his immortality; and this perhaps affords the best solution of the difficulty: for relying upon this, he scorned to use any exertions to hand down his performances to posterity in any regular and permanent shape. He left the result to fate and chance, satisfied that neither fate nor chance could destroy the fabric he had erected. It seems singular, that the authors of "the Round

Table," who know perhaps more about poets and poetry than any thing else, should have been ignorant, how often Shakspeare in the 154 sonnets now under consideration, had predicted his own immortality. I will satisfy myself with a few out of many instances that might be quoted. In Sonnet 55 he thus breaks out:

"Not marble, nor the gilded monument
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful line."

In Sonnet 81 he tells his mistress:

"From hence your mem'ry death cannot
take,

Although in me each part shall be forgotten:
Your name from hence immortal life shall
have."

In an address to his Muse in Sonnet 101, he expresses the same sentiment:

"Excuse no silence, for it lies in thee
To make her much outlive a gilded tomb,
And to be prais'd in ages yet to be.
Then do thy office, Muse, I teach thee how
To make her seem long hence as she seems
now."

Having nothing more to add at present, I remain, &c. F. K.

LONDON, Nov. 7, 1821.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

Mr. ADVISER,

I AM the last branch of an ancient family: my ancestors were distinguished by every virtue, except prudence; and the want of that, I am sorry to say, has reduced our rent-roll so considerably, that the slender remains of our patrimony are quite insufficient to the support of our dignity. How to acquire wealth enough to restore our family to its ancient splendour, has engaged my thoughts since I was first capable of thinking, and I have formed, at different times, some excellent projects, which have, however, from one cause or other, always miscarried. One of my most promising plans, which I began to think of soon after I came of age, was to obtain a seat in parliament; but I knew that before I took that step, it would be necessary to qualify myself for a public speaker. Accordingly I got together all the works of our best orators, ancient and modern, and determined to study them with unremitting attention; but as it unluck-

ily happened that I never could keep my eyes open over a book in my life, I was obliged, at the end of ten years, after making several attempts to commence my studies, to give up the idea, and try some other project.

My next plan was to reclaim some waste land which I have in Ireland; and thither I hastened, fully bent on converting my bogs into corn-fields and meadows. I do verily believe I should have executed this project had I not unfortunately found too many advisers, so that when I had almost made up my mind to adopt the suggestions of one friend, another stepped in with a plan apparently more feasible, and this in its turn gave way to the still better project of a third. In short, among them all, I was, to speak in the language of the country, fairly bothered. At last I thought that the best way would be, to get together all the Treatises on Draining Land that I could find, and to take the opinions of my friends on every one of them; and

it is but justice to say, that they interested themselves exceedingly in the matter; so much so indeed, that several of them came and lived at my house for months together, merely that they might be on the spot to give me the benefit of their advice in forming my plans, which we regularly discussed over our claret every day after dinner.

Several years passed without my coming to any decision about what was best to be done, because, as my friends observed, in a matter of such moment nothing ought to be begun in a hurry. When just as I had made up my mind to commence my operations, I was obliged to give up the scheme altogether, and to leave the country abruptly, in consequence of the demands of my wine-merchant, who was so unconscionable as to refuse waiting for his money till I had brought my land into good heart.

I should have been rather disheartened at this disappointment, only that a new idea presented itself to me, which promised not only to make my fortune, but also to enrol my name among the greatest men of the age. This was to construct an air-balloon upon a new principle, by means of which one might travel as safely in it as in a stage-coach. I bestowed a great deal of time and thought upon this project, which would infallibly have succeeded could I have found any one to put it in execution, but unfortunately, all those to whom I applied were too stupid to comprehend the principle which I laid down; and I was consequently obliged to relinquish this plan also: but the mortification which I suffered prevented me, for some time, from thinking of any other.

However, as the desperate state of my finances rendered it necessary for me to adopt some means of retrieving them, and I was drawing towards fifty years of age, I considered it was time to think of continuing my family; and that in effect the readiest way to repair the falling fortunes of my house would be by a wealthy marriage. No sooner had I formed this idea, than I determined to put it in execution as soon as I could find a lady to my mind; but this was by no means an easy task. She must be nobly born, or she would disgrace my family; rich, or else her alliance would not retrieve our fortunes; young, or I could not expect an heir; and handsome, or she would not be to my taste. I should tire your patience, Mr. Adviser, were I to relate to you the various disappointments that I met with; suffice it to say, they were so many, that I began to think my matrimonial project was the most unpromising of any I had formed. At last I got acquainted with Miss Dingy, an old maid of mean extraction, and no claim to beauty, but as she was immensely rich, I resolved, that if I could not do better, I would make up my mind to marry her. I thought, however, it would not be amiss first to look about me, because it was well known she had no suitor, and she always declared that she never would marry without first weighing the matter in every possible way, for she thought a woman must be a fool indeed who would take such a step without great deliberation. I determined therefore to be very attentive to her, but without committing myself; and accordingly, for about a twelvemonth I avoided bringing matters to a crisis. At

last, on the very morning when I had determined to make my proposal, I received intelligence that she was just married to a young ensign, whom she had not been acquainted with a week before she gave him her hand.

This event, which happened about ten years ago, put me so completely out of humour with matrimonial schemes, that I never formed another. I am now wavering between two projects: one is a plan to cut and get in corn by means of a steam-engine, which will save the expense of reapers; the other is, an invention by which gas may be made to answer the purposes of food. I am inclined to think that this last project would certainly make my fortune, because, independent of the other bodies of men who have need of economy, the fraternity of authors alone are so numerous, that even the smallest contribution from each (and I think the poor devils would gladly pay something for being taught to live without eating,) must amount to a very large sum. Still I think there is a good deal to be said in favour of the other project too; and, in fact, my mind has latterly been so harassed with

doubts, which of them I ought to give the preference to, that I have quite lost my appetite and sleep, and still I am not able to come to a determination. Will you then, Mr. Adviser, have the goodness to weigh this matter well, and let me know which of my plans has your approbation, as your opinion shall decide the choice of, sir, your very obedient,

PETER PLANWELL.

It seems to me that the advantages which these projects offer are likely to prove so equal, that it will require all my sagacity to decide which of them my correspondent ought to adopt; and as he himself admits that he has never done any thing in a hurry, he cannot wonder that I should desire time to deliberate on the matter. At present, therefore, I shall only counsel him to endeavour to regain his appetite and sleep, while I am weighing the pros and cons; and by the time he informs me his health is restored, I shall probably have decided which of these sapient projects is the most likely to restore his house to its ancient splendour.

S. SAGEPHIZ.

IROLDO AND PRASILDO.—PART I.

(Translated from BOIARDO's "*Orlando Innamorato**.")

A GALLANT knight, Iroldo was his name,
Serr'd a fair lady, who Tisbina hight;
She lov'd Iroldo with as true a flame
As Tristan ever was Isault's delight;
While he return'd it, as him well became,
So ardently, that from the morn till night,
And night till morn, he only thought of her,
And did such care to ease itself prefer.

And near to them there liv'd a baron brave,
Esteem'd the greatest in all Babylou;

He well deserv'd the high applause they gave,
For 'twas by courtesy and valour won:
He never sought his flowing wealth to save,
But free dispens'd it as his light the sun;
Gracious at board, and valorous in fight,
A gallant lover, and a fearless knight.

Prasildo was the name of this rare peer,
And to a garden he was once invited,
Where many others with Tisbina were,
Playing a foreign game that much delighted.

* It may be fit to mention, that the version of *Berni* has been followed, and not that of *Niccolo degli Agostini*.

It was a mirthful game play'd often there,
Where one his eyes in lady's lap benighted;
Their being lightly struck upon the shoulder,
Guess'd who had struck, since he could not
behold her.

Prasildo from afar had mark'd the game,
Until Tisbina challeng'd him to play;
He took the challenge: to the place he came,
Where of the striker he the name should
say;

But from her lap there rose a burning flame
Into his heart, he never could allay:
Not to guess rightly all his art he tries,
For most unwilling was he thence to rise.

But when the game was done, the feast was
ended;

The flame of love was still within his breast;
The ardent fire that in the day offended,
More fiercely burnt at night, the hour of
rest.

To every wish'd occasion he attended,
But paleness now his manly cheek possess:
He toss'd in bed, nor could one posture keep;
He clos'd his eyes, but clos'd them not to
sleep.

He left his bed of down—no rest was there,
The living rock itself more soft would seem:
Within his breast still grew the fretful care,
Of nothing else could he or think or dream.
It grew to utmost height ere he was 'ware,
For no degree is there in love extreme;
'Tis infinite, and what appears the end
Is the beginning, 'twill so far extend.

In horses framed for speed and dogs of chase
He oft would take a fresh delight erewhile,
But all these former pleasures now gave place;
Nor could companions raise the accustom'd
smile,
Though feasts and festivals he still would
grace:

He wrote, he sang, his sorrows to beguile,
He jousted often, and in tournaments
Huge steeds bestrode with rich accoutre-
ments.

And though indeed he courteous were before,
Now was it multiplied a thousand fold:

For every virtue rare increases more,
When love his seat in generous hearts doth
hold;

Whate'er of good there was in life of yore,
Is never chang'd to bad, by him controul'd.
Prasildo lov'd, and with such fervency,
That he exceeded all in courtesy.

He found a messenger his suit to aid,
Who to Tisbina was in friendship dear:
Thus morn and night he fervently essay'd,
Nor of rejection nor repulse would hear:
Yet on her coldness no impression made;
She pitied not his pain, nor prayers sin-
cere;

No other wish could her chaste bosom move,
But all was centred in her husband's love.

How oft his hopeless suit he thus would move:
"Oh! lovely lady, wilt thou then disdain
Thine own high destiny, my proffer'd love?
Tho' fairer creature doth not earth contain,
Thy coldness even thou may'st yet reprove,
And wish thou hadst that happier lot again:
Accept the pleasure that acceptance woos,
Delight enjoy'd we ne'er again can lose.

"Youth's season in delight should pass away,
Pleasure and joy in one continual flow;
Swift opportunity brooks no delay,
But fades as in the sunshine melts the snow;
Or as the rose that in a single day
Is stripp'd of all its pride, its crimson glow:
Life's spring is transient as the lightning's
track,
None can restrain it--none can bring it back."

Oft in these words, and other words like these,
He prov'd Tisbina, but without avail:
And as the tender violets by degrees
Lose life and colour in the wintry gale,
When in the sun the glittering waters freeze,
So grew this generous baron weak and
pale:

So sad his state, so great his misery,
That death appear'd his only remedy.

No more frequented he the jovial feast,
Heart-broken, comfortless, he soon became;
All pleasures hated he, himself not least,
And yet himself in nothing but in name.
Each following day his endless woes increas'd,
And oft alone he sought to cool his flame
In a deep wood, the shady trees beneath,
And ceaseless sighs 'gainst cruel love to
breathe.

By chance it happen'd, that one early morn
Iroldo and Tisbina to the wood
Had come to join the chase with echoing
horn;

And as they went, I ween they list'ning
stood

To bitter plaints of one that seem'd forlorn:
It was Prasildo: with a tearful flood
Such tender words he utter'd in his moan,
As with compassion would have rent a stone.

"Ye blooming sprays," he cried, "ye peaceful bowers,
Since she not hears me in my prayer's despite,

List to the fate that all my life devours!

Thou sun, that hast expell'd the gloomy night,

Thou moon and stars, of the blue sky thy flowers,

Hear now the grief that my fresh youth doth blight;

List to that wretched voice that soon must cease,

When in cold death I seek at last for peace.

"Thus then shall I her haughty pride content,

Who holds my life in such a fierce disdain;
To hide whose cruel soul a face is lent

Where only beauty and compassion reign.
Since 'tis her wish that thus my life be spent,

For her I freely die, and ne'er complain:

My last desire is to delight her still,

And unrepining die, since 'tis her will.

"Yet be my death from all the world conceal'd

In this deep wood, and never more be known;

Ah! never be my bitter fate reveal'd,

Dying in hopeless misery alone,

That this fair dame, to whom all beauties yield,

Be ne'er accus'd of my sad dying groan;
And never let her fame the charge endure,
She caus'd my death, who might my passion cure."

When forth his heart's deep anguish he had pour'd

In mournful sound, as if the trees could hear,

He drew, with desperate hand though weak,
his sword,

While his pale cheek bespoke his death was near.

Tisbina's name was now the only word

His voice could utter, chok'd by many a tear,

As if he sought, when death should close his eyes,

With that sweet name to enter Paradise.

But she had heard, with him by her lov'd,

All good Prasildo's sorrow in that place,

And pity so Iroldo's bosom mov'd,

That kindly tears ran down his manly face;

And means he sought, by her alike approv'd,
To ease or remedy his wretched case.

Iroldo by the thicket hidden stood,

While fair Tisbina issued from the wood.

Yet seem'd not to have heard his voice, I ween,

And not to know that she his woes had mad;

Yet seeing him beneath the branches green

Stretch'd on the earth, as though astonish'd, stay'd.

"If thou wouldst still," she said, "that love be seen,

That thou profess'd but lately undecay'd,

Why thus abandon'd all pursuit resign?

Can this advance thy happiness or mine?

"And if till now I would not give consent,

Our life, our love, our honours, be the same;

Yet may I not my cold reproof repent,

Since in the world there is no greater shame
Than to repel a suit so truly meant.

Thou ever lov'd me with the purest flame,

And I return'd it scornful, pitiless:

But time shall be when thou may'st have redress.

"I promise thee, nor more assurance ask,

That on my faithful love thou may'st rely,

When, as I hope, thou hast perform'd the task
I now demand: then hear me, nor deny.

There is a garden, lofty walls it mask,

Beyond the forest huge of Barbary:

By four gates may'st thou enter without strife:
The first the gate of Death, the next of Life;

"The third of Wealth, the fourth of Poverty:

Entering at one, return at opposite.

In midst there is a noble tree so high,

That scarce an arrow can attain its height;

Of richest value, for most wondrously

Of orient pearl are all its blossoms light.

The tree of Treasure it is justly call'd:

Its boughs are gold, its fruit is emerald.

"Of this same tree if thou wilt bring a bough,

'Twill free me from a dire calamity;

And thus shall I discover if thy vow

I may believe of love and constancy.

If thou achiev'st what I require thee now,

My love shall far exceed thy ardency;

My person shall reward thy toil and pain,

And as thine own my heart for aye retain."

Prasildo, when he heard with sweet surprise

That thus a hope of love's return was giv'n,

His loyal flame burnt brightly in his eyes,

All thoughts of toil or fear away were driv'n;

He promis'd to achieve the enterprise,

And call'd to witness ev'ry star in heav'n,

The air in which they shone, the earth, the sea,

How he would risk all hazards joyously.

Without delay he hid from thence proceed,

Leaving the lady of his love behind,

And journey'd onward in a pilgrim's weed.

Iroldo and Tisbina had assign'd
This tedious task, as they before agreed,
Because the garden was both far to find
And difficult; Medusa's garden nam'd:
They hop'd his heart would thus be less in-
flam'd.

Besides, they knew when he arriv'd at last,
That this Medusa was a lovely maid,
Who stood beneath this tree of Treasure vast;
And all in lost forgetfulness delay'd
Who put one look upon her features cast;
But all who spoke or salutation paid,
All who once touch'd her, or beside her sat,
All past events, and e'en himself, forgot.

Full little for the toilsome road he car'd,
Alone, or but by love accompanied;
Across an arm of the Red Sea he far'd,
And pass'd o'er Egypt's sandy desert wide.
As to ascend Mount Barca he prepar'd,
He met a grey-hair'd Palmer on its side,
And talking with him, the old man did ask
Wherefore he undertook so hard a task.

When he had heard it, thus the Palmer spake:

"Happy art thou that met with me but
now;

But in your heart this strong assurance make,
That I will shew thee how to gain the bough,
And thus perform the task thou undertake:
But mark the time and means, both when
and how.

The gates of Life and Death thou must pass
by,

And only enter that of Poverty.

"It is Medusa's garden, but her story
Thou know'st not, gentle pilgrim, well I see.
She is the dame of whom it is the glory
To have in charge this far-resplendent tree:
All memory is lost if she before ye
Be glanc'd at once, and all the past will
flee;

But if she once her own fair face behold,
She flies the garden and forgets her gold.

"Therefore, a mirror for a shield provide,
Wherein she may behold her beauty rare;
Approach unarm'd, all clothing laid aside:
Who enters at that gate must enter bare.
The gate of Poverty is plain and wide,
But sad and drear to all arriving there;
And what is worse, it is the constant rule,
That they who pass shall suffer ridicule.

"There is pale misery and blushing shame;
There hunger, cold, and gloominess abound,
Contempt and scorn, and ridicule and blame.
Foul villany lies grov'ling on the ground,

Loathsome disorders aye infect his frame:

Sloth and hard labour are together found;
While on one side compassion ever stands,
Despair on th'other, wringing both his bands;

"But leave the garden at another gate,
Where gaudy riches in her splendour lies;
Hated she is by all who dare to hate,
Yet cares she not if all the world despise:
Part of the branch that thou hast gather'd
late

On her bestow, or exit she denies;
For avarice sits near to swell his store,
And having much, requireth still the more.

"There are high honours to huge pomp
allied,

Hopeless delays and fawning flattery,
Ambition, favour, surquedry and pride,
Restless inquietude and agony:
Suspicion and pale fear are on one side,
With disappointment and anxiety:
Hatred and envy in the centre meet;
And there, with a bent bow, is sly deceit."

Prasildo thank'd the ancient Palmer mild

For all the knowledge he had thus deriv'd;
And parting thence, he cross'd the desert
wild,

And after thirty days of toil, arriv'd
At the rare garden of Medusa styl'd.

Poverty's gate he enter'd, and reviv'd
His way-worn cheer, when he the porch had
past,
By the mere look that he around him cast.

An earthly paradise appear'd that place,
Fill'd all with flow'rs and trees of verdure
green.

A mirror bright conceal'd Prasildo's face,
And by Medusa could no part be seen:
Thus cautiously he walk'd with gentle pace,
Until the golden tree he reach'd, I ween;
The dame there standing, ere the knight could
pass,

Look'd up, and saw her features in the glass;
And as she look'd was wrought a wond'rous
sight,

Which to believe a man must needs behold:
Her lovely face of mingled red and white,
Loud hissing serpents venomous enfold:
She fled the tree in horror and affright
Through air and sunshine, while the baron
bold,

Who heard she had escap'd and left the prize,
Remov'd the mirror, and set free his eyes.

And since Medusa, that enchantress vile,
Affrighted at herself, from thence had fled,
And left unguarded the rich tree the while,
He walk'd beneath the branches wide dis-
spread;

And since all danger was o'ercome by guile,
He pluck'd a bough that grew above his
head,

Delighted came to where proud riches sate,
And then beheld all these about the gate.

Yet woe and misery were seen around

That gate, that never open'd without noise:
And rarely were the portals open found;

For fraud his anxious vigilance employs
To enter when he hears the grating sound.

But now Prasildo the good hap enjoys
To find them all unbar'd and wide that day,
And offer'd half the branch he bore away.

Having thus far his hard emprise achiev'd,
To Babylon he took the way most near,
Yet to arrive at last he scarce believ'd,
Since ev'ry day a hundred did appear:

To pass the Arabian sea, a bark receiv'd
The anxious knight; he cross'd all Nubia
dear,

And day and night he travell'd with such
haste,

That Babylon one morn he reach'd at last.

Then to the fair Tisbina he made known,
That he had now perform'd her high bebest,
And brought the wond'rous branch, that
should be shewn

And yielded to her when she might think
best.

Then of her promise, made to him alone,
Reminded her, by which his life was blest:
But if she sought that promise to deny,
He still was ready for her sake to die.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTES OF ARTISTS AND THE ARTS.

N. POUSSIN.

OF all the celebrated pictures of
Nicolo Poussin, that representing
the *Deluge* is the most celebrated.
Until lately, it adorned the gallery
of St. Cloud, but it has very re-
cently been removed to the Lou-
vre. It is asserted, in a work not
long since published in Paris, that
Jean Jacques Rousseau has often
sat for hours before it. It is also
there said, that when Poussin be-
gan the pursuit of his own profes-
sion under Elle, a mere painter of
portraits, Poussin discovered a near
female relation whom he and his fa-
mily had not heard of for many
years, as he was painting her pic-
ture. It is added, that as she was
rich, she supplied him with the
means of pursuing and completing
his studies at Rome. For this anec-
dote no voucher is offered.

demy to look at the pupils drawing
and designing, and while he was
engaged in observing their per-
formances, he was so wrapped up
in deep meditation, that one of the
scholars drew the likeness of Faci-
ni with black chalk: it was the ca-
ricature of an ugly man. It ex-
cited the general mirth of the dis-
ciples, and of course the vexation
of Facini, but his revenge was per-
fectly good tempered. It is said
that he took up a piece of charcoal,
and though he knew nothing of the
art, sketched the likeness of the
person who had turned him into ri-
dicule so strongly and so ludicrous-
ly, that he completely turned the
tables in his favour. Annibali was
struck with admiration, and became
the master of Facini, who made a
more rapid progress than any of
his rivals in the school.

PIETRO FACINI.

He was a disciple in the school
of the Caracci's. As he passed by
the house of Annibali Caracci, he
had the curiosity to go into the aca-
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RAPHAEL.

R. Brathwaite, an author who
flourished in the reigns of James I.
and Charles I. in his "English
Gentleman," tells the following

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story of Raphael, citing, however, no authority: "Two cardinals once reproved Raphael the painter in that he had made the portraits of Peter and Paul too red in one of his pictures: he answered that he was right in so doing, for that St. Peter and St. Paul were as red in heaven as the cardinals saw them painted, at seeing the church governed by such as they were." There are many reasons to doubt the authenticity of this story.

BARTELEMI DI S. MARCO, an artist of some considerable note, is supposed to have been the first inventor of what are called lay-figures, now so much used by painters. They are, in fact, jointed dolls, as large, or nearly as large, as life, on which the draperies are hung so as to give an opportunity for the study of the folds. This discovery gave Bartelemi an advantage over his immediate contemporaries.

SCHIDONE, who died in 1616, was passionately fond of gaming, and thereby, notwithstanding his reputation and patronage, rendered himself always poor. The great scarcity of his pictures is attributed to this miserable consumption of time. One night, he collected all his remaining money, and determined to make a last venture: he lost the whole of it, and the misfortune was the cause of his death.

HOLLAR, the celebrated engraver, who died towards the close of the reign of Charles II. used to work for Contemp. 11 ^{Foul villan} ers at the low rate of four-
hour, always keeping an
before him, and strictly

registering the time he was occupied on any particular plate. He was so scrupulous and conscientious, that while answering a question, talking with a friend, or going for a minute or two out of the room, he always turned the hour-glass on its side, that the sand might cease to run while he ceased to work for his employers. He was always poor, though he made many rich by the productions of his graver, and died in great distress.

FELIX MEYER acquired an extraordinary freedom of hand and a rapidity of execution, that equalled the vivacity and force of his imagination. The abbot of the monastery of St. Florian, in Austria, was desirous of having two apartments painted in fresco, and having consulted another artist, who was very slow in his operations, applied to Meyer for his advice. Meyer, after viewing the walls, took a long stick, at the end of which he fastened a piece of charcoal: he then began to design, saying, "Here I would have a tree; here a temple; here in the distance a mountain, covered with a dark forest; here a waterfall tumbling from massive rocks;" and so on, marking out the whole with the utmost freedom and dispatch. The abbot was so lost in astonishment that he could not praise, but Meyer had not concluded his sketch before he begged him to undertake the completion of what he had so admirably begun. Meyer consented, and this circumstance extended his reputation over the whole of Germany.

BARON DAVID AND SIR J. REYNOLDS, Two English artists (from one of whom this anecdote is procured),

being at the residence of "the great David," as the French style the baron, shewed him an engraving in mezzotinto, after a picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds. It will scarcely be believed, that the arrogant Frenchman affected to have hardly heard the name of the painter of *Beaufort* and *Ugolino*. "He knew him only by engravings from some few bad portraits, and these convinced him that Sir Joshua had not a notion how to paint even the hair." He certainly had not the same notion of painting it as the baron, who notoriously and confessedly paints the hair of his figures from plaster casts or marble busts. His pictures are sufficient evidence of this fact, if we had nothing more. David also affected to say that the English nation had, in fact, no school of painting.

ANDREA DEL CASTAGNO.

He was the first Florentine artist that painted in oil: he obtained the secret from Domenico, whose merit he envied, and whose works were more admired than his own; he determined therefore to assassinate his friend and benefactor. Andrea and Domenico at this time lived in the same house, and painted in conjunction. Andrea, insensible of every obligation (for he was under many), waylaid Domenico at the corner of a street, and stabbing him to the heart, escaped without suspicion to his own house, where he pretended to be working at the moment the speechless Domenico was brought home to die in the arms of his assassin. The fact was not known until many years afterwards, when Andrea, on his deathbed, in 1480, confessed the crime with the bitterest remorse.

ABRAHAM JANSSENS

was an artist of too great merit and reputation to be subject to petty jealousy and envy, however his disappointments and poverty might deprave his natural generosity. In his youth he was far above rivalry, but then Rubens was not known. He married unfortunately, became dissipated, and in the midst of his troubles and vexations, after Rubens had acquired a great reputation, sent a formal challenge to him to paint a picture on any given subject, proper persons being appointed to decide on the comparative merits of the two performances. Rubens answered thus: "I will not dispute which is the superior: I leave that to the world and to posterity. If you are the greater painter, so much the better for you, and I cannot make you less. If I am the superior, I am sorry that it gives you uneasiness."

Henry Peachum, in his "Complete Gentleman," speaking of Abraham Janssens (whom by mistake he calls Michael), tells us that he was a very laborious and fastidious painter, and in this respect the very reverse of Rubens. Peachum knew Janssens, and says that he had sometimes seen him blot out a whole picture at once, on which he had perhaps spent six months, because he was disappointed with it, either in design or execution.

CARLO MARATTI.

Salvator Rosa gave Carlo Maratti the satirical appellation of *Carluccio della Madonna*, in consequence of his painting for many years together no pictures but those of the Virgin. Maratti became rich by his art, of which he was a delicate

and beautiful professor, and some years before his death ordered the erection of a monument to himself, in the inscription upon which he mentions the nickname given him with no inconsiderable boast, recollecting also from whom he received it. He died in 1713, nearly

ninety years old. It is recorded of him, that he very early exhibited a fondness for painting, and by pressing out the juices of flowers when a child, procured colours, with which he ornamented the walls of his father's house.

PICTURESQUE TOUR IN THE OBERLAND.

PLATE 32.—VIEW OF MEYRINGEN, IN THE VALLEY OF OBER-HASLI.

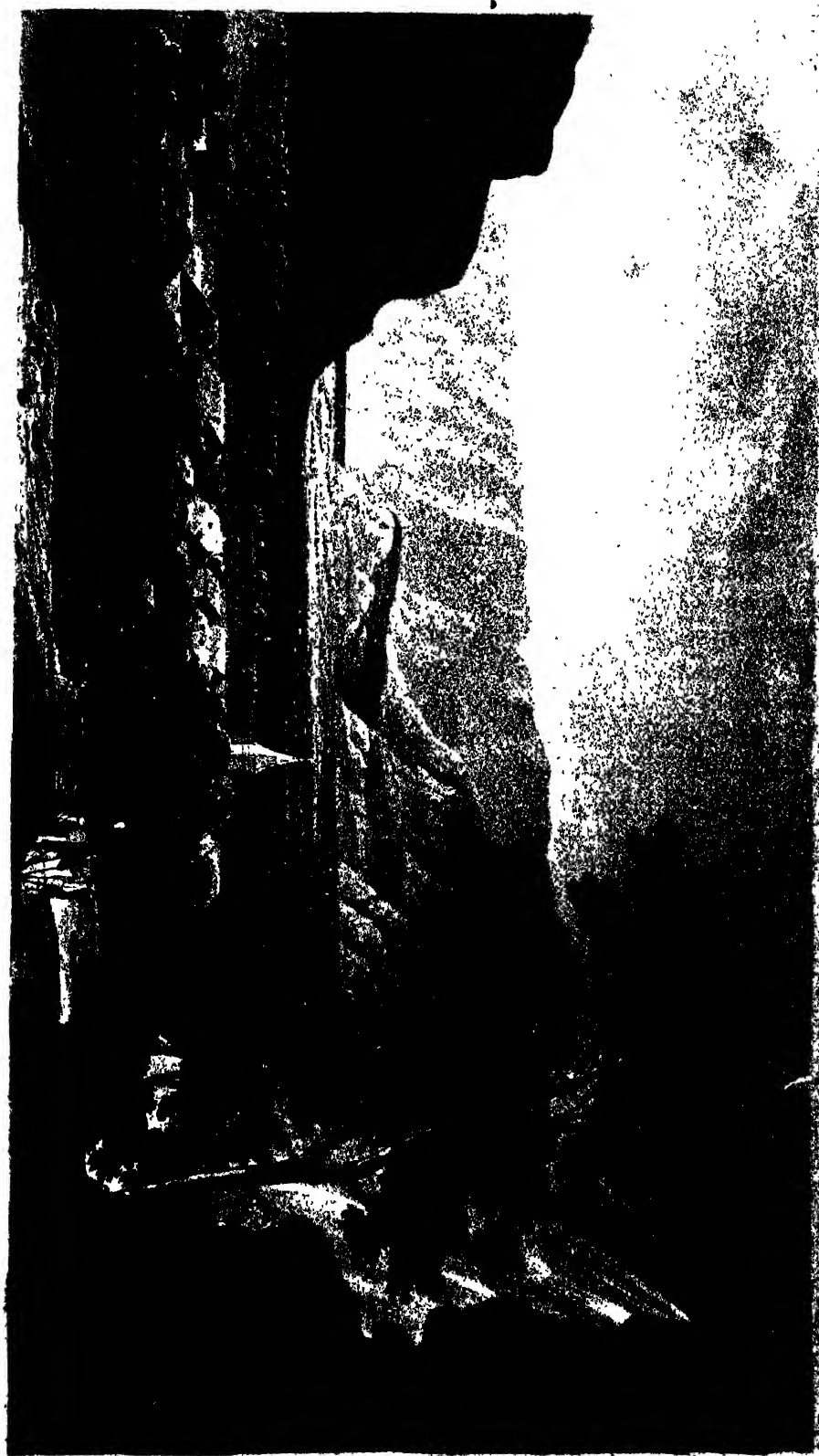
MEYRINGEN is a large handsome village, the capital of the country of Hasli. The torrent which, in the annexed plate, is seen falling on the right from a perpendicular rock, is called the Alpbach, and is formidable on account of the mass of its waters, and the impetuosity of its current, the inundations of which have frequently threatened the place with total destruction. One of the most remarkable of these inundations is commemorated by an inscription and a black mark near the organ in the church, eighteen feet above the floor, up to which height the building was filled with stones and sand by the furious torrent, on the 9th of July, 1762. Thirty years before, many houses were carried away, in consequence of the overflowing of the same stream; the roofs were laid under water to the height of the windows, and the adjacent lands covered with stones, mud, and rubbish. A solid wall, from 7 to 8 feet thick, 12 high, and 100 feet in length, was constructed in 1734 along the stream, for the purpose of keeping its waters within due bounds, and protecting the place from these ruinous visitations. The damage sustained on the 9th of July, 1762, when

the Aar also overflowed its bed, in the districts of Grund and Meyringen only, was estimated at upwards of 150,000 crowns, a loss which the inhabitants have not to this day been able to retrieve.

The church of Meyringen is a spacious, massive stone building. Its appearance exhibits this striking peculiarity, that the body stands at some distance from the tower, which is lofty, strong, and seems to be of very great antiquity: originally it may perhaps have been a watch-tower. An obscure tradition relates, that it was built by two brothers, who, from a mutual grudge, worked with their backs purposely turned towards one another.

The river, which is seen in the plate winding through the plain, is the Aar, which receives the waters of a great number of tributary torrents, and falls three leagues lower down into the lake of Brienz, the eastern extremity of which may just be discerned.

The environs of Meyringen are not surpassed in richness and variety of scenery by any part of Switzerland. A temperate climate, a great number of picturesque objects, romantic waterfalls, the most fertile hills, glaciers that do not



advance too forward, incomparably beautiful rocks, the lofty snow-clad mountains in the distance, and numberless hamlets and huts of the pastoral inhabitants, attract and delight the poet, the painter, and the lover of nature.

The hill behind the church is an advantageous point for overlooking the whole valley. The Reichenbach is one of the most magnificent waterfalls in Switzerland.—From the gallery in the rear of the inn, called the Wild Man, a small part of the upper fall may be perceived. The way from Meyringen to this fall conducts the traveller back by the road which he came, past the ruins of the castle of Resti, across the Aar, to Schwendi, where it turns off to the right. It should be viewed in the forenoon, when, if the sun shines, three circular rainbows are formed. The descending column of water is from twenty to thirty feet in circumference, even when the stream is low, and falls 200 feet almost perpendicularly. The lower fall, which is extremely picturesque, and pleases many spectators much better than the upper, must be seen in the afternoon or evening, when only it is exposed to the sun's rays. It is not advisable to descend without a guide from the upper to the lower fall.

The inhabitants of the valley of Hasli are perhaps the most interesting race of the mountaineers of the Alps. Their language, personal beauty, manners, and the ardent love of liberty by which they are distinguished from most of the people of Switzerland, tend to confirm an ancient tradition preserved in all the valleys lying between the

canton of Schwytz and the district of Gruyeres, but no where so circumstantially as in a kind of chronicle in verse, sung from time immemorial in the country of Ober-Hasli. It is called the *Song of the East Frieselanders*. This tradition represents their ancestors as having come from a northern country situated between Sweden and Friesland. A dearth, so it is related, befel this country. In this distress, the commons assembled, and it was determined by the majority of votes, that every tenth man should quit his native land. This decree every one on whom the lot fell was compelled to obey. "Thus it was," says the chronicle, "that our ancestors went forth from the land in the north, to the great lamentation of all their kindred and friends; and with sorrow did the mothers lead away their infant children. They departed in three bodies, under three leaders, six thousand fighting men, tall and robust as giants, with wives and children, goods and chattels. They swore never to forsake one another. They were rich in moveable property, and by their victorious arms, on the river Rhine they defeated Count Peter of Franconia, who attempted to obstruct their passage. They prayed to God to give them a land like the land of their forefathers, where they might feed their cattle in peace, without annoyance from evil-disposed power; and God led them into the country of Brochenburg, where they founded Schwytz. The people increased in number, and there was not room for them in the valley, though they grudged not their labour to clear away the forest part of the moun-

titude removed into the country or the Black Mountain (Brünig, in Unterwalden), and into Weissland (Ober-Hasli, bordering on the glaciers). Hence the same race extended itself over other districts of the Oberland, *from mountain to mountain, from valley to valley in Frutigen, Obersiebethal, Saanen, Affentsch, and Jaun (Bellegarde); but beyond Jaun dwell tribes of a different race."

In Müller's History of Switzerland, the first of the leaders of these emigrants is called Suiter, and from him Schwytz and the whole of the confederated cantons are supposed to have derived their name. The two others are named Svey, or Sueno, and Hatis, Hagio, or Hasius, who is said to have been a native of the town of Hasle, or Hasius.

To this general tradition the people of Hasli, agreeably to the prose introduction to their chronicle, add the following particulars respecting their own valley: "The emigrant Swedes and East Frieselanders, after they had been some time settled in Switzerland, agreed to divide the country among them, and this they did in the following manner: To Schweizerus (Suiter), born in the royal city of Sweden—such was the name of their chief captain—and his colleague Restius, was allotted the country of the Broken Mountain, or Frekmund*, on which is lake Pilatus, as it is commonly called, and they took possession of it as far as the

Lampartian mountains with their people. But the third leader, named Wadislaus, a native of the city of Hasius—which city lies between the country of Sweden and East Frieseland—took possession of the valley beyond the Black Mountain, now called the Brünig, at the source of the river Aar, which valley is at this day named Hasli, with some slight alteration, after the above-mentioned city of Hasius, where the said Wadislaus was born; and as the people thought that the land was good and fertile, because all kinds of fruit readily grew in it, they began to build, and to have habitations there."

The introduction to the *Song of the East Frieselanders* adds but little to these accounts. It states, that the people of Hasli, in the year of Christ 387, were summoned by Pope Anastasius and the Emperors Arcadius and Honorius to Rome, to their assistance against the rebel Eugenius. It then concludes with referring to a more ancient, and then no longer extant, original of the chronicle, "which," it says, "describes how the people of Schwytz and Hasli went to Rome at this summons to the aid of the emperor, king, and pope, and assisted in taking the city, and expelling the pagans or Romans."

The song goes but little farther. After describing the arduous but victorious contest for Rome, it relates, that the men of Schwytz and Hasli, at their solicitation, received from the emperor permission to wear those armorial distinctions which the canton and valley still retain. The country was in the sequel an immediate fief of the empire, and enjoyed considerable

* Ebel informs us, that anciently Mount Pilatus was frequently called *Fracmont* (*Mons Fractus*), from its broken appearance towards the north and north-east.

privileges, for which it paid only fifty pounds per annum. In the year 1308, it was pledged by the empire to the Count of Strassberg, and afterwards transferred to the Baron of Weissenberg. The latter attempted to increase the impost paid by the people of Hasli, but they forcibly resisted his demand; and at length in 1334, placed themselves under the supremacy of Berne, on the same conditions as they had been subject to the empire. They lost some of their ancient privileges by their violent opposition to the introduction of the reformed religion in 1528; but gradually recovered most of them, which they still retain, and among the rest, that of electing an *amt-mann*, or bailiff, from among themselves.

Whatever may be thought of the Swedish origin of the people of Hasli, it is certain that they exhibit the fine forms and superior stature which are universally attributed to the ancient Scandinavians. In their language occur many expressions not to be met with in other Swiss dialects, and the tone of their speech has many peculiarities. Travellers have frequently been puzzled by the similarity of their language to that of certain provinces of Sweden, and even some of the airs of the popular songs of Hasli are said to have a close resemblance to Danish and Swedish tunes. Müller, however, remarks, that the words supposed to be Swedish are not such, but that the language spoken in these parts is merely a provincial German, not unlike that of the celebrated *Nibelungen Lied*. The derivation of the name of Hasli from

the city of Hasius, mentioned in the tradition, is still more uncertain; for that name occurs frequently in Switzerland. The Latin translation, *regio Axellanorum*, seems to argue the probability that the country was anciently covered with *hazel* woods; and other names of places, such as *Birchi*, *Eichi*, from birches and oaks, seem by analogy to countenance this derivation. In fact, from the situation assigned in the chronicle to the city of *Hasius*, between Sweden and East Friesland, it appears not at all improbable, that the name, as originally written, was *Hafnia* (Copenhagen), and that it was altered, as above, by some illiterate transcriber.

Be this as it may, it is universally admitted that the inhabitants of Hasli are an uncommonly handsome race: both sexes are above the middle stature. As the females are seldom engaged in rustic occupations, and consequently not much exposed to the sun, they are in general very fair. Persons of both sexes are finely shaped, and many of them would furnish exquisite models to the painter or statuary. Cripples are very rare among them. The men in general are not so robust as those of the Emmenthal, rather slender than corpulent, and yet so strong, that some of them will not merely lift, but carry seven hundred weight. They have a still higher reputation for agility, which frequently procures them the victory in the wrestling-matches held at Berne, or on the neighbouring Alps, over the men of Emmenthal, Grindelwald, Brientz, and Unterwalden.

In the valley of Hasli, every thing harmonizes with the majes-

tic objects by which it is surrounded. The upper part of it, towards the desolate regions, through which the traveller passes in his way to the Grimsel, is frequented by the most formidable of the feathered tribes, that eagle of the Alps called by the natives *lümmer-gêyer*, or *vulture of lambs*. It attains the dimensions of sixteen feet, measured to the extremities of the wings, and its ferocity is equal to its size. Rivaling man in the chase of the shamoy, this bird pursues his victim till he finds an opportunity of precipitating it from the brink of the abyss to which he has driven it. Man, however, perhaps surpasses him in boldness and perseverance. He follows his game over almost inaccessible rocks: it is often the case that he cannot descend where he climbed them, and falls down precipices which he had more than once safely cleared; or he perishes with cold and hunger on the ice, when a thick fog suddenly covers him with an impenetrable veil, and

deprives him of all the means of finding his way out of the labyrinth in which the ardour of pursuit has involved him. In spite of these dangers, in spite of the number of hunters who thus perish every year, the man who has once enjoyed the pleasure of this diversion prefers it to every other: neither the most deplorable indigence, nor the most dreadful accidents, can induce him to renounce it. The obstacles which require extraordinary efforts, perhaps excite the human passions less powerfully than the hazards which diminish the probability of success; they seem to acquire increased energy with the number of the chances that augment their uncertainty. The mania of gaming combines with the charm of surmounted difficulties to inflame the cupidity of the shamoy-hunter, who, like the gambler, at length thinks every thing else uninteresting, and disdains every occupation which would merely procure him affluence and ease.

AN OLD MAID'S FRUITLESS SEARCH AFTER A HUSBAND.

Addressed to Mr. J. M. LACEY.

It appears to me, my good charitable sir, that you wish to make your readers believe that your portrait of Eliza exhibits some features of general resemblance to that venerable, and I am sorry to add, large class of females, comprehended under the title of old maids. Now, really sir, if such be your intention, I think you do that respectable body, of which, somewhat against my will, I am set down for a member, great injustice. Out of a hundred old maids, there may possibly be one whose case resem-

bles Eliza's; but generally speaking, I believe female celibacy will be found to proceed from the want of eligible offers; at least, I think this may be fairly affirmed to be the case with those who have no fortune. I know, that even in the limited circle in which I move, there are several ladies, all of whom were perfectly willing to enter the holy state, and none of them, I am certain, would have refused a plain rational man with a gig and a groom, yet they are obliged to bear the title of old maids; and though they

do not quite own as much, I suspect their celibacy proceeds from the same cause as my own—the want of offers.

But perhaps you will say, that it is only ugly or uneducated women who have reason to make this complaint. On the contrary, the pretty and accomplished, if they happen to be destitute of money, are quite as often left to pine in single blessedness: they may indeed be flattered and followed, for there are always plenty of idlers who love to flutter in the train of a beauty; but it is one thing to adore, and another to propose, and there are many ladies who receive their full share of admiration, who never perhaps had a serious offer in their lives.

Methinks, at this moment I hear you exclaim with an incredulous air, “I doubt if there ever was such a case.” If you will take the trouble to read my adventures, you will be convinced that at least there is one such; and I fancy, if you look around you with an unprejudiced eye, you will see that my history is in some degree that of a large portion of the sisterhood of antiquated virgins.

I will not trespass on your patience by an account of my birth, parentage, and education; suffice it to say, that at eighteen I was universally reckoned a beautiful girl, and as accomplished as most females of my rank in life. My father held a situation in one of the public offices; his income was handsome, but he did not save any thing, for both my mother and himself were persuaded, from the admiration I met with, that there was no occasion for fortune in order to procure me a genteel establishment.

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My first lover was a dashing young baronet, whose attentions, during a whole winter, raised me to the dignity of a first-rate toast. He was literally my shadow; talked of me to every one of our acquaintance in raptures, toasted my health in all companies, swore that I was the fairest excuse man could have for committing matrimony; and was, in short, so very pointed in his devoirs, that every body thought he was completely at my disposal.

I lost sight of him during the summer, but in the winter he renewed his addresses: however, as half the season passed without his making any proposal, my father thought it time to talk to him. He did all he could to evade an explanation, but being forced to come to the point, he inquired what fortune I had, and finding that I was destitute of any, he lamented that he should have unfortunately given way to the admiration I was so formed to excite; because, in these days, matrimony was such a cursed expensive affair, that a man of his moderate fortune (he had 5000*l.* a year) could not afford to make a disinterested match: he must therefore, much as it cost him, be compelled to resign his pretensions.

My pride suffered more than my heart from his desertion, for there was nothing peculiarly prepossessing in his person or manners. Two or three seasons passed away; I continued to be flattered and followed in public, but still I received no proposals.

Just as I entered my twenty-second year, I became acquainted with Mr. Specious, a gentleman who was the reverse of my former lover: his manners were grave,

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quiet, and unpretending. He appeared, however, to possess strong feelings, and he soon evinced a very passionate attachment to me. He did not indeed ask my hand, but he took care to make me understand, that his not doing so proceeded from his being almost wholly dependent upon an uncle, who was very rich, but of a singular character, and so far advanced in years, that his death was almost daily expected.

My friends saw the conduct of Mr. Specious in the same light as I did, and every one thought that he only waited his uncle's death, to lay himself and his fortune at my feet. If a doubt to the contrary sometimes crossed my mind, it was speedily dispelled by the tenderness of his manner, the jealous eye with which he regarded every little attention that any other gentleman paid me, and the anxiety which he shewed upon all occasions to engross my attention.

My father, however, who was not so well satisfied as I was of his honourable intentions, would have made him explain himself, but for my intreaties and those of my mother. Nearly four years passed in this manner. My lover went to pay a short visit to his uncle; he took leave of me with even more than his usual tenderness: during the first fortnight of his absence, I received three letters from him; another fortnight passed, to my surprise, without his writing; I became alarmed, and when the third week elapsed without a letter, my alarm rose to agony: in a few days, however, my fears for his health were dispelled, by the intelligence that he was just united to a lady

who had the reputation of being at once the richest heiress and the ugliest woman in the county.

I confess this was a heavy blow, for his incessant and tender attentions had completely gained my heart. I was then nearly twenty-six, and still in all the pride of beauty; but this event robbed my cheek of its bloom, and deprived me of the vivacity which had been reckoned one of my greatest attractions. Time, however, enabled me to look upon my mercenary lover with the contempt he deserved; I recovered my spirits, and though I was not so handsome as formerly, I was still allowed to be a very fine woman. My admirers, however, began to decrease, but I gained a new one; he was only a plain country squire: but Mr. Specious had so completely sickened me of sentiment, that I listened to his rough compliments with no unwilling ear. I had been ordered to take the exercise of riding on horseback for the benefit of my health; practice soon made me an expert and fearless horsewoman, and this accomplishment gained me the squire's regard. We rode, hunted, and danced together; and when our acquaintance heard that he not only lent me his favourite mare, but that he even took my opinion of a horse he wanted to buy in preference to that of his confidential groom, they thought every thing must certainly be arranged for our nuptials.

Nevertheless, as six months passed, and the word matrimony never escaped the good squire, my father thought it was time to ask what his intentions really were. He answered the question by another:

"Pray, sir, what fortune has your daughter?" My father replied, that during his lifetime I should not have any. My passionate lover declared, that he was devilish sorry to hear it, for he could not keep a wife who brought nothing with her, without he stinted himself in horses and dogs, and he would not do that not even for Madam Diana herself, if he might have her. This polite speech made my father desire him to desist from his visits; a request which he readily complied with, for we never saw him afterwards.

Shortly after his desertion, I had the misfortune to bury my poor father; an event which compelled my mother and myself to retire from the gay scenes in which we had till then figured. We fixed our residence in a village at a considerable distance from the capital, and as my mother was an excellent manager, we still contrived to make a genteel appearance, though our income was but slender.

I was now upwards of thirty, but a remarkably light figure and a youthful face still kept me from being set down as an old maid; and when I found that I had attracted the serious notice of Mr. —, I flattered myself that at last I was upon the point of acquiring the envied title of matron.

This gentleman, who was about forty-five, had a good though not a large income; he lived wholly in the country, and it seemed to be his principal pleasure to beautify his demesnes. He met me as I was sketching one of his favourite views: whether he was captivated by myself or my drawing, I know not, but he soon contrived to be introduced to me, and in a

short time became very pointed in his attentions; in short, he soon solicited my hand in form. I referred him to my mother, to whom he appeared in the greatest haste to conclude our nuptials, till he made the unlucky discovery that I was nearly portionless. On learning this, he looked exceedingly blank, and lamented the impossibility of proceeding any farther in the business; for he had long determined, whenever he married, to employ his wife's fortune in the purchase of some land, which he wanted to enlarge his park, and he could not think of marrying any lady who had not sufficient property to enable him to gratify this his darling wish.

Nearly seven years after this, an old gentleman, who had recently retired from business, came to settle in our village. He was a widower, but without family; and as he was turned of sixty-six, I never thought of forming any matrimonial designs upon him: however, we had not been long acquainted, before he waited upon my mother, and formally demanded my hand, at the same time generously offering to settle all my fortune on myself and my children; a proposal which he said he made to shew the disinterestedness of his attachment. My mother replied, that she did not at all doubt his disinterestedness, and therefore she had no scruple in acknowledging to him, that I had no other property than a trifling annuity for my life. He changed countenance at this intelligence, and after remaining for some time silent, observed, that he was not desirous of fortune on his own ac-

count, but he considered it was the duty of every prudent man, before he encumbered himself with a family, to consider well what prospect he had of providing for them: now supposing that we had only ten children, it would be quite impossible for him to provide handsomely for them without a considerable addition to his present fortune. He must therefore beg leave to decline proceeding any farther in his addresses.

This gentleman was my last admirer, and it does not seem very probable that I shall ever have another, as I am now nearly forty-five. In justice to myself, however, I must say, that celibacy has not made me either ill-natured or censorious. I frankly acknowledge

I am not desirous of the title of old maid, nor insensible to the mortifications attendant on the state, but I comfort myself with thinking, that I have done my best to escape them, and that I may truly say in the words of the song:

"I am sure it is not my own fault."

I have not remained single because I was difficult to please; on the contrary, I would willingly have accepted any eligible offer, but though my admirers were all men of property, yet not one of them could prevail on himself to marry a woman without fortune; and I really believe that such is the case in many other instances, as well as that of your humble servant,

CELIBIA.

QUOTATIONS FROM T. FULLER.

WE continue our shrewd, quaint, and amusing extracts from Thomas Fuller's "Holy State."

OF APPAREL.

Clothes are for necessity; warm clothes for health, cleanly for decency, lasting for thrift, and rich for magnificence. Now, there may be a fault in their number, if too various; making, if too vain; matter, if too costly; and mind of the wearer, if he takes pride therein. We come, therefore, to some general directions.

It is a chargeable vanity to be constantly clothed above one's purse or place. I say constantly, for perchance sometimes it may be dispensed with. A great man, who himself was very plain in apparel, checked a gentleman for being over fine, who modestly answered,

"Your lordship hath better clothes at home, and I have worse." But sure no plea can be made when this luxury is grown to be ordinary. It was an arrogant act of Hubert Archbishop of Canterbury, who, when King John had given his courtiers rich liveries, to ape the lion, gave his servants the like, wherewith the king was not a little offended. But what shall we say to the riot of our age, wherein (as peacocks are more gay than the eagle himself) subjects are grown braver than their sovereign?

It is beneath a wise man always to wear clothes beneath men of his rank. True, there is a state sometimes in decent plainness. When a wealthy lord at a great solemnity had the plainest apparel, "Oh!" said one, "if you had marked it well, his suit had the richest pock-

ets!" Yet it argues no wisdom in clothes always to stoop beneath his condition. When Antisthenes saw Socrates in a torn coat, he shewed a hole thereof to the people, "And, lo!" quoth he, "through this I see Socrates' pride."

He shews a little gravity who loves to be an exception from a general fashion, for the received custom in the place where we live is the most competent judge of decency, from which we must not appeal to our own opinion. When the French courtiers, mourning for their king, Henry II. had worn cloth a whole year, all silks became so vile in every man's eyes, that, if any were seen to wear them, he was presently accounted a mechanic or country fellow.

He that his proud of the rustling of his silks, like a madman, laughs at the rattling of his fetters; for, indeed, clothes ought to be our remembrancers of our lost innocence. Besides, why should any brag of what is but borrowed? Should the ostrich snatch off the gallant's feather, the beaver his hat, the goat his gloves, the sheep his suit, the silkworm his stockings, and neat his shoes, (to strip him no farther than modesty will give leave) he would be left in a cold condition; and yet it is more pardonable to be proud even of cleanly rags, than (as many are) of affected slovenliness. The one is proud of a molehill, the other of a dunghill.

To conclude, sumptuary laws in this land to reduce apparel to a set standard of price and fashion, according to the several states of men, have long been wished, but are little to be hoped for. Some think private men's superfluity is a ne-

cessary evil in a state, the floating of fashions affording a standing maintenance to many thousands, which otherwise would be at a loss for a livelihood, men maintaining more by their pride than by their charity.

OF BUILDING.

He that alters an old house is tied as a translator to the original, and is confined to the fancy of the first builder. Such a man were unwise to pluck down good old building, to erect (perchance) worse new. But those that raise a new house from the ground are blameworthy if they make it not handsome, seeing to them method and confusion are both at a rate. In building, we must respect situation, contrivance, receipt, strength, and beauty.

Chiefly choose a wholesome air, for air is a dish one feeds on every minute, and, therefore, it need be good. Wherefore great men (who may build where they please, as poor men where they can), if herein they prefer their profit above their health, I refer them to their physicians to make them pay for it accordingly.

Wood and water are two staple commodities, where they may be had. The former, I confess, hath made so much iron, that it must be bought with the more silver, and grows daily dearer. But it is as well pleasant as profitable to see a house cased with trees, like that of Anchises in Troy. The worst is, where a place is bald of wood, no art can make it a periwig.

Next, a pleasant prospect is to be respected. A medley view (such as of water and land at Greenwich) best entertains the eyes, refreshing

the wearied beholder with exchange of objects. Yet I know a more profitable prospect, where the owner can only see his own land round about.

A fair entrance, with an easy ascent, gives a great grace to a building, where the hall is a preferment out of the court, the parlour out of the hall, not (as in some old buildings) where the doors are so low pigmies must stoop, and the rooms so high that giants may stand upright. But now we are come to contrivance.

Let not thy common rooms be several, nor thy several rooms be common. The hall (which is a Pandocheum) ought to lie open, and so ought passages and stairs (provided that the whole house be not spent in paths); chambers and closets are to be private and retired.

Light (God's eldest daughter) is a principal beauty in a building, yet it shines not alike from all parts of heaven. An east window welcomes the infant beams of the sun before they are of strength to do any harm, and is offensive to none but a sluggard. A south window in summer is a chimney with a fire in it, and needs the screen of a curtain. In a west window, in summer-time, towards night, the sun grows low and over familiar, with more light than delight. A north window is best for butteries and cellars, where the beer will be sour for the sun's smiling on it. Thorough lights are the best for rooms of entertainment, and windows on one side for dormitories. As for receipt—

A house had better be too little for a day than too great for a year;

and it is easier borrowing of thy neighbour a brace of chambers for a night, than a bag of money for a twelvemonth. It is vain, therefore, to proportion the receipt to an extraordinary occasion, as those who, by over-building their houses, have dilapidated their lands, and their states have been pressed to death under the weight of their house. As for strength—

Country-houses must be substantives, able to stand of themselves; not like city buildings, supported by their neighbours on either side. By strength, we mean such as may resist weather and time, not invasion, castles being out of date in this peaceable age. As for making of moats round about, it is questionable whether the fogs be not more unhealthful than the fish brings profit, or the water defence. Beauty remains behind, as the last to be regarded, because houses are made to be lived in, not looked on.

Let not the front look squint on a stranger, but accost him right at his entrance. Uniformity also much pleaseth the eye; and it is observed that freestone, like a fair complexion, soonest waxeth old, whilst brick keeps her beauty longest.

Gardens also are to attend in their place. When God planted a garden eastward, he made to grow out of the ground every tree pleasant to the sight, and good for food. Sure he knew better what was proper to a garden than those who, nowadays, therein only feed the eyes, and starve both taste and smell.

To conclude, in building rather believe any man than an artificer in his own art for matter of charges,

not that they cannot, but will not be faithful. Should they tell thee all the cost at the first, it would blast a young builder in the budding; and, therefore, they sooth thee up till it hath cost thee some-

thing to confute them. The spirit of building first possessed people after the Flood, which then caused the confusion of languages, and since of the estate of many a man.

THE GREEN MANTLE OF VENICE:

A true Story; from the German.

(Continued from p. 271.)

IN a few hours the horrible work was begun; hundreds of people, who had known the old man, were attracted to the spot, some from motives of curiosity, others from being summoned to give their evidence. Every one agreed that it was certainly old Tobias: the dress alone was not like that which he usually wore. On a more particular inspection by the surgeon, a deep gash was discovered in the throat of the corpse. Every body shuddered at the sight. Tobias had been a worthy old man, loved and esteemed by every one who knew him, and no one could suspect him of suicide.

"This is another murder which will lie heavy on the soul of the commandant," murmured the crowd: these words found their way to the ears of the commandant, together with the rest of the evidence, through the officers who attended on his behalf. Enraged at the necessity, as he feared, of refunding the 2000 dollars, he exclaimed, "Let the fellow be buried in the cross-roads!" This, however, he could not carry into effect: the people opposed it loudly. Tobias, they said, was a man of quiet and religious turn of mind, and very unlikely to commit suicide. The wound might have been inflicted

by other hands, as such deeds were by no means of rare occurrence in these times. The commandant could not persist against the general voice of the people, who demanded an honourable grave for the deceased, and at length he silently acquiesced.

Wilmsen wrote again to demand the restoration of the 2000 dollars. The commandant answered, that he would confer alone with Emmeline, the mistress of the house, on this subject. He came accordingly, and artfully endeavoured to induce her to resign her claim; but she referred him to Wilmsen, in whose hands was the entire management of her affairs, and who would settle the affair in a legal way.

The commandant turned the conversation to different subjects, and was on the point of taking leave, when Emmeline's servant entered with a letter, which had been delivered by a little boy, who was a stranger. Emmeline suddenly broke off the discourse with a slight bow, and opening the letter, became alternately pale and red, laughed and cried, trembled, sobbed, and at length so far forgot herself, as to exclaim joyfully, folding her hands on her breast in prayer, "He lives!"

The commandant, who had anxiously observed all her emotions,

asked, with an air of interest, who it could be whose life appeared to be of so much importance to her: at the same moment, a small billet fell from Emmeline's hand; he took it up, and with soldier-like bluntness proceeded to read these words:

"I live! I am free and happy, and I hope soon to see my beloved daughter."

"From your father!" cried he, astonished, "You declared from the first that you knew not where he was; that you had never heard from him since his escape, and I confess to you I did not believe it. I perceive now that you spoke the truth: but where is he now? There is another leaf in the cover; perhaps it gives some farther explanation."

Emmeline drew forth the slip, which she now first observed, ran hastily over it, and with evident embarrassment folded it together again.

"Well?" asked the commandant impatiently.

"Excuse me, sir," said Emmeline, gravely rising to leave the room; "these very extraordinary lines do not appear to be intended for any eye but my own."

"I desire, however, to see these *very extraordinary lines*," said he, in a determined tone. "Your father has withdrawn himself from the hands of justice. The manner of his escape, his present abode——"

"The billet contains nothing of this," answered Emmeline trembling.

"I will read it, however; I must read it. It is the commandant who addresses you. I command you to give up to me, or I must employ force."

Pale and trembling, Emmeline complied. The commandant had scarcely cast a glance over it, when he exclaimed, "The devil! this is from the Green Mantle of Venice; the hand-writing is the same as that on the three cursed pieces of paper found in the three green mantles."

He read it first aloud, then to himself, threw it on the floor with an oath, stamped, and gnashed his teeth with rage, and hastened from the house, banging the door after him with a violence which shook the whole building.

Emmeline could not recover herself for some time. She had scarcely looked over the billet, but she saw enough to convince her, that the lines bore some allusion to the commandant himself: at length, recollecting herself, she took them up from the ground, and read these words:

"Your father is in safety: as a proof of it, I send you these lines written by his own hand. He is innocent of the crime imputed to him. The whole results from the stupidity and wickedness of the wretch who imprisoned him, and whom I will in time overtake with my vengeance. He fears the spirits of the other world; he shall learn still farther to tremble at them: I know his cowardice, and when I am again permitted to leave my dark abode, the grave, a fearful chastisement awaits him."

"The Green Mantle of Venice."

At the end of an hour the commandant sent to Emmeline, requesting her to transmit to him the mysterious billet, and desiring that it might be sealed up. He cut off the beginning of the writ-

ing as far as the words which more immediately related to himself, and sent it by a courier to Venice, addressed to the house of Sponseri, and desiring to be informed whether they knew the hand-writing, and whose it was. In as short a time as possible, an answer arrived from old Sponseri, stating that the inclosure was undoubtedly the hand-writing of his deceased son William, but that he was unable to tell at what time it could have been written, or to what circumstances it related.

The commandant began to look within. He found himself unable to account in any way for what had passed, without at length admitting the belief of the supernatural interference of the Green Mantle of Venice. Impressed with the idea that he should either before or after death be punished by this terrible being, he resolved immediately to set about making all the reparation in his power for his evil deeds. His first act was to refund the 2000 dollars, without farther importunity; and from this time he became so condescending, so accommodating, and so forbearing in the exercise of his duty, that nobody in the town could comprehend the meaning of the sudden change.

Most people attributed it to the present state of political affairs. The situation of the army occupying the south of Germany was at this time very precarious, in consequence of the turn which matters had taken in the north. The appeal of the King of Prussia to the warlike youth of his dominions sounded throughout the whole of Germany, and awakened the fire

of patriotism in many a heart. The noblest youths of the empire flocked towards Breslau to fight under Prussian colours, impatient to take an active part in the contest, which was to give freedom and tranquillity to Europe. Every day brought the most encouraging accounts of the zeal and activity which displayed itself in every quarter.

"I must hence," said Wilmsen one evening, in a circle of his young friends; "and he whose heart lies in the right place, and who loves his country, let him follow me." They unanimously rose, and pledged themselves by hand and word, to accompany him to Breslau, and there to enrol themselves among the Prussian volunteers. The health of the king was deeply pledged in Rhenish by the new comrades; the time and place of their setting out on their journey into Silesia was arranged, and the strictest secrecy with regard to their movements was enjoined. When the important meeting was about to be dissolved, Stank, the most sentimental of the party, stepped into the midst of them, and raising his glass, drank, "Fidelity in those we love, a modest parting kiss, and happy reunion." Every one drank the last glass, amidst loud cheers, to the health of their heroines, and Wilmsen, much affected, pressed the hand of the young enthusiast.

Mr. Stipps was ready to drop with astonishment and terror when Wilmsen communicated to him, under an injunction of secrecy, his intended project.

"Mr. Wilmsen," said he, laying both his hands on the shoulders of the young man, "what an unfor-

fortunate step you have taken! War and commerce have nothing to do with each other, and never will have; a merchant can never make a soldier. If you wish to do something for the general cause, let it be with gold, but save your blood and your sound limbs. When you have the means of happiness before you, do not go and throw away your life."

"The means of happiness before me!" said Wilmsen doubtfully.

"You cannot miss it," answered Stipps confidently. "I have hitherto been silent on this subject, because it did not become me to speak first, but I can now refrain no longer. Our Emmeline—why do you colour so, Mr. Wilmsen? there is nothing to blush for—she has still, notwithstanding the losses our house has met with, her half million! And what a girl—do you know another half so beautiful, or half so good, in the whole city?"

"Leave off jesting," said Wilmsen; "we have more serious matters to talk about. The rich heiress of half a million is too high-minded for me; and even if I had been dazzled by her charms, I

have sense enough to be aware, Mr. Stipps, that she would have looked upon any proposal from me as absolute madness."

"By Heaven, you are mistaken!" cried Stipps, growing half angry; "I would wager the whole of my savings that she would not say No. I have heard too much from the old lady her aunt, I have seen too much of her behaviour towards you, to have the least doubt of it."

The simplicity of Stipps prevented his perceiving the treachery he was guilty of to Emmeline, or the impression which his words made upon Wilmsen. The latter concealed within his own bosom the pleasing emotions which they excited, and merely said, "What I have engaged in must be dispatched immediately, or we may be betrayed. I set out to-morrow evening with my friends. I shall give up my accounts into your hands. Will you acquaint Emmeline with my intention? Not a word to any one besides."

Stipps murmured and shook his head, and Wilmsen left him.

(To be continued.)

VOLTAIRE'S SERMON AT FERNEY, AND HIS CONNECTION WITH THE FAMILY OF CALAS.

TO THE EDITOR.

YOUR correspondent P. B†. in his curious article regarding the recantation of Voltaire and his sermon in the church he built at Ferney, which led to that recantation, does not seem to be aware that the French pamphlet from which he quotes the "Certificate of the Confession of Faith," was published in English very soon in-

deed after it appeared upon the Continent; viz. in the year 1770. This fact makes it the more extraordinary, that the biographers of Voltaire, from the earliest to the latest, have taken no notice of this recantation, whether supposed or real. I have now the translation before me, and it bears the following title: "*Genuine Letters be-*

tween the Bishop of Annecy and Mons. de Voltaire, on the subject of his preaching at the parish church of Ferney, without being ordained; with the Archbishop's Representation of the Case, &c. and Mons. de Voltaire's Confession of Faith. All properly authenticated, &c. Translated from the French." On comparing the quotations given by P. B†. from his French tract, I find that the English one in my hands is a tolerably faithful version of it. What I have said throws no light upon the genuineness of either, and from all I can learn from them and from other sources, I suspect the whole to be a very impudent fabrication; the bare fact of Voltaire's preaching at Ferney being made the foundation of the whole of the fictitious superstructure. Perhaps a sentence or two from an "introduction" to the English translation may be worth transcribing: it explains the origin and progress of the whole affair.

"An incident, the most trivial perhaps in itself, has given occasion to one of the most important transactions of his (Voltaire's) whole life. Having ostentatiously rebuilt and ornamented his parish church, in the temporalities of which he is lord paramount, he considered himself at liberty, by his rank, to conduce to the profanation of it. Accordingly, after the celebration of Easter, which is one of the most solemn ceremonies of the Gallican church, he, without ordination, mounted the pulpit, and preached to the people a sermon against theft and robbery. The clergy were incensed to the highest degree by his audacity; the whole community was alarmed, and complaint was

made to the archbishop of the diocese, of this impious attack upon the rites of the holy church. The archbishop fired, wrote to M. de Voltaire, and expostulated with him in a serious manner on the heinousness of the offence, on the force of example, and on the duty which men owe to the Author of their being, and to the precepts he has enjoined. Voltaire replied with that vivacity for which he is so justly celebrated. The archbishop continued the correspondence, till, finding admonition and exhortation alike ineffectual, he complained to the king, and procured the letters that had passed on this interesting occasion to be laid before him. His majesty applauded the archbishop's zeal, and took upon himself the completion of the correspondence which the archbishop had begun. The issue was, that M. de Voltaire, who, during the long period of his past life, has lived in open contempt of all religious establishments, has at length, in the most solemn manner, professed to believe in the grossest absurdities of that system, which all true Protestants have, upon the clearest conviction, disbelieved and renounced."

Such is the "introduction" to the letters and documents that follow, and the whole of which, as I have already said, I take to be mere and absolute forgeries. If any body reply, that Voltaire did not die till the 30th May, 1778, and that he never refuted or answered what was contained in this publication, it would rather shew the utter contempt in which he held the fabrication, than give any colour of authenticity to the papers themselves.

Besides the mention of this English translation of your correspondent's French pamphlet, I had another object in taking up my pen; viz. to notice another forgery upon Voltaire, which seems to have had its origin in this country. I allude to a tract bound up in the same volume with the foregoing, and called, "The History of the Misfortunes of John Calas, a victim of fanaticism." This purports to be the production of Voltaire translated into English, though it was well known that Voltaire wrote no such narrative; though he did publish a "*Lettre de Jean Calas à sa Femme et à ses Enfants*." The latter has been made the groundwork of this second imposition, in the form of "the history" before me, which is a bare meagre relation of facts, at that date (1772) of recent occurrence. I do not happen at this moment to have at hand any life of Voltaire, but that of Mr. Chalmers in his "Biographical Dictionary," which merely

notices the credit the subject of the memoir had acquired by the protection and support he afforded to the family of the unfortunate Calas: the genuine letter by Voltaire, which, as most people know, is in verse, was published by its author for the relief of the wife and children of the sufferer from Catholic persecution. Should you think them worth insertion, I will send you a quotation or two from this "History," which possesses the more interest, because the events it relates have been made the subject of representations on several of the French stages, and have thence been translated to our own London theatre*. For the present I remain, Mr. Editor, your obedient servant,

ALFRED.

HILLCOTE, NOV. 10, 1821.

* We shall be happy to peruse the extracts our correspondent mentions. Perhaps he could lend us the pamphlet itself, and if we found them worthy attention, we could select such parts of it as might deserve insertion.—EDITOR.

PURCELL AND HANDEL.

EVERY English musician that is well acquainted with the works of Purcell is proud of being his countryman. He was, indeed, the creator of our dramatic music; for anthems and services he had good models in the venerable Tallis, Bird, Mosley, Gibbons, and Child; but for secular compositions he had the whole to invent. An Italian opera had never been attempted here in his time: Lulli's compositions were in great favour in many parts of Europe besides France, and Purcell seems to have imitated his recitative; but for his airs he had

nothing to imitate. He found our secular music, both vocal and instrumental, in a truly barbarous state. Indeed there was little melody at that time, except old national tunes, in Europe. Purcell had sufficient good taste to see the merit of Stradella's and Carissimi's elegant simplicity, of which he would probably have availed himself more if he had not been obliged to deform his melodies by writing down graces for ignorant singers (and what are called graces in music, like capricious fashions, become obsolete and ridiculous very

soon). Corelli's elegant simplicity procured a longevity to his productions, of which none of his countrymen were possessed. There is no coeval Italian instrumental music that is now bearable.

The church music of Purcell is still the most interesting which our cathedrals can boast. It is replete with learning, without labour or pedantry. His dramatic music, for which Dryden often furnished the poetry, is admirable to all those who can for a moment mount up to the period of his existence. His correct accentuation of words, and expression of the sentiments they contain, are so congenial to the ears and feelings of unprejudiced Englishmen, that his melodies go by a more straight road to the heart than much more modern and polished music. Many passages that now seem on paper to be old-fashioned and uncouth, have this effect when sung.

His catches have continued for more than a hundred years to be the models of ingenuity and humour in that species of convivial composition; and it will be long ere they are supplanted by superior productions of the same kind.

As an amiable and pleasing man he has been as much celebrated as for his professional abilities*. The writer of this article is old enough to remember the affectionate rapture with which he was mentioned by those who knew him personally. Handel lived in a more polished

age, and had to display the talents of performers of a much higher class than those for whom Purcell composed; but it may, perhaps, admit of a dispute, which was gifted with the largest portion of innate genius: had Handel been Purcell, and Purcell Handel, with equal longevity, it may be doubted whether the public would have received more pleasure from either of their productions. Handel moved in a wider sphere, and travelled the grand high road to fame. Purcell moved on a more contracted scale, and arrived at her temple by a more private road; but he cannot be said to have lost his way: he *did* arrive there, and had an honourable niche assigned him, though not in so conspicuous a place as Handel justly obtained.

"It is frequently found," says Dr. Burney, "in the biography of great men, that they have pursued by stealth a course of study totally different from that which was destined them by their friends."

Among great astronomers, Copernicus was intended for a physician; Tycho Brahe for jurisprudence; Pascal, when a child, could not be prevented from becoming a geometrician, in spite of his father's wishes to keep him back; Euler, intended for the church, relinquished the study of theology for that of mathematics, contrary to the desire of his family; nor could Handel, intended for the profession of the civil law, be deterred by his father from the study of music surreptitiously, even before he was allowed a master, or arrived at seven years of age. He

* Dr. Burney was in possession of an original drawing of Purcell by Sir Godfrey Kneller, in which there is a glow of beauty, expression, and genius above humanity; it might with propriety pass for the head of Apollo.

was certainly a great performer on the organ, and a good contrapuntist before he went to Italy at four-and-twenty; but it was there, by the compositions of Carissimi, the elder Scarlatti, and Corelli, that he refined his taste in melody; and by the study and practice of the Italian language, and the performance of great theatrical singers, that he qualified himself for composing Italian operas, and for being selected, in preference to all the masters in Europe, to compose and superintend, under the auspices of the Royal Academy, the Italian opera in London*.

It seems manifest that Handel continued to change and improve his vocal melody from the taste and talents of the great singers who successively arrived in England during the existence of the Royal Academy and his own opera regency. Thus we see the songs composed for Nicolini, Senesino, Caristini, Boschi, the Cuzzoni, Faustina, and Strada, all in different styles, to suit their peculiar powers and compass of voice, and here we have his most flowery melodies and proofs of his inventive powers. But in composing *Te Deums*, *Anthems*, and *Oratorios*, his immortal chorusses, the offspring of profound knowledge and study, chiefly occupied his attention; the solo airs being often composed for ordinary singers, he was obliged to degrade his fancy to the level of the performers for whom he had to write, and to consider, not what he could invent, but what they could exe-

* In his way to England, after his journey to Italy, Handel, at Hanover, sat for his picture to the celebrated German painter, Wolfgang.

cute. He had, indeed, Francesca Frasi and Galli, never opera-performers of the first class, were the best singers for whom he had to compose; the rest were little better than ballad-singers, except Mrs. Cibber, who without knowledge of music, by thoroughly feeling and comprehending the words, and by a natural pathetic expression, and touching tone of voice, was enabled to sing the two divine airs of "He was despised," in the *Messiah*; and "Return, O God of Hosts," in *Sampson*, with more effect than any of the greatest opera-singers, with all their skill and refinements, could produce. Handel in his chorusses, besides the superior merit of fugue and learned counterpoint, is a great painter; not merely by delineating obvious and common passions and ideas, but by awakening in the mind sensations which seemed out of the reach of musical expression; particularly in *Israel in Egypt*, where the chorusses, next to those in the *Messiah*, are the most original, impressive, and surprising. Other individual chorusses might be pointed out in all his oratorios, such as "O God, who in thy heavenly hand," in *Solomon*; others in *Sampson*, *Judas*, *Maccabæus*, *Deborah*, &c. are of unrivalled and of infinite merit; but as a whole, in no one oratorio are the chorusses so constantly sublime and astonishing as in the *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*.

His compositions for the organ, particularly the six fugues in the first book of his *Pieces de Clavecin*, are, for pleasing subjects and masterly treatment, perhaps, the most perfect productions of that elabo-

rate kind, and for that divine instrument, that have ever been published.

His performance on the organ can no otherwise be described than by saying, that it was the most clear, pleasing, and masterly, that can be imagined. Full and rich harmony, but never tintured by crude, pedantic, and affected modulation; availing himself of the genius and powers of the instrument, the chain of kindred sounds was never broken; his fingers seemed to grow to the keys, and all the harmonic relations to be combined

and preserved from the beginning of a movement to the end.

Of his probity, bluntness, wit, humour, and original pleasantry, nothing is left to be said. His piety can never be doubted by those who hear his divine strains, which make others feel too much, not to assure us that he felt the sacred subject he had to treat himself. In short, he was in all things an extraordinary man; not only for his professional abilities, but for his spirit, fortitude, manners, grotesque images, and original ideas.

THE WAITING-MAID'S TALE.

PART II.

STILL more I suffer'd: now the whisper'd tale
Abroad on scandal's wings began to sail,
And, listening oft, my tortur'd ears could
know

The sneering tongues of washermaids below;
Beneath my window's height their green ~~was~~
stretch'd,
And full to meet mine ear their scandal
reach'd:

By them my fame to shapeless rags was torn,
By them my pride was coarsely laugh'd to
scorn.

I wept with grief; in rage I kept my room,
And wish'd the place even now might prove
my tomb:

"Alas!" I cried, "unpitied, mock'd, be-
tray'd,

How hapless lives the poor deserted maid!
'Tis thus in seas where ships but seldom sail,
(From sweethearts sailor heard I once the tale)
The sea-toss'd bird throws round its wearied
eye,

'Mid boundless waves some place of rest to
spy,

And marks at last, when ev'ning sinks to
night,

Some lonely ship amid the fading light;
To reach that place of rest she speeds her
fast,

And flutt'ring round, she perches on the
mast,

Unconscious she of treach'rous man below,
Not yet his guile by trial taught to know:

But treach'rous men behold the victim come,
And fix in whisp'ring laugh her woeful
doom.

High up the mast (on task congenial bent)
An urchin, smear'd with tar, is instant sent:
Slow, silent, guileful, he approaches near;
She trims her wing, unconscious still of fear;
He holds his breath—she droops her wearied
eyes—

He scans his time—and now he grasps his
prize.

His friends the while have earnest gaz'd on
high,

And held their breath to join his treachery;
Till soon (a signal glad) the captive's scream
Proclaims the urchin worthy of his name,
A little man: the victim downward thrown,
O'er all the deck sit theme for mirth is shown,
And gains around, her trust in man to shame,
From tongue to tongue the Booby's banded
name*:

And thus the youthful maid, unskill'd in
wiles,

Is caught and mock'd in man's un pitying
toils:

* The *booby* is a sea-fowl, so called, because, being met with chiefly in unfrequented seas, it allows itself to be taken by the hand. A remarkable instance (and the misanthrope will easily find others) of the disposition of mankind, to brand the victim of unsuspecting simplicity with the ridicule of folly.

Thus I had trusted, thus had been betray'd,
Thus now was scorn'd, thus left a hopeless
maid.

I mourn'd in secret; long my room I kept,
And there for two sad days unceasing wept:
My mistress call'd; some false excuse was told,
A head-ache, tooth-ache, cough, or monstrous cold:

This blinded her; but ev'ry titt'ring miss
Full soon began some diff'rent cause to guess:
Their sidelong taunts at last arous'd my
pride,

And bade me seek my secret griefs to hide.
I left my room, I donn'd my wonted ease
To hide my cares, my friends I set to tease;
Each whisper'd scandal glad I sought to hear,
Then answer'd hint with hint, and sneer with
sneer;

My former lovers, once by pride appall'd,
By word or favouring glance I now recall'd,
And 'mid them all (no time I car'd to lose),
One faithful lad, of form robust, I chose.
Since school-boy days he still had patient
lov'd,

And oft my wand'ring heart his suit approv'd;
Mid all the tracks my wild ambition steer'd,
A sure resource his love had still appear'd;
Some reckless whims had oft the flame obscur'd,

Yet warm in both the spark had still endur'd:
And now the day (a fortnight then had pass'd
Since James had call'd), the day was nam'd
at last;

In order'd form the marriage bands were
tied,

And I went home—a light and joyous bride.
By fondness first, and next by weakness
feign'd,

O'er all my husband's mind mine influence
reign'd;

For soon he found, that all my whims to
please,

Was still (tho' cross) the shortest path to
ease:

Our wealth increas'd in cattle, stacks, and
sheep,

And I rejoic'd the growing purse to keep:
Tho' sov'reign still, still wise has been my
way,

Till months and years have prosp'rous pass'd
away.

Six healthy sons, and wedded daughters
threë,

Around our board on festal days we see;
There we at eve enjoy our cottage blaze,
And both grow gray in eld's contented days.

And now, you ask, what happ'd at last to
James?

Poor lad, alas! too high were all his aims!

When I was wed, I came by chance to know
That he to prouder dame now paid his vow:
From low-born folk (grown rich) he sought
to steal,

And tried to mix in companies genteel;
Some half-bred miss, a husband glad to gain,
He courted fond, nor courted long in vain;
A tawdry minx, who ne'er had learn'd the
way,

Or to command, to flatter, or obey.
How oft with me (ere yet the days were gone
When I was coy, nor yet the place was won),
How oft with me he sneer'd at all her airs,
And laugh'd to scorn her toilet's awkward
cares!

"What scene is yonder!" oft in mirth he
cried,

When I have careless ask'd what there he
spied;

"How lies poor miss's toilet, mix'd and
tost!

One thing to find, a thousand still are lost;
Her pins are gone—her combs are both
astray,

And lap-dog Finch has dragg'd the fan away.
If fays or sylphs are in attendance there,
'Tis to perplex, not to assist the fair."

Thus oft he spoke, yet, roguish, all the while
He courted fond the slattern damsel's smile.
Her father frown'd, and long refus'd consent,
Still holding fierce his pride of high descent;
But soon his pride resign'd its angry sway,
When hints arriv'd of James's yearly pay:
The wife was wed, and James rejoicing said,
That now his price for rank genteel was paid.

Alak! alak! for many an evil day
The price by James was still in grief to pay!
In seeking rank, he merely sought the name,
Nor wish'd (save now and then) its rights to
claim:

But she with rank still join'd the pride of
show;

And soon poor James her wish was taught to
know:

Her dress, her feasts, her friends, expensive
all,

Still held his narrow purse in ceaseless thrall;
And if a friend of his (his friends were poor)
Might chance at times to seek the splendid
door,

"What fellow's that?" she'd lisp, "what
brings him here?

Oh, I'd forgot!—some friend of yours, my
dear!"

And half sarcastic, half indulgent smile,
In well-bred mockery curl'd her lips the
while;

And patient James devour'd his silent care,
Nor ventur'd once the husband's angry stare.

His conscience too, long dormant, now awoke,
And swarming thoughts his rest unceasing
broke:

His vows to me, once deem'd but trifling
things,

Now gall'd his wounds with small but ve-
nom'd stings,

Till James was forc'd, by jogging conscience
prest,

In fumes of wine to seek uneasy rest;

As Indian squats in wigwam's blearing smoke,
The fierce mosquito's stinging crowds to
choke.

But daily grief the stoutest heart will waste,
And James's heart its force began to taste:

He pin'd in woe, and wasted day by day,

Till life expir'd in unperceiv'd decay.

Some annual fund his wife had sly secur'd,
I wot not what, but long the fund endur'd.

I've seen his son—poor youth! how like his
sire,

When first for me he vow'd the lover's fire:

Like him, his handsome face was poor and
lean;

Like him, his garb genteel was worn and
mean;

Yet not like him, had he acquir'd the art
By pliant means to win the stranger's heart.

His mother's pride the stripling seem'd to
bear,

And all his father's love for generous cheer:
Yet her high birth, or his seducing way,

Were wanting each, his slippery steps to
stay:

How he may speed, I ne'er perchance shall
know,

But with the youth my pity still shall go.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. LXXII.

Woman to man as a prime blessing given.—OTWAY.

MADAM,

MY highest ambition is to appear in the cause of the fair sex; nor would any thing flatter my vanity so much, as the honour of standing, in this degenerate age, the single champion of those whom all mankind are bound to defend. No time seems more proper for this kind of gallantry than the present; now, when the graver sort of men are continually throwing out sarcastic hints at least, if not open invectives, against their lovely countrywomen; and the younger and more sprightly are, from I know not what cause, less forward than ever in their defence. Though my abilities are by no means equal to my inclinations for their service, give me leave to offer to you and your polite readers, a few thoughts on this interesting subject.

The malice of wits has, from time immemorial, attacked these injured beauties with the charge of levity and inconstancy; a charge,

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applicable indeed to the frailty of human nature in general, but by no means to be admitted to the particular prejudice of the most amiable part of the species. History and experience inform us, that every different country produces a different race of people: the disposition of the inhabitants, as well as the complexion, receive a colour from the clime in which they are born. Yet the same sentiments do not always spring from the same soil. Some strong particularity of genius distinguishes every era of a nation. From hence arises what, in the language of the polite world, we call *fashion*; as variable with regard to principles as dress. It would be, in these days, as uncommon and ridiculous, to profess the maxims of an old Englishman, as to strut about in a short cloak and trunk hose. The same vicissitude of character takes place among the ladies: their conduct, however, has been still consistent

and irreproachable; for they have always acted up to the dictates of fashion. Cruelty, if we may believe the lovers of the last century, was the reigning passion of those tyrants to whom they devoted their hearts, their labours, and their understandings. No man, I presume, will cast such an imputation on the present race of beauties: their influence is more benign; their glory is of a more exalted nature; mercy is their characteristic. It would be injustice itself to assert, that they do not in every respect excel their relentless great-grandmothers. Beauty is the peculiar perfection of our fair contemporaries. To what, then, but the amiable compassion of these gentle creatures can be ascribed a kind of miracle, a seeming change in the constitution of nature? Till poetry and romance are forgotten, the miseries of love will be remembered. Authors of the highest reputation have not scrupled to assure us, that the lovers of their days did very frequently forget to eat and drink; nay, that they sometimes proceeded so far as to hang or drown themselves for the sake of the cruel nymphs they adored. Whence comes it, then, that in an age to which suicide is not unknown, so few instances are to be met with of this disinterested conduct? In the space of many years, I do not remember above half a dozen. It were ingratitude not to acknowledge to whom we are indebted for so great a blessing. The celebrated inventors of modern romance, together with the judicious writers of the stage, have the honour of being the deliverers of their countrymen. So ardently

have they pleaded the public cause, that the ladies are at last content to throw up the reins, to accept unmeaning flattery instead of tender sighs, and admit innocent freedom in the place of distant adoration. They have learned to indulge their admirers with frequent opportunities of gazing on their charms, and are grown too generous to conceal from them even the little failings of their tempers. Nor is this all; while the persuasive eloquence of these gentlemen has found the way to soften the rigour of the fair sex, they have animated the resolution of others; for by them are we instructed in the winning art of modest assurance, and furnished with the *derrière* resort of indifference.

You will not be surprised that I speak so warmly on this subject, when you are informed how great a share of the public felicity falls to my lot. Had the fashionable polity of this kingdom continued in the same situation in which it stood a hundred years ago, I had been, perhaps, the most unfortunate man in the world. No heart is more susceptible of tender impressions than mine, nor is my resolution strong enough to hold out against the slightest attacks of a pair of bright eyes. Love, weak as he is, has often made me his captive; but I can never be too lavish of my applause on those generous beauties who have been the authors of my pains: so far have they ever been from glorying in their power, or insulting the miseries they occasioned, that they have constantly employed the most effectual methods to free me from their fetters. By their indulgence

it is, that I have arrived at the fifty-third year of my life, without the encumbrance of a wife or children; that I can now look back with pleasure on the dangers I have escaped, and forward with comfort on the peace and quiet laid up for my old age.

I beg leave to take this opportunity of paying my debt of honour, and of assuring you, that I am not only your constant reader, but your most obedient, humble servant,

SERIOSO.

The following letter is sent to me, with an assurance, which I have no reason to doubt, that it is the production of a young lady who has not yet reached her tenth year. As somewhat remarkable for that period of life, and to encourage her prematurity of thinking, I do not hesitate to present it to my readers.

F— T—.

"Good-nature, no holiday-gown, but an every-day habit."

Good-nature is one of those estimable qualities of the human character which diffuses happiness to all around, and pleases most by the unassuming simplicity with which she bestows her favours. Human nature is naturally envious, and led to cast a shade on those qualities which shine in others beyond our own power of attainment. Good-nature, however, may be considered a quality of that happy medium, which neither excites our envy, nor dare we treat it with contempt; it never fails of giving pleasure, from the general and habitual approbation which it bestows, feeling ourselves, as we do, of greater consequence, so long as

others evince a desire of conducting to our gratification.

Alexis boasts of no quality which can excite my envy, no talent which distinguishes itself beyond mediocrity, and yet I would desire to be like him. Alexis is indiscriminately kind and good-natured to all who come within the circle of his acquaintance, and renders himself in a manner sufficiently pleasing to others, as to promote a desire of being one of them. If any dispute arise in conversation, which might ultimately terminate in destroying the general harmony, he immediately introduces some amusing anecdote, which may tend to direct the general smile against himself; the kindness of his disposition ever leading him to forbear resentment at trifles, rather than sanction dispute, or encourage unseemly remarks to the injury of others. But observe the stately demeanour of Antonio — that countenance bespeaks a mind something beyond the generality of men; although no one presumes to question the acknowledged superiority of his abilities, the politeness of his manners, and the elegance of his deportment, his temper fenders him displeasing. If any one be the subject of conversation for some unusual act of kindness or liberality, he is the first to deny it, as arising from disinterested motives: experience, an unprejudiced research into the works of the best authors, and close observation of the general characters of mankind, all tend to convince him of the selfishness of human nature; that man is actuated by such views only, and even the instantaneous action of giving relief to a fellow-creature

is not in truth the feeling of humanity, but a selfish love of purchased praise. Thus inclined to investigate the causes and consequences of every human action, does he gradually nourish and disseminate the seeds of malevolence, to the discouragement of the good and exaltation of the bad. Whether or no his calculations be founded on right or false reasoning, the multiplicity of generous actions which are done in the world, unsullied by ostentatious views, and freed at least from temporal interests, must sufficiently prove: still, however, where virtue checks us in too minute an inquiry into the motives of men's actions, we should obey her dictates; but in time, the good themselves, from repeated instances of malevolence, should blush to acknowledge the difficulty of doing good. We are gifted with powers of mind capable almost of any thing, and it becomes a prime duty in us, to employ them to the most beneficial purposes, and not to that of poisoning the sentiments of others towards their fellow-creatures. True philosophy consists not so much in poring with monkish seclusion and austerity into the works of distant ages, in order to discover characters immersed in ignorance and superstition, as true representations of human nature, or of producing doctrines, which, as the age advances in refinement, ought to sink, with their authors, into oblivion; but to exercise its powers in shewing us, how capable that great

gift of Heaven, the mind, is of improvement, and of collecting and diffusing such information as may prove serviceable to mankind.

There are in the vegetable world many properties both useful and destructive to the human species; to acquire a correct knowledge of their distinctive nature, and skill in administering their just proportions for the preservation of life and health, has been the study of past, and will be so of ages yet to come: some, taken with moderation, are discovered as means of preserving the animal existence; others conduce to its comfort and support: the having recourse to either extremes tends but to its injury and final destruction. In like manner, a well-stored mind is an engine of great power, at the disposal of the possessor, and left to him to exercise as becomes him; and, as in chemical investigations, he should be observant in drawing the line of distinction betwixt the poisonous and the nutritious aliment, so wisdom and virtue should go hand in hand: the professor of intellectual dignity should likewise prove himself the friend of mankind; for good sense alone will sufficiently convince us, that without the advantages of that temper which is denominated good-nature, wisdom is stripped of her most inviting appearance, and left exposed to the insults of folly and the sallies of ignorance.

AMELIA.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Fourth Fantasia on the favourite Air, "And has she then failed in her truth," by Henry Bishop, for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Mocatta of Woburn-place, by Ferdinand Ries. Op. 92. No. I. Price 4s.—(Goulding and Co.)

INSTEAD of following the memoranda which we put to paper in the course of our investigation of this fantasia, and the abundance of which deters us from making a partial selection, we prefer, and our readers will probably prefer, a general opinion on its complexion and merits. This course we have adopted with former works of Mr. Ries, as more suitable to our limits. When so much is told, and so well told, the substance of the narrative must suffice for those who may not consult the author himself.

In one word, this fantasia is charming in all its parts; there are but few works of Mr. Ries's that have fascinated us equally; and we think we can guess the reason: a considerable portion of his compositions, however rich in variety and originality of thought and expression, however valuable as harmonic studies, offers a less degree of attraction in point of melody; but here a beautiful air of Bishop's forms the ground-work; and the unrivalled harmonic powers of Mr. Ries seem to have revelled on the theme with all the strength and vigour of his genius. Not only the subject, or detached portions of it, present themselves in every variety of form and treatment, but every bar breathes the spirit of the theme; even the modulations (of

which there is abundance, and of striking grandeur,) bear a constant analogy to the subject.

The present fantasia, therefore, we decidedly proclaim as a model of this kind of writing, and it possesses the additional and great advantage of being accessible—not to *médiocre* performers certainly—but to good players that may not have attained first-rate excellence.

"Operatic Overtures," composed and arranged for the Piano-forte by J. F. Danneley. No. I. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Goulding and Co.)

This overture (in C major) being the first of a series to be continued periodically, we have been rather particular in its investigation, and shall endeavour to give our opinion in the best manner our judgment enables us to do.

This opinion will be of a mixed nature: the composition has, we conceive, some imperfections; but these are certainly balanced by striking merits.

The motivo in the first eight bars, without being liable to any fundamental objection, does not ingratiate itself with us; the idea appears to us to be of a hard, stern cast, and obsolete in fashion. The bass and treble in their systematic progress, by contrary motion, every now and then, and at regular intervals, hit upon fifths, such as F C, G D, A E, by no means faulty, but rough enough, nevertheless, to the ear. Different fifths of frequent occurrence, without being consecutive, always appear to us to sound harshly; because, being the most decisive characteristics of a tonic, they convey to the ear, at every re-

currence, the most striking sensation, or expectation of a new key. Such at least is our opinion; whether it be too nice and fastidious, we leave to others to determine. It is not impossible, however, that, in this instance, Mr. D. may have acted intentionally; for the contrast produced by the next eight bars, which imitate the subject upon a pedal bass (smooth at all times) does one's heart good. P. 2, l. 2, presents an elegant singing subject in G—one of the best things in the piece—and gradually leads by passages obviously founded on an idea from the overture to Don Giovanni to the key of E b, in which the motivo is rehearsed. After this, a set of ably conducted modulations brings us to the key of B b major (p. 3, l. 2), in which Mr. D. tarries a little while, by entering upon some good digressive fancy work. But from this we are carried away through modulation upon modulation, from B b by G b 6 to F, &c. and again, by D b 6 to the key at last (p. 4, l. 2). Here we expected a reappearance of the original subject, but a new one (rather near the conclusion) is propounded; further modulation occurs, a trill of two bars in the very last line interrupts the regular progress towards a proper termination, and renders the conclusion abrupt.

From what has been stated, our opinion on this overture may be inferred. There is by far too much modulation; the key (C major), instead of predominating, appears but just at the beginning and end; indeed more than one half of the voyage is performed under the borrowed flag of three flats: there is likewise too little of the primary

subject in the piece, and greatly too much extraneous matter of all sorts: in short, to say all in one word, the composition wants unity. If it were as long again as it is (not that such a length is what we wish for), if the various extraneous ideas and modulations were more checked by due portions deduced from or analagous to the primary design, the proportion of parts would be more satisfactory; and with such a maintenance of proportion, the individual merits of the detached parts (many of which are of the most interesting description) would appear more obvious and effective.

"Britons, strike home," with an Introduction and Variations for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Wyatt, by J. F. Burrows. Pr. 3s. 6d.—(Goulding and Co.)

An allegro, of an imposing and determined character, forms the introduction; it partakes of the nature of a march, and the measure, as well as the high colouring of its full chords, produces a striking effect. The bass might have been a little more *déagé*, if we may use the expression; it beats too evenly with the treble, generally in crotchets.

As to the variations, Mr. B. is so partial to this species of composition, and so clever and successful at it, that we are convinced he could vary any thing which falls across his observation, and do it well too, were it even the newsman's horn, or the bellman's tinkle. The air of "*Britons, strike home*," stiff and seriously formal as it is, affords little encouragement for variation; yet, under Mr. B.'s hands, the superstructure, in

many of its parts, has gained an attractive aspect. Some of the variations appear to us of a noisy and hard-favoured character, such as Nos. 2. and 3.; and, in the latter, the concluding bar is particularly uncouth: the bass and treble cannot set out divergingly from the same note, and run *pari passu* through the whole octave, one down, and the other upwards. The first variation, in triplets, with very effective crossed-hand passages, has our entire concurrence, and one or two more of the others are equally satisfactory. No. 7. in particular, will be found well deserving of the performer's attention, on account of the ease and fluency which prevail in the passages allotted to the right hand.

The coda is excellent.

The favourite Air, "A rose-tree in full bearing," with Variations for the Piano-forte, composed, and most respectfully dedicated to Miss Georgina Markham, by John Camidge, Mus. Doc. Price 3s.—(Goulding and Co.)

The great increase of variations has not augmented our partiality for them; we are quite satiated, and nothing but a treatment similar to what we observe in Mr. Camidge's book before us, could subdue our indifference to compositions of this class. The work here is well done in every respect; science, taste, and a studious endeavour towards perfection, are obvious features of Mr. C.'s labour.

In propounding the theme, Mr. C. has allowed himself to vary already the melody of the first part (a proceeding which we deem objectionable), and to tinge the harmony of the second with some mo-

dulatory hues, which, however good in themselves, are premature. The simple authentic melody and harmony ought to be given by way of text. The variations are excellent: without dwelling upon all, we shall advert to No. 2. as to one of conspicuous merit. There is throughout a high degree of good contrapuntal contrivance, and, at the same time, an unbroken fluency of diction. Great ability is displayed in this variation. No. 3. upon a pedal bass, succeeds with good effect, as affording a contrast of character by the softness of its progress. The *andante*, No. 5. is conceived with much sentiment and delicacy; rather florid, but the ornaments are generally in good taste.

The concluding movement, a *presto* $\frac{3}{4}$, is very good; it may safely stand a comparison with Haydn's pieces of this description, which it resembles in style and treatment. One interesting idea succeeds another; the motivo is interwoven or hinted at throughout, and a peculiar vein of freshness pervades the whole; the few lines *allegro* ($\frac{3}{4}$) in p. 8, full of attractive thoughts, intervene with the best effect; and the coda is quite as we would wish it to be.

"Le Garçon volage," a popular French Air, arranged with Variations for the Piano-forte, and dedicated to Miss Smee, by J. M'Murdie, Mus. Bac. Oxon.—Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Clementi and Co.)

More variations! When shall we have enough of them? Though, in this instance, neither ought we to find fault with variationizing: Mr. M'Murdie's are ably written, and deserve the notice of advanced

players, to whom they will afford very wholesome practice. The theme happens to be a quadrille, of which the second variation presents a clever and effective arrangement of semiquavered bass passages. The triplets in var. 3. are also well contrived. No. 4. a slow movement, is of a very superior stamp. The harmony is conceived in a serious style, especially in the second part, and set with much contrapuntal ability. Similar instances of good counterpointing occur in the 5th variation, which is equally creditable to Mr. M.'s talents.

"*I swear that Celia shall be mine,*" a Duet, with an Accompaniment for the Harp or Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to J. Christie, Esq. by Mrs. James Smith of Jamaica. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(T. Williams, 2, Strand.)

The composition of a lady from Jamaica has double claims to the critic's indulgence; but the exercise of it on this occasion is but in a slight degree called for. The duet upon the whole is a pleasing performance, and shews, that the fair author combines taste with some good notions of harmony. We have seen professional productions of less attraction.

The text, we must own, is of so anacreontic a nature, that we almost wonder at the fair harmonist's resolution in venturing upon the melodizing of "By those lips whose pouting charms," &c. The lover, or rather the lovers, seem to be in ecstasy; for there are two, that swear by every successive charm in Celia's form, that she shall be theirs. How they will settle this matter would be a question of some

doubt, did it not appear from the context, that they are any thing but irascible; for, among other invocations, they also swear "by that foot with which she—spurned them." A *pedal*-bass would, in this instance, have formed an appropriate accompaniment.

But our task is with the music; and, in this respect, we shall offer a remark or two with a view to future improvement, more particularly as our observations partly will go to points frequently neglected by even professional writers. In this duet the second voice frequently is higher than the first. This practice, we are aware, is very common, but it is not consonant with good taste; it has a quaint effect of cloying over-sweetness at all times, and renders the melody doubtful. When the second has the melody, that voice will be the highest of course, but otherwise it ought seldom, if ever, to be allowed. In this duet our observation, however, would only apply if sung by two male or two female voices; if the first is a female, and the second a male voice, the vocal parts will be proper enough as they stand written. The cadence in the symphony (bar 8) comes half a bar too soon. "What?" do we hear—"is it not on the 8th bar, to square the rhythm?" True, but as all the preceding cæsures are on the 3d crotchet of the 2d, 4th, and 6th bars, the final cadence should be corresponding. Divide the symphony into half-bars, and the closing note will come on the beginning of the 15th half-bar, instead of the 16th. This requisite of rhythmical symmetry is frequently neglected by writers of good name.

The 7th bar in p. 2 presents an error in harmony: the bass forms with the treble the three successive fifths D, A—B ♯, F—G D; and the whole arrangement of accompaniment is in consequence faultily conceived.

We have already stated our motive for making the foregoing observations, and we hope it will be acknowledged: in other respects, we repeat it, this composition has decided claims on our favour, and does the author credit.

"*Le Retour au Château*," a favourite Divertimento for the Piano-forte, in which is introduced, "Ye streams that round my prison creep," composed, and respectfully dedicated, by permission, to Miss Trus-ton, by J. C. Nightingale, Organist of the Foundling Hospital. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Monro, Skinner-street.)

An andante (D major)—a march in the same key—the air above-mentioned in G major—and a polacca movement in D major: all very satisfactory, in good style, and without executive difficulties. The andante is rendered interesting by its regularity and agreeable melody. The four last bars of unison A's (ff) we cannot say we like much; they seem to us to be out of character: but this may be matter of fancy. The march and trio have our commendation; the ideas are determined, the rhythm strict, and the responses in the trio well imagined. The sudden irruption into B ♭ major (p. 3, l. 5,) came unexpectedly upon us; but we can have no objection to the proceeding; only we wish the extrication from that key had not led to an exten-

sion of the trio from 8 to 12 bars; all would have been more square. And, upon similar grounds, we should have preferred a more complete termination, than by half a cadence only, at the end of the second part of the trio. Perhaps the key of the subdominant for the trio altogether would have afforded the desired contrast. But these are all matters in which the composer has a right to do as he thinks fit.

The air of Storace is well told, and the polacca-rondo extremely pretty. We approve of the transition to F (p. 5), of the representation of the subject in the dominant (p. 6), and of the manner in which it is brought in, and treated in the minor tonic at the 7th page. Duets, &c. in the Comedy of "Match-breaking, or the Prince's Present," written by J. Kenney, Esq. composed by M. P. Corri.—(C. Wheatstone, Strand.) Viz.

"Oh! 'tis love," Duet, sung by Miss R. Corri and Mrs. Baker. Pr. 1s. 6d.

"Oh! smile, and all your cares shall end," Duet, sung by the same. Pr. 1s. 6d.

"They tempt me not," sung by Miss R. Corri. Pr. 1s. 6d.

It would afford us great pleasure to give Mr. Corri credit for all the attractions held out by the above three pieces, of which he states himself to be the composer; but as the first of them has months ago been a favourite on the Parisian boards, we are justified in entertaining some doubts as to the original author of any of the three. Mr. C. can best extricate us from this uncertainty, and we shall be

happy to receive whatever information he may think proper to convey to us on this subject.

But leaving the question of authorship in its doubtful state, we are warranted in recommending these three pieces to such of our readers as can relish good natural melody, unsophisticated by harmonic abstrusenesses. There is a life, a healthy freshness, and good humour about them, which cheer one's spirits; no quaintness, no affectation of learning; none of the sickly ballad whine, the hacknied strains of which groan us into the blue — vapours that gave them birth.

The two duets may be reported on under one head. With the attractions above-mentioned, they combine propriety of design, and strict rhythmical symmetry; they certainly accord with the words and the general sentiment of the text; the melody is throughout conspicuous for purity and *naïveté*, and it is occasionally enhanced by touches of peculiar delicacy. The accompaniments, without being thin, are a little plain; passages occur in

the voice which seem made to receive a more full and active support. It is not impossible, however, that such may be the case in the score, and that the piano-forte extract may have been limited to what was judged essential; in which case the intention certainly has been fully accomplished.

The song, "They tempt me not," is a very pretty delicate little thing, graceful in every bar, and well suited to the poetry. Here the accompaniments, too, are more effective in general, and, in several instances, conspicuous for tasteful complementary ideas.

Once more! whoever be its real author, this is good music, in the natural style; and, what constitutes a great further recommendation, the vocal and instrumental parts are of so easy a description, that very moderate singers and players may master them at sight. There are a few typographical errors, which ought to be corrected in further impressions; but they appear too obvious to require detail.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 34.—PROMENADE DRESS.

A DARK lavender poplin high dress, with a plain tight body; full epaulette; the fulness confined by two large leaves, which are crossed in the middle of the arm; they are composed of *gros de Naples*: the sleeves rather tight; it is finished at the hand by a chain trimming of *gros de Naples*. The trimming of the bottom of the skirt

consists of a fulness of this latter material, which is formed into lozenge puffs by poplin points, corded with *gros de Naples*, and fastened down by small silk ornaments. The pelisse worn over this dress is of turtle-green cachemire, lined with white sarsnet and wadded: it is tied down the front by bows of the same material, each of which is ornamented with a small steel





clasp in the centre. The body is tight to the figure; an embroidery of a novel description goes down the fronts, and forms the shape in a very graceful manner. High standing collar, also embroidered. Sleeve of an easy width, and terminated by a singularly pretty cuff, for which we refer to our print: tight epaulette, notched like the teeth of a saw. The *ceinture* is of the same material as the *pelisse*; it is very broad, and is fastened at the side by a steel clasp. Very full lace ruff. Head-dress, the *chapeau à la paysanne*, composed of black velvet, and lined with white zephyreene: the trimming is a mixture of these materials; there is a full bow, with a steel clasp in the middle, placed to one side, and a long full plume of black feathers. Black leather half-boots, lined with fur. Linnet gloves.

PLATE 35—FULL DRESS.

A white velvet round gown; plain body, of a moderate length, finished by a blond tucker *à l'enfant*. A wreath of wild flowers goes from the point of the shoulder round the back. The under-sleeve is of white satin and very loose, but it is confined by another, composed of plaited bands of white velvet, terminated by a row of blond turned up in waves, and intermixed with flowers. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a deep embroidery in white silk: this is surmounted by a trimming of a new material, which forms a full *ruche*, and is twisted round a white satin rouleau. Head-dress, *en cheveu*: the hind hair is disposed in bows, which are intermingled with variegated laurel-leaves: the front hair is parted so as to leave the forehead nearly bare;

it is dressed in loose ringlets, which fall very low at the sides of the face. White kid gloves; white *gros de Naples* slippers. Crape fan, embroidered in steel spangles.

We are indebted to Miss Pierpoint of No. 12, Edwards-street, Portman-square, inventress of the *corset à la Grecque*, for both these dresses.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Pelisses are still in favour, and likely to continue so, both for carriage and walking dress. the one which we have given in our print is the only novelty of that description we have observed for the dress promenade; the material is too elegant for plain walking dress, but it is admirably adapted for a public promenade or a carriage.

We have this month but few observations to make upon what may be strictly termed walking dress: it continues nearly as it was when we made our last report, except that fur tippets are more general; and where they are not adopted, a shawl is frequently worn over the *pelisses*. Large Angola shawls are coming into favour, but they are worn only over silk or poplin dresses. The half-boot or shoe is now always of black leather, with a substantial sole, and sometimes lined with fur.

In carriage dress there is rather more novelty. Velvet spencers are a good deal worn over silk or poplin dresses. We have noticed two of these which we consider worthy the attention of our fair readers: one was composed of *ponceau* velvet, buttoned up the front by small silk buttons formed like leaves;

fulness of satin was laid on each front, and confined by narrow velvet straps, fastened down by these buttons; this fulness, broad at the top, and tapering down at each side, forms a demi-lozenge: the sleeve is rather tight and very long, finished at the hand by a *bouillonné* of satin, interspersed with buttons: the epaulette consists of three demi-lozenges of satin, corded with velvet, and fastened by silk buttons. The girdle is very broad, and fastened in front by a steel clasp.

The other spencer is of turtle-green *velours épingle*: it is made with a pelerine, rounded and pointed behind: a piece in the form of a half-handkerchief, which is also pointed, is let in full on each shoulder; it crosses in the middle of the bosom, where it is fastened by a brooch, and is tied in full bows and ends behind. There is no epaulette. The bottom of the sleeve is cut in points.

We have noticed also in carriage dress, Angola shawls dyed in different colours; some of these have the border of one colour, as for instance *ponceau*, a part of the ground grey, and the remainder *ponceau* and light blue. There are always three colours.

An attempt has been made to revive the *toque* hat, but it is only partially worn. The materials for carriage hats are the same as last month; and we see with pleasure an attempt, which we hope will be successful, to introduce a style of bonnet infinitely lighter and more becoming, than those which have been so long worn. We mean the *chapeau à la paysanne*: it is a remarkably lady-like bonnet, and,

from the elegant simplicity of its form, will most probably be adapted by *élégantes* of good taste.

Muslin is no longer seen in dinner or evening dress, and is very partially worn in a morning. Tabinet high dresses are beginning to be much in favour; and we have noticed a few dark chintz wrapping dresses, made loose in the body, with large pelerines, and trimmed all round with a rich figured border to correspond.

Poplin, levantine, *gros de Naples*, and different sorts of *velours simulé*, are all in favour in dinner dress. We do not perceive any alteration in the length of waists, but the backs of dresses are now formed much narrower: this is, generally speaking, advantageous to the shape, but, in some instances, it is carried too far, for many backs are nearly in the form of a diamond.

Dinner dress is usually cut too low round the bust, but this is sometimes remedied by folds of gauze or net placed inside the dress, which partially shade the bosom and back of the neck. Sleeves are worn very short. Satin still continues in favour for trimmings: we have seen some chain trimmings made of satin, plaited with chenille, which had a very pretty effect. We have also noticed some mosaic trimmings, composed of bands of satin and velvet of different colours interwoven: these trimmings have a very rich and elegant appearance, and are of different forms; some are plain bands, others in waves, and some like the teeth of a saw.

Embroidery, both in gold and silver, is now in great favour for full-dress trimmings. We have

seen some in a broad scroll pattern, others consisting of full bunches of ears of corn, and a good many in bouquets of flowers. We have seen also a few blond trimmings, lightly finished at the edge with an embroidery of steel spangles in a running

pattern: these trimmings had a very brilliant and beautiful effect.

Fashionable colours are the same as last month, but turtle-green is we think likely to be much in favour, in all its different shades.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, NOV. 18.

My dear SOPHIA,

OUT-DOOR dress at present can scarcely be said to be of any decided character, but upon the whole, its materials are less warm than usual at this season. A few, however, of our most tonish *élégantes*, who are determined to be comfortably dressed, have revived a pelisse, which my aunt Martha says was twenty years ago thought very elegant: it is composed of velvet, and lined with sable or ermine; the body is loose; it wraps across very much in front, and the upper part of the *corsage* turns over in such a manner as to form a large round pelerine. The sleeve is long and loose, and the fur lining is turned up at the bottom so as to form a very deep cuff. As the pelisse wraps much across, the superb lining is very visible. This costly envelope is I think of a more generally becoming form than the *witchoura*, but as yet it is but partially adopted.

Pelisses, as we still persist in calling our long cloaks made with large hoods, are very much worn: as they are composed of levantine, they have not a wintry appearance, but their being wadded renders them very comfortable. They are made of various colours, *ponceau*, dark cinnamon, *flamme de punch*,

and *aile de mouche*: the former of these hues is a tint between lavender and lilac; the latter a peculiar shade of gray. The lining is of cherry colour, and it forms a narrow edging all round. The pelisse is sufficiently short to display the trimming of the dress worn underneath. One of the most beautiful of these pelisses, and in fact the only one of that kind that I have yet seen, was worn the other day at the Tuileries by a very dashing *marquise*: it is of *ponceau* cachemire, with a beautiful palm border; there was nothing novel in the form, except that the hood was larger than usual. Black velvet spencers, trimmed with satin, are also in favour for the promenade; the trimming is composed of leaves which go on each side of the front: the *manche-rons* correspond. The girdle is very broad, and always edged with satin, and a large steel buckle, polished till its brilliancy emulates the diamond, fastens it on one side.

Velvet is at present the favourite material for *chapeaux*; black lined with black satin is most in estimation, but puce colour, dark blue, purple, and *ponceau*, are also worn: these colours are not, however, so fashionable as *flamme de punch*, which is next to black in estimation.

The brims of *chapeaux* have not

varied in size since I wrote last, but the crowns I think are somewhat lower: a rouleau of satin *pluche*, or *gros de Naples*, to correspond with the bonnet, is the only ornament now worn at the edge of the brim. The ribbon also corresponds. Flowers are very little worn, but feathers are almost universally adopted. White ones are most in favour, even for black hats; they are always ostrich: the plumes are long, full, and for the promenade, curled; two or three are placed upright, and one or two droop to the right side.

The ruff has again made its appearance, and is worn very full; it is disposed in large round plaits, and consists of three or four falls. The collar of the pelisse or spencer, which is made large and square, stands up round it, but in such a manner as to display it in front.

Merino dresses begin to be partially worn; but they are not yet so general as *barèges*, or stout silks of different kinds: the most fashionable is a silk of a very substantial fabric, called *gros d'hiver*. Puffs, or flounces, are the only trimmings worn: the former are placed lengthwise, but in a bias direction; they are three deep, and are formed by narrow rouleaus of satin, of which there are three placed close together, to separate each puff.

Flounces are in general worn narrow; there are three rows put close together at the bottom of the skirt, three more rows are placed above the others at a distance of about half a quarter, and these are surmounted by another triple flounce at a similar distance.

The bodies of promenade gowns

are made high, and tight to the shape; they generally button in front, and some have the shape of the bosom marked by a row of Brandenbours at each side. The girdle is of the same material as the dress, and fastened by a steel buckle, or else it is a broad watered ribbon to correspond with the dress, tied in short bows and ends behind.

Satin, velvet, gauze, China crape, and soft crape, are all worn in full dress; as are also different kinds of silks. The *corsage* is always cut low. The most fashionable at present are made with the front ornamented with a stomacher in the form of a fan. This is composed of six very narrow rouleaus, which are put pretty close together at the bottom, but spread wider as they go up, till they cover the top of the bust: these rouleaus serve to confine a drapery of the same material as the dress, or of gauze, which is placed under them. The sleeve, made very short and full, is formed of lozenges marked out by rouleaus, similar to those which form the stomacher; these lozenges are frequently edged with narrow blond; and I should have said, that a blond tucker, set on quite plain, stands up round the bosom: a very narrow band confines the sleeve to the arm. The skirts are now made more full; they are still gored, but not so much so as they have lately been; the fulness is entirely thrown behind. *Ruches* of crape, gauze, or blond, are used to trim gowns made in this manner.

Black is still much in favour in full dress, particularly for public places: these gowns are made either of silk or crape, but in gene-

ral the sleeves are of white satin or gauze. In order to shew that they are not in mourning, our *élégantes* usually throw a Bayadere scarf, either of orange, light blue, or *ponceau*, loosely over their shoulders: these colours contrast very well with the black, and contribute to enliven it.

If the gown is not adorned with *ruches*, it is trimmed *à la fille d'honneur*, that is, with narrow flounces scalloped, or rather notched like the teeth of a saw, and put very close to each other: trimmings of this description come up very high; I have seen them within a finger's length of the knee. The *manche-ron* is always covered with little flounces resembling those at the bottom, but narrower, and disposed in bias: the under-sleeve is made very tight to the arm, and is terminated by a triple fall of trimming.

The most fashionable wrap for dress parties or public places, is a pelisse, or rather I should say long cloak, of black satin lined and edged with white. Cherry-coloured satin is also much in favour for these envelopes: it is likewise lined with white. The satin used for these pelisses is always of a remarkably brilliant hue. As the bosom is now very much exposed in full dress, a fashionable *belle*, in order to guard against the cold, throws a Bayadere scarf round her shoulders as soon as she takes off her pelisse: this scarf is always of two or three colours, and terminated by large tassels surmounted by sliders, which the wearer raises or lowers at pleasure, according as she wishes to have her scarf wide or narrow.

Toques are now beginning to come very much into favour: the *toque à la Tyrolienne*, composed of black velvet, is an elegant and becoming head-dress; a band is disposed in folds round the bottom, and fastened by a gold clasp, and a long uncurled ostrich feather goes round from the right to the left, and droops upon the shoulder. The *toque à la Jeanne d'Albret* is another fashionable head-dress; it is composed of white satin trimmed with steel beads, and ornamented with pale gray marabouts. The crown is of the usual size; a small brim turns up in front, and terminates in a point above the right ear. With these head-dresses, the hair is worn in short full curls in the neck; it is first lightly frizzed. The front hair is also curled, but it is much more full on one temple than the other.

I have seen within the last few days a good many dress hats, both in satin and velvet; black is more in favour than any other colour. Some of the most novel are lined with cherry-coloured velvet, with a bunch of eglantine to correspond placed on one side. Those hats composed of coloured velvet are generally ornamented with a bouquet of crocuses mixed with holly branches and leaves of the thistle.

There is at present a good deal of variety in our jewellery, besides diamonds and pearls, which are always in favour: coloured stones, particularly rubies mixed with dead gold, are very fashionable; coral ornaments, though no longer the rage, are still considered genteel; and steel, which I think I have formerly told you are exquisitely manufactured, are also in

estimation. I must not forget to observe, that a buckle for the waist, to correspond with the necklace, is an indispensable appendage to full dress.

The colours most in favour are, *ponceau*, *flamme de punch*, *aile de mouche*, cinnamon colour, blue, and green of the colour of a reed. We see no longer the various

shades of rose colour, which have been so long in favour; a bright but not a deep pink being the only one at present worn. You complain that I have not recently said much about full dress; acknowledge that I have now made you ample amends, and believe me always your affectionate

EUDOCIA.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 33.—A GIRANDOLE FOR A MANTEL-PILCE OR PIER TABLE.

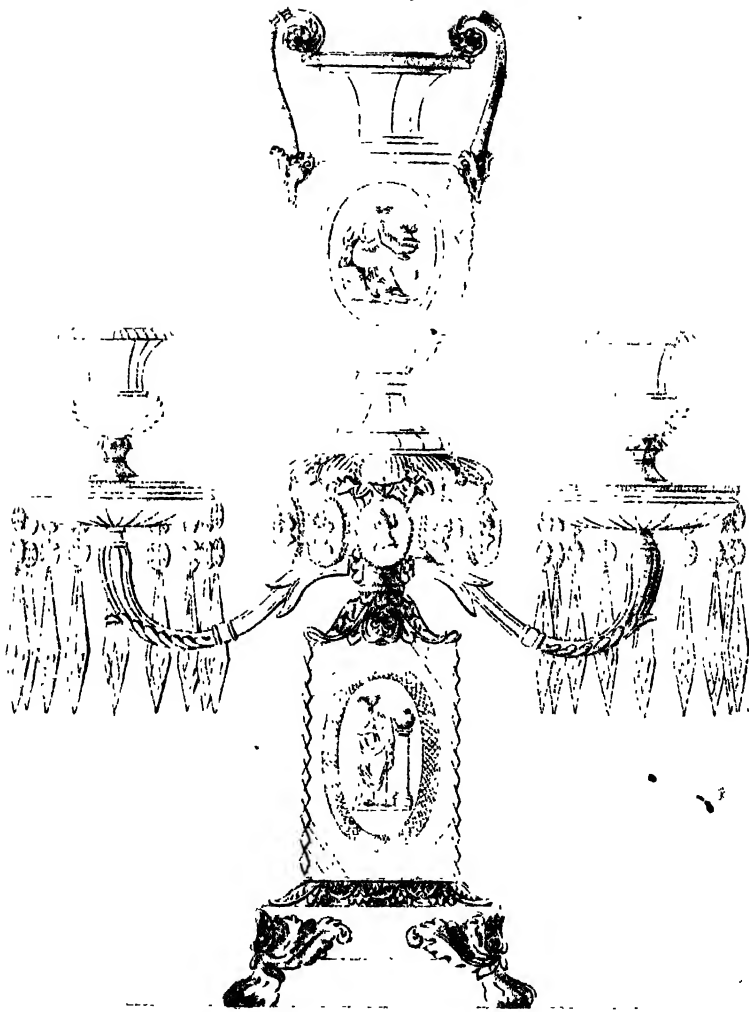
THE girandole represented in the accompanying plate is a peculiarly elegant piece of furniture, and is the manufacture of Messrs. Pellatt and Green, of St. Paul's Church-yard.

It is principally formed of glass richly cut, but we would particularly direct the attention of our readers to the ornaments by which it is decorated. The figures and medallions are what are termed glass incrustations over a white composition, which shines through them with the appearance of boiled silver, and producing a splendid and elegant effect. It is designed for two lights, and the vase, in the centre, is placed there to hold flowers, whether artificial or natural.

Messrs. Pellatt and Green have very recently obtained a patent for what they term the *crystallo ceramic*, or glass incrustation, which is made to cover the species of composition used in the ornaments of the annexed design, which may or may not be coloured to imitate various enamels, with the utmost exactness and the greatest brilliancy. On this interesting subject,

Mr. Apsley Pellatt, jun. has published an interesting "Memoir," in which he also touches, with much research and accuracy, upon the origin, progress, and improvement of glass-manufactures, in most of the countries of the globe. In consequence of the pressure of temporary matter, we are under the necessity of postponing until our next Number, a quotation we had intended to have made from this curious publication, and which would give a more distinct and satisfactory account of the nature of the beautiful invention which Messrs. Pellatt and Green have brought to such perfection.

For the present, we must content ourselves with observing, that both the composition (which may be applied in various important ways, as we shall hereafter more fully explain), and the incrustation above it, by which the valuable designs are absolutely perpetuated, are entirely new in this country. In France they are partially known, but have not been brought there to any considerable degree of excellence.



CHRONOMETER

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

THE SELECTOR:

Consisting of interesting Extracts from new popular Publications.

A LETTER OF WILLIAM LORD RUSSELL TO HIS BROTHER.

(From his Life by Lord JOHN RUSSELL.)

Most dear Brother,

WHEN I left you at Augsburg out of vexation to stay there so long, I thought good to leave you the letter you find here, to be given you in case I should miscarry, for to make myself known not to be ungrateful. I was moved to it, because I intended as then to have made a far longer journey from you than I did as it fell out; for having heard that there were commanders of consideration of the King of Sweden's at Ulm, a leaging men, I thought I might have had a fine occasion by their means to make a voyage unto that army, and afterwards give an account of it to my lord (who, as I thought, would not have been much against it when it was done), excusing it upon a distaste of Mr. Hainkofer's proceedings, and my inclination to the wars. But my design succeeded quite otherwise; for when I came to Ulm, instead of finding the King of Sweden's officers, I found none but the Em-

peror's: wherefore it pleased God to make me take the resolution of staying there for your coming till indeed you came, which I was easily induced to by the tender love I bore you, which, by the way, let me assure you is still the same. The reason of my writing this for you at present is, to let you know, that now since my coming over out of France, I have opened and viewed these two letters, and altered them in some places as I have thought fit; and having reduced the quantity of what I desire should be given to 80*l.* sterling a year, the which sum I desire you, and moreover conjure you by the love that has ever been between us, to see duly paid every year to Mr. John Thornton our tutor, and Fox Gregory our servant, during their lives, according as I have divided it between them. Written by me, your most loving and affectionate brother,

WILLIAM RUSSELL.

WOBURN ABBEY, the 5th Dec. 1659.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

A NEW portion of the interesting and instructive series of publications under the title of the *World in Miniature*, containing a *Description of the Religion, Manners, Customs, Arts, Trades, &c. of the People of Hindoostan*, in six volumes, with upwards of one hundred coloured plates, is in preparation, Vol. XII. No. LXXII.

and will appear the early part of the ensuing year.

The late M. Titsingh, who was for some years at the head of the Dutch factory in Japan, had, with indefatigable industry and perseverance, formed a large collection of materials for illustrating the history, manners and customs, arts,

sciences, and literature, of the inhabitants of that insular empire, which is still so imperfectly known to the rest of the world. After his return to Europe from India, where he held several honourable posts under the Dutch East India Company, he occupied himself till his death in translating, arranging, and preparing these materials for publication. A selection from his papers, containing much new and curious information, and illustrated by numerous coloured engravings from original Japanese designs, will speedily appear, in one royal 4to. volume, at the Repository of Arts.

Shortly will be published, *A Sentimental Tour to the South of France*, illustrated with 18 coloured engravings.

Also, *A Treatise, with Instructions, on the Art of Painting in Oils, &c.*

Views of the Colosseum, engraved by W. B. Cooke and J. C. Allen, from drawings by Major Cockburn, are now put in a course of publication. In this work will be displayed the stupendous proportions and picturesque beauties of the Colosseum, that interesting ornament of the splendour of ancient Rome. It will be completed in five parts, containing fifteen finished line engravings of interior and exterior views of the amphitheatre, the upper and lower corridors, &c.; together with plans, sections, and elevations, and a descriptive history of the building. Each part will

be delivered regularly every three months.

An Historical Biography of Lady Jane Grey and her Times, by Mr. George Howard, will be published early in December, including a period of English occurrences hitherto but slightly investigated. Its objects are not only to produce a more copious personal memoir of that unfortunate lady, but to illustrate an era which may be considered as the infancy of modern elegance, to sketch the last shadows of departing feudal magnificence and manners, to fill up the faint outline of recollected old English customs, and to compare all these with "things as they are."

An English Translation of Klopstock's *Messiah*, in verse, by G. H. C. Eggestorff, is now printing in Hamburgh. The first part of the above, published by subscription, appeared in August, and the remaining three parts will regularly succeed.

We are requested to state that proposals are now circulating for publishing *A Picturesque Promenade round Dorking*: including a variety of original and interesting matter, in which will be found a full and accurate account of the panoramic views from Box-Hill and Leith-Hill; also descriptive sketches of the several gentlemen's seats interspersed throughout the luxuriant and enchanting neighbourhood; accompanied with biographical notices, and well-authenticated facts.

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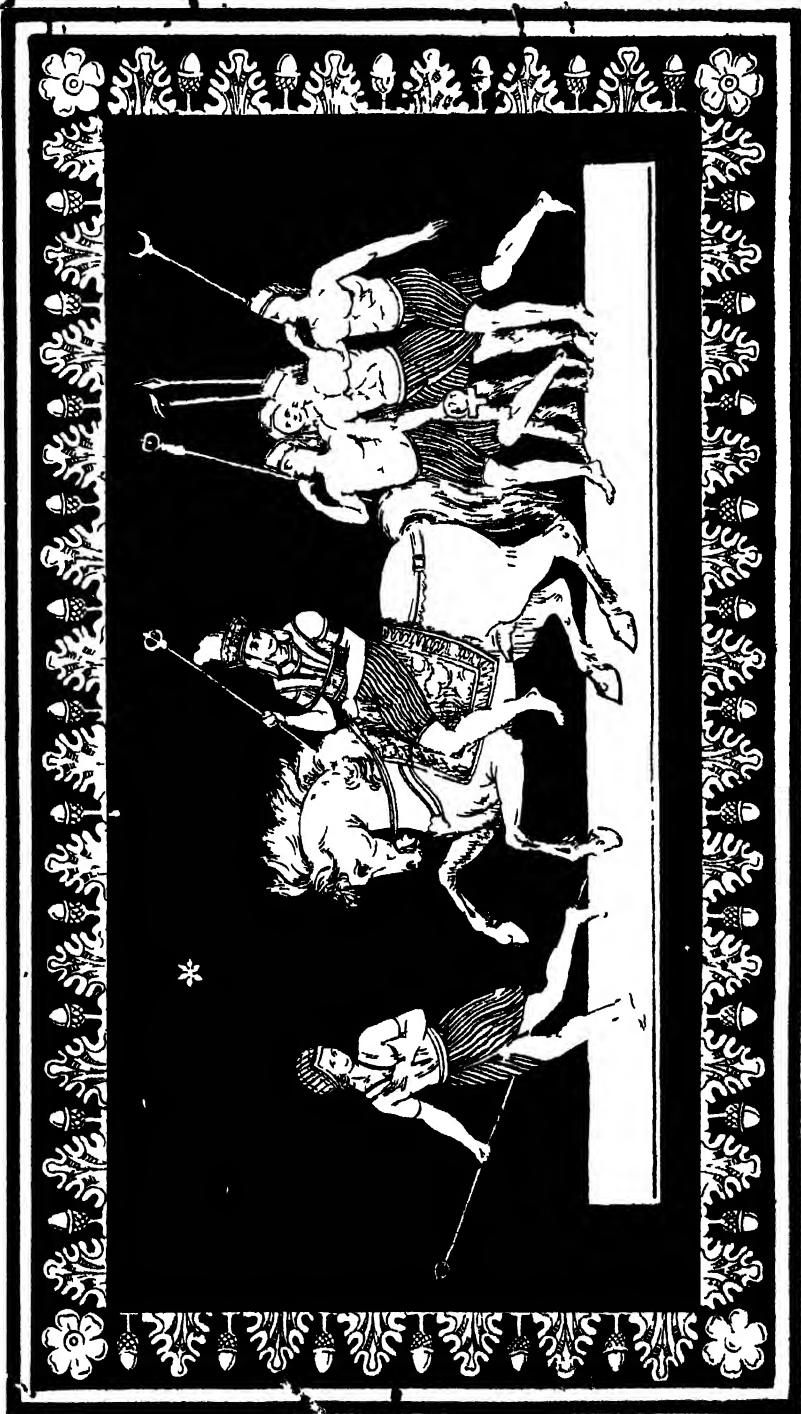
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21 714 or 2201 J



BLACK AND WHITE PATTERN.

